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30 УПРАВЛЕНИЕ
АТОРУЮЩИМ
УРАГАНОМ



MRS. KENNETH BROWN

*Author of sketches of Turkish home life, now appearing in
"Appleton's Magazine."*

193613



Drawn by Arthur Becher.

"Harry gave a deep groan, covered his face with his hands, and fell upon the bench."

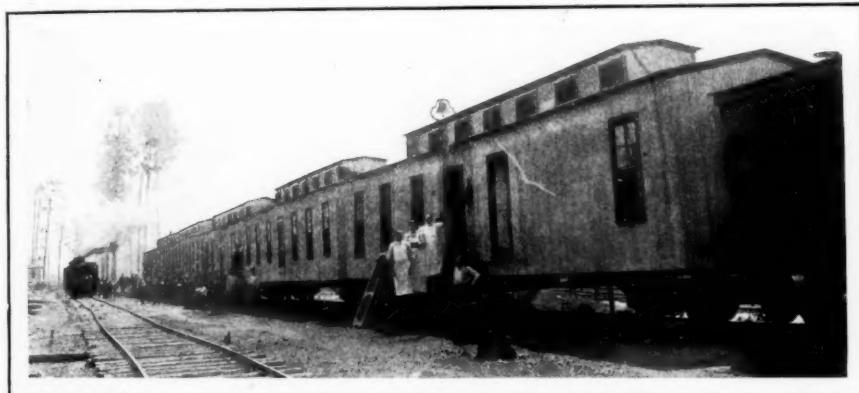
—“The Red Desolation,” page 115.

APPLETON'S MAGAZINE

VOL. X

JULY, 1907

NO. 1



THE CAMP AND THE CREW

MY LIFE IN PEONAGE

BY ALEXANDER IRVINE

II. A WEEK WITH THE "BULL OF THE WOODS"



HE camp is called "Gallagher's Hell." It was christened in the United States Court in Pensacola by a peon. He meant to say "Gallagher's Hill," but made it the other place, and the name stuck. It is better so; more characteristic of both Gallagher and his camp. Gallagher is woods foreman of the logging camp of the Jackson Lumber Company of Lockhart, Ala. The camp is eight miles from Lockhart, where the sawmills, etc., of the company are situated. The bosses of this lumber company have been sentenced to servitude in the federal prison at Atlanta

for conspiracy to violate the antipeonage law. Gallagher goes for fifteen months. It was his guns, whips, sticks, and bloodhounds that sent him there and named his camp.

Around the logging camp in various directions there are several turpentine camps belonging to the same company. The camp is the center of the forest activity. On a spur track there is a train of box cars in which nearly a hundred men find bed and board. There is a large stable, a blacksmith's shop, and a shanty or two, with a detached car marked "Gallagher." This is the camp. The old camp is a mile away and deserted now, but in the summer of 1906 it was the scene of the most brutal law-



THREE OF THE FOUR WOMEN IN CAMP

Mrs. Gallagher is on the right of the picture.

lessness and disorder. The new "Gallagher's Hell" is but a few months old. With a hundred men, half of them negroes, Gallagher gets out 100,000 feet of lumber a day. He has an understudy — Archie Bellinger—who was known during the trial as the "whipping boss." They set a fast pace, these men of the woods, and it is maintained. The stories told on the witness stand in Pensacola gave the camp the reputation of being the toughest labor pen in the South. So, unkempt in appearance, with a yellow bundle in my hand, I penetrated the forest and announced to Archie my intention of going to work. That was on Saturday night, and on Monday morning before daylight I stood before Gallagher's understudy awaiting an assignment.

"Can you drive a team?" he asked.

"Certainly!" I replied. I never had, but I had nerve enough to begin.

"The driver is on a drunk," Archie said, "and you can take his place until he returns."

The horses were harnessed and

ready. I took my team—the best team in the camp—a tall, powerful, steel-gray four-year-old horse called "Steel" and an older horse called "Larry." I backed Larry against a pine stump, and after several awkward plunges succeeded in mounting in time to catch up with the end of the cavalcade that jogged down through the valley to the edge of the pines, in the mist of the early morning.

About a mile from the stable we watered our horses in a shallow ditch, through which they pranced and splashed as the drivers jerked and swore at them. I discovered later in the day that it was from this ditch that the camp was supplied with water for both cooking and drinking purposes. Two wells had been sunk, but very little water could be obtained from either of them. A negro teamster put the finishing touches to my "hitch-up," and I drove in for my first truck-load of lumber.

The "drift" is a section of the woods. Each drift has its "crew." The "sawyers" cut down the pines, the "swamper" trims them, the "skidder" "skids" or "snakes"



SOME OF THE COMPANY'S EXECUTIVES

Le Maistre, Straus, Grace, Gallagher.

them into position, the "chainer" adjusts the chain, and the "cross-hauler" with his team loads the logs on the truck. Our crew consisted of five men, five teams, and a chainer. Bob Anderson, a colored man, and I were the teamsters of our drift. The "ramp" where we deposited the logs for shipment was at the railroad, a mile away.

We were a strange mixture—a Dane, a Virginia "cracker," a Michigan lumber jack, two negroes, and an Irishman. Bob Anderson met Gallagher in Jersey City. He was thirsty at the moment and was easily taken in tow. When he fully awakened he was in Gallagher's place working out the passage money. Bob gets drunk twice a month regularly and as regularly gets locked up. Gallagher always pays the fine, and from one year's end to the other poor Bob is kept paying up old scores. We were good friends from the start, but it was difficult to find things in common with them all. The vocabulary of our drift, indeed of the



THE SAWMILL.

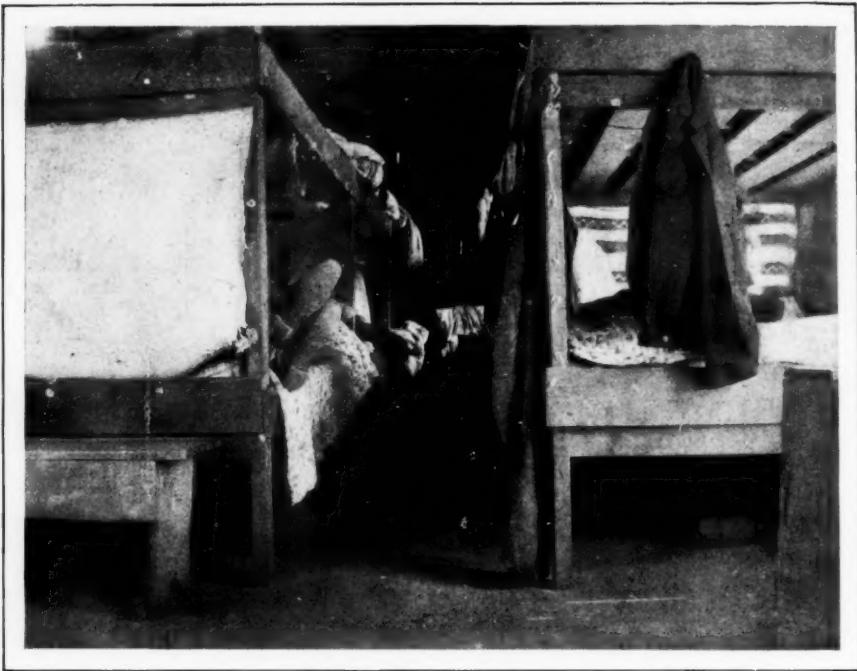
whole camp, was distinctly theological. I seemed to them a novice in that direction. I did not use a whip—I did not swear. They advised me to use a whip, but determined to make me swear by provocation. When it came my turn to load I found mighty logs skidded across my pathway. "Larry, old man," I said, "these fellows want to make

you swear; but forbear. Step over these logs slowly and, I beseech you, forbear."

Though getting old for a lumber camp, Larry is still a very powerful horse; but for some years he has been mentally unbalanced. Larry came from Michigan; came as a foal and grew up to the work of skidding logs. He had many drivers, of many nations, and they treated him with varying degrees of consideration. One of his drivers made a bet with another teamster that Larry and his mate could skid more logs than any other team in the camp. The bet was made and a day appointed for the test. From the gray dawn until the going down of the sun, that day, the horses were under the lash, and when the day's work was done it was discovered that Larry and his mate had carried to the ramp 862 logs, measuring nearly seventy thousand feet of yellow pine! That was the biggest day's work ever done in the camp. Next day when poor Larry was led out of the stable he was

stupid. He did not understand a word that was said to him. His strength was not impaired, but his mind, so horse doctors said, was a blank.

He was so stupid that they could not work him. Gallagher's assistant, seeing Larry in the stable and not knowing his condition, took him out to ride him to the woods.



INSIDE THE BOX CAR

The author's bunk was the top one on the left of the picture.

Larry stood like a post. He hung his head and let the man tug at the bridle. Then, infuriated, the "boss" mounted Larry and gave his orders, but the poor brute stood still. He was dazed. Then in rage he coaxed Larry to a tree, tied him there by a strong bridle—got a dogwood skid, and by a terrible blow on the head felled poor Larry to the ground, where he lay bleeding at the nose and ears. For a while it was thought he was dead. Why he was not dispatched, or who came to his rescue, is not recorded, but Larry regained consciousness and in course of time his bodily strength; but his mind was a thing of the past. What became of his mate or of the other team nobody seemed to know. Larry carried all the honor. He carries now the scar.

Then came "Ollie," who is now and has been since his arrival the biggest man in camp; and to his care was given old Larry, and as a mate for him the majestic young four-year-old Steel. Steel seemed to understand Larry, and Ollie understood both—

treated them kindly, and now they haul more lumber than any other team in the camp.

Each box car is fitted up with rude bunks—clumsily put together, tier above tier—and accommodates forty-eight men. There is a small space in the center which serves as a lavatory, dressing room, barber shop, and sitting room. It measures about twelve feet by nine. In the center is a stove, and around the edges of the space there are several small benches. Small as this space is, two doors open into it and four windows, one on each side of both doors. Near the door on a bench sits a small wash basin in which all of us, one after another, wash, if we wash at all. At night a little hand lamp throws its yellow rays over the space, and except when the clotheslines around the stove are full, it is sufficient for ordinary purposes to see our way about. If a man wants to read or write, he provides his own light. The car had the tang and odor of a stable, but was less comfortable—less moral. "Carl," a powerfully built young man who had come

straight to the camp from a German university, was the chore boy of the camp. One of his duties was to make the beds in the cars. His method was simplicity itself. He selected the best-looking piece of covering in each bunk, spread it over the unpleasantness as best he could, and let it go at that.

Beside me slept Pat Murphy, an Irish Fusilier, who marched to the relief of Ladysmith, and in the next car there was a Boer, who as a yeoman in the war paid his respects to Pat from many a Mauser-swept kopje. Pat had several holes bored through him in those experiences, but the Boer was unscathed. They belonged to the same army now and were the best of friends—save occasionally when Pat oiled his vocabulary and said things of the Boers not lawful to utter.

Next to Pat slept a man, about fifty years of age, who had squandered several fortunes. He expected another, but was meantime sawing logs, at which he earned more than any other man in the camp. Sunday afternoons he spent in making wedges for his work. It was "equivalent to a church service," he told me.

Jerry Clifford, a Jerseyman, who was the "wag" of the woods, was a bunk neighbor of mine. Jerry was more like an old sea dog than a lumber jack. The quid in his cheek and the nervous twitching of his waistband were some of the milder symptoms. As a stylist in profanity he stood next to Gallagher.

There were several young men with an East Side accent. There were Germans,

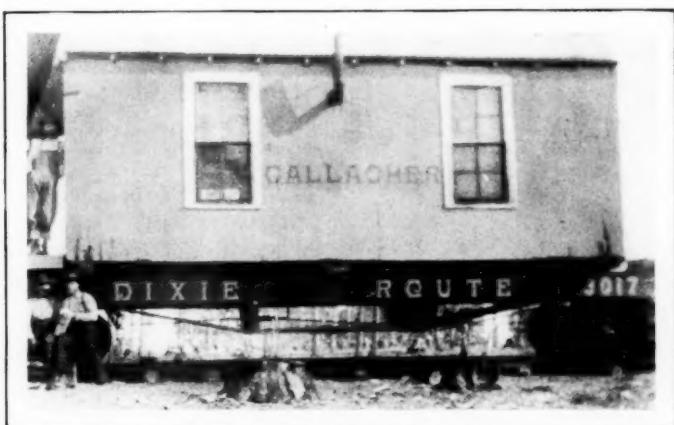


THE COMPANY'S BLOODHOUNDS

Hungarians, Americans, Swedes, and a sprinkling of Irish.

Having no bathing facilities, our bodies had a sickening, sweaty odor. This, with tobacco and the fumes of beer and whisky, made the night unwelcome and the day, with its labor, joy. For fifteen minutes, three times a day, we used the big dining car.

It was an eating place, that was all. It might have been a place where the men could read and write and perhaps smoke. The food was good and there was plenty of it. Hughie, the cook, kept his kitchen immaculately clean. Everything was done well and promptly. Hughie had a lot of experiences in lumber camps, which perhaps accounted for his faith in dogs. He



THE HOME OF THE "BULL OF THE WOODS"



THE AUTHOR'S TEAM AT THE CAMP

Arthur Bellinger, the Author, "Steel," "Larry."

had a pup on which he lavished affection. Next to the pup stood an old sow called Nellie, and when an engine cut her in twain Hughie almost had a fit. He had a corps of camp followers, assistants, water boys, wood boys, etc. We were called to meals by the rattle of a dish pan—in the old camp it was a bell. We needed no warning of any kind; we usually hung around the dining-car door or on the steps, awaiting the opening of the door. It

took us about five minutes to devour what satisfied our hunger. It was like a military maneuver—fifty white men, hands busy, heads down and close to the table. No conversation for five minutes. Then heads up again and conversation resumed. Then up and out to smoke in the open. An occasional strain of a Hungarian air was all the music the whites ever had, but from the negro car came the sweetest of the old plan-



THE CAMP AS THE CYCLONE LEFT IT

tation melodies. The negroes, when they were not singing, were playing "craps." When the white men—the "superior race"—were neither working nor eating, they were telling smutty stories, stories that would make a negro blush. It was amusing to hear the men who were held in the woods by fear talk of the "nigger's" inferiority, in the face of the fact that the "nigger" was doing the best work in camp.

Above the foreigners there was a small class of Southern lumber jacks who talked of these "superior" men as "dagos" and "sheenies." These men were bunched together in a car by themselves.

Gallagher is an Irishman, a generation or two removed from the sod. He looks like a Brownie; long legs, thick round body, small head. He has a talent for profanity and his power as a labor driver amounts to genius. He has a big voice, but he talks also with his hands—often with his feet. For his wife and himself he has a detached box car, but he dines often with the men. When he does, he sits at the head of the table. He sits with his elbows on the table, his head down, and shovels his food into his mouth as often with his knife as with his fork. Nothing escapes the vigilance of his small, sparkling eyes as he presides at these hurried feasts—feasts of necessity. Occasionally he gives lessons in table manners to the negroes in the next car.

"Mo' fish, please!" called a negro to the waiter one night at supper.

"Clean up them scraps on yer plate," said the waiter.

Hughie was an expert in the cooking of fish. It was delicious always, and all of us, white and black, felt alike on this question.

Gallagher appeared on the opposite side of the table, took in the situation, and said: "Eat them scraps up, you — — — nigger!"

The negro looked dumbly at the "Bull."

"Don't you like what I say, you — — — ?" he said as the blood rushed to his little round, red face. Then he skipped around the table and smashed the black man on the side of the head. The blow could be heard all through both cars. One blow did the work. All the black men looked cowed in submission. They hung their heads very low and squinted out of the corners of their eyes. Gallagher went on swearing.

On another occasion he brought back into the dining car fifty negroes, and at the point of a revolver made them scrape up all the potato peelings and other refuse and scraps

and eat them. This was a ludicrous sight for the "superior race."

Gallagher was not much of a sportsman, but he exulted in the terror of death as he saw it in men's faces. He produced it often himself, but he enjoyed it more when he was merely a spectator. Two negroes entered one day into a deadly conflict. They were separated by the bystanders, but Gallagher appeared on the scene.

"Let them alone!" he roared. "Go it! you — — — niggers! Go it!"

He pushed the peacemakers to one side rudely and sicked the negroes at each other again as though they were dogs. Each of the combatants had an iron bar. Their heads were cut and their faces and clothing were red with blood. Gallagher laughed loudly, he danced, shouted, and roared. It was an ecstasy of joy to him. The men were exhausted utterly, they reeled and tottered like drunken men, they could scarcely stand. Then one pulled a gun. That suggested to Gallagher the care of his own skin, and of that he was always careful.

"That'll do, niggers!" he shouted, as he made the man give up his gun.

There was a difference of opinion in the camp about Gallagher. There were those who said "Bob has a big heart." They cited a case where he gave \$5 to help take a man to Hot Springs, Ark.; and he could always be relied upon to get men out of the "jug." He paid their fines. Of course it was always deducted—so much a month—but to those relieved it was a pure philanthropy.

There had been a wreck on the Dixie route, the private railroad of the company, and when Ollie returned to his team I was made a member of the "wrecker crew," of which Gallagher himself was the boss. I had been studying Gallagher at close range for a week, and now came into still closer touch with him. A train of loaded cars was sidetracked, involving some danger; that started him going. Then a crane broke and involved more danger. The engineer misunderstood Gallagher's order. The whole series of blunders threw the little man's mental machinery out of kilter and produced some pyrotechnics which the men said were characteristic.

The sources of Gallagher's profanity were manifold, and in these he wallowed. With a fearful scream he hurled an oath at the engineer. His face turned purple. He shook his fist and with the other hand he tore his hair.

The foam flew from his mouth. Then suddenly he dropped on his hands and knees to give full vent to his vulgar tirade. Raising one clenched fist and his little blazing eyes toward heaven, he sputtered out a string of vile and blasphemous oaths. Half an hour later I found him in a roar of laughter—laughter so loud and so genuine as to bring tears to his eyes. He was laughing at a slight misfortune to one of the crew.

It was immediately following this period of laughter that I almost came into violent contact with him; and as I neared the crisis, like a drowning man who is overtaken with resurgent memories, I thought of the scores of helpless peons he had flogged and beaten, and all the physical belligerency in my mind came to the top. I had a passion to meet him at his own game! Indeed I provoked him to take the initiative and was chagrined beyond measure when he turned away and tackled a weaker man.

A thick pine stump stood outside our box-car door, and one night we made a camp fire of it. As we sat around the fire, I volunteered to tell a story. "Who knows Victor Hugo?" I asked.

"Isn't he the duffer what writ 'Three Men in a Boat'?" asked a lumber jack.

"Aw, fur —'s sake, shut up. Don't ye know the difference betwixt Mark Twain an' Vict'ry Hugo?" said Bob Anderson.

I launched into the story of "Les Misérables." The men were intensely interested. Among the listeners was Gallagher himself. He looked at me curiously, wondering about the voice, a voice that was not tuned either to the camp or to the clothes.

It was almost midnight when I finished the story, and the blazing pine log, the yellow glare against the box cars, the crowd of rough-hewn men sitting against the car and around the fire, made a wonderful picture to me; and I attempted to photograph it. I made an exposure of about five minutes, during which time Gallagher inspected the camera and asked a number of questions about it. It was all a mystery to Gallagher, and I could see very plainly that I was more of a mystery to him than was the camera.

No one is ever quite sure at Lockhart whether there are 700 or 1,000 employees in the lumber company, but the company physician testified on oath that \$450 was a fair estimate of the monthly collection from the workers for medical care. Out of that amount Dr. Trammel gets \$150. In the

summer of 1906 twenty-six men were ill at Lockhart with fever. Most of them came from the camp. Two of them died. It seemed to puzzle the physician, but it was as plain as a pikestaff to the men. They all guessed, and very likely guessed correctly, that the trouble came from the stagnant ditch. Before I was twenty-four hours in camp I was attacked violently with an intestinal disease. The men in our box-car domicile observed the symptoms, and all of them laughed. It was one of the camp jokes. Only intestines of tin could withstand the conditions. The men told me it was the water. It may not have been, but I saw with my own eyes the excrement of both men and beasts dissolving in the ditch from which we got our drinking water—water that was neither filtered nor boiled, but passed from one unclean vessel to another, until we drank it.

Joe Hooly, a big, powerfully built Irishman was ill with a fever in our car. The dirt, the odors, and the noises annoyed him, but he was very patient and uncomplaining.

"What is he giving you, Joe?" I asked, referring to the physician.

"Pink wather, egad!" he said. "But O'll ax him to change it the furst toime he turns up."

"How often does he turn up, Joe?"

"Aw, wance or twict a week or so!"

"And how often has Gallagher been to see you?"

"Wanct!"

"In three weeks?"

"That's it!"

Every man in the camp paid \$1.10 a month for insurance and medical care. Sixty cents of that for insurance. It was the law of the camp.

I asked Joe what benefit the insurance was to him. He gave me his understanding of it. If a tree had fallen on him in the cutting, or if he had been hurt by accident doing the company's work, then he would get half pay while ill. But he was dying of a disease contracted by foul and indecent conditions, and his pay was stopped and the woods foreman had been once to see him, and the physician had been twice a week or thereabout. The company clerk had promised to pay for a quart of milk a day if Joe's brother would go for it several miles each way. Milk we never saw at the camp. I complained bitterly of keeping Joe in such foulness, but the poor patient soul himself made no complaint. The morning I left they were going

to remove him to the watchman's hut behind the bloodhounds. They did remove him a few days after I left, but it was too late; the work was done. Then, after paying to the company thousands of dollars for insurance that never insured, and for medical care that never came, or came too late, the men in the camp took up a collection to bury Joe Hooly.

The blame is not wholly the medical officer's. He is a business man, engrossed with the cares of a growing business. He has little time for pills or poultices. He operates a fruit-canning company. He has recently been appointed postmaster at Lockhart, and still more recently has purchased twenty head of oxen, and is now in the business of skidding logs at so much per thousand for the Jackson Lumber Company.

"What do you want?" the clerk asked as I appeared with others at the office for a Saturday-night loan of what I had already earned.

"I want all that the law and your conscience will allow me."

"My conscience has nothing to do with it!" he said sharply.

Inside there were a dozen white men, and outside the car windows were more than a score of negroes.

Pay day comes once a month. That saves bookkeeping and makes money—for the company. Ten per cent is charged on every dollar borrowed between pay days. All the negroes and most of the whites borrow money every Saturday night. Bellinger helped the clerk—rather he helped the company.

"Ah worked fo' days, mistah, an' ah've jest got tickets fo' three!" said a puzzled darky.

Bellinger snatched the tickets from him, made a pretense of adding up the figures, and handed them back hastily. "That's O. K.! You go to h——! Who's the next son of a —?"

I was sent to Gallagher to get my rating. Gallagher sent me to Bellinger, and Bellinger in turn sent me back to the clerk; and the clerk rated me at \$1 a day. I had been driving Ollie's team and Ollie received wages at the rate of \$50 a month, but then there were other things that Ollie did. Ollie was a company man, and when there was a peon to be flogged Ollie could be depended upon to hold the victim while somebody plied the lash. It was Ollie who, when the blacksmith had half killed one of the smaller men of the camp, smashed him with an ax handle to the

earth. Perhaps it was little services like these that made the difference between my \$30 a month and Ollie's \$50.

The clerk gave me a ticket for \$5, keeping \$1 in reserve. The cards issued at the camp must be cashed at the company's office at Lockhart. Married men who get tickets on the company store do not have to pay ten per cent. They pay from fifty to one hundred per cent. If they want part change and part merchandise at the store, they get for change company currency, which can be cashed only at the company store.

There was quite a crowd taking the journey to Lockhart that Saturday night. Indeed it seemed as if the whole camp had borrowed of their own money and was *en route* to Lockhart. We climbed into the tender of the engine and got a free ride to Lockhart with the prospect of a walk back through the woods.

The activity of the town centers around the company offices. These, with the store, the lodging house, and the post office, are the only buildings of a public character.

Florala is a mile away. It is a license town where the lumber jacks exchange their hard-earned money for liquor and lewdness. It is where a justice of the peace, a deputy sheriff, and others, in the past, have helped the company to hold ignorant laborers in peonage. The Florala saloons were stuffed with boisterous men that night.

I looked around for a companion for the journey back through the woods, but they were all drunk. About 10 P.M. I found a farmer with a horse and cart going in the direction of the camp. The cart was filled with cattle feed and he had a friend on the front seat with him, so that I did not ask him for a ride, but for permission to walk close behind. I only wanted to be helped in the matter of direction.

Just before the camp was reached we heard loud yelling and the firing of guns. It was a party of six men from my car who had hired a buggy and were reaching camp. The drunken men raised pandemonium in the car. Poor Joe Hooly groaned and begged them to be quiet; but incapable of any thought or reflection, they turned things upside down. Drunken stragglers were arriving at all hours of the morning, and each of them succeeded in arousing the entire car on his arrival.

A thick gray mist lay low in the valley in the early part of the morning. The dark-green pine tops were just emerging from it

when the sun shot through the clouds about the hour of nine. The air was balmy and the odor of the pines invigorating. It was in early January, but as warm and beautiful as a Northern summer morning. In the open, everything was calm, solemn, beautiful. In the box car, chaos, junk, effluvia! It was Sunday morning. Three of the men whose bunks adjoined mine were making up a washing party. I asked permission to make it a quartet, and they were glad to have me. We went to what they call in that region a "branch"—a rivulet worming its way sluggishly through the woods. Pat Murphy was there. There was a young Dane, an old lumber jack, and myself. At the most open and deepest part of the branch we halted and prepared to wash. The water was about twelve inches deep. We lit a fire and proceeded to heat a boiler of water. Each of the three men had brought with him a quart of whisky. By the time the water was ready, the men had lost most of their enthusiasm for clean shirts. Only one could wash at a time, the boiler was so small. By the time two men had washed, or washed at, his share, Pat Murphy was all warmed up and was fighting the Boers over again under Buller, Gatacre, and Baden Powell—"Bathin' Towel" Pat called him. No power that any of us possessed could restrain him from stripping himself to show the scars where the Boers had perforated him.

"Say, stranger," said the young Dane to me next day, "did ye notice where we left our shirts yesterday?"

There were four women in camp. Three of them were wives of foremen—Gallagher, Bellinger, and Fagar. The fourth was the wife of the blacksmith. Mrs. Blacksmith was the mother of the only child in camp. Three of them lived in detached cars, and the blacksmith had a log cabin near his shop. My introduction to them was by means of a camera. It was a new thing in the woods, and they wanted to use it. They all had a hope of some time getting away to where they could "neighbor" and "see things." They were fine women of the working class, all of them. Mrs. Bellinger told a funny story of how Harlan, the general manager, trained and tested the bloodhounds. It appears that he started a negro off on a journey, and when he was several miles on the way he put the hounds on the trail and let them go. "They treed the nigger all right," said Mrs. Bellinger.

I expressed an admiration for dogs, and was told that one of the bloodhounds in the camp, a few yards away from Bellinger's box car, cost \$500.

"Why doesn't Mr. Harlan keep the hounds at his house?" I inquired.

"Oh, there was a fuss at the trial about them," was the reply.

I made my way to the kennel of the bloodhounds. The door was open and I walked in and sat down on the ground and played with them. Later I photographed the hounds and the watchmen in a corner of the kennel.

The most interesting place in camp was the negro car. It was a new thing for a white man to invade their territory. They were having a card game; half a dozen men were playing. There was intense excitement. A score of men had lost all they had and were now lying around the car. There was a group of singers around a banjo, and evidently the financial losses of the singers added color to the words of the song.

When I entered my own car—the box car of the "superior race"—there was a fire in the wood stove, and around it half a dozen men; five of them almost helplessly drunk. Jerry Clifford was barbering; a few men were lying in their beds reading. There was a continual jargon in several languages. It was loud, boisterous, and profane. Joe Hooley was dying, but only his brother seemed to think or care. I climbed to my bunk out of the way. I just turned my head in the direction of the stove when one of the men fell; and as he fell, his face struck the edge of the red-hot stove with a thud, and when they helped him up, his skin peeled off his cheek. It was a grawsome sight, but he felt it least of all. He laughed and said: "Poor shot, poor shot! By —! I thought I could hit the stovepipe wi' m' head. But—hic, hic—I dropped short—lemme try again!"

The fumes grew stronger and stronger and the noise louder. I took my camera and went out into the woods. It was toward sunset when I crossed the ditch—our water supply—on my way home. While yet in the woods I heard some splashing in the water. It was Carl, the chore boy. He had come with a horse and buggy for his afternoon water. In the buggy were two large barrels, which he was filling with a bucket. He was in the ditch to his knees, and on the bank sat Pat Murphy. They were both drunk. I watched them for a while as they took turns in the bailing of water. About one bucketful

in five got into the barrels. Most of it got into the buggy. They soon tired. Carl seated himself in the water and called loudly to Pat for a cigarette. Pat waded in with one in his hand, but it was soaked, as he was, with water. When it occurred to Carl that it was getting dark, he arose, tumbled one of the barrels out, and, with Pat's help, tried to dip it. They got it partly full, and several times to the hub of the wheel, but each time it dropped. Then they tried the buckets again, and, failing, Pat left in disgust. Several men at supper that night remarked on the "thickness" of the water, but Carl was out of reach. He was sleeping off his debauch in his wet clothes in the stable.

The bunk car was quieting down for the night. Four men lingered around the smoldering embers in the wood stove. They were sober and talked of the more somber aspects of life. Joe Hooly's cough grew worse. The smoke affected it. And in turn the men were affected by it. Their conversation somehow drifted into serious channels—the brevity of life, the inevitableness of death. The game was over in the next car. The money had changed hands, until two negroes possessed it all—which was not much. Then around a fire of blazing pine knots they swayed to and fro and sang, far into the night. From my bunk, as the door opened and shut, I caught snatches of their last refrain. It was the lullaby of death:

Swing low, sweet chariot,
Goin' fur to carry me home.

Carl, the German student who was the camp chore boy, informed Hughie that the "man with the yellow bundle" was going away. Hughie and his Boer assistant paid me a visit in the box car and invited me to the kitchen, where I was treated to hot pie and rich coffee. I photographed Hughie with his pets and his assistants.

I sat on the edge of Joe Hooly's bunk for half an hour. They were to remove him that morning, but Joe did not care very much what they did with him.

"If you don't pull through this, Joe," I said, "Dr. Trammel should be tried for manslaughter."

"Well," said Joe, "if that ud bring me back whin I'm a goner it ud be worth while; but whin ut wouldn't, what's the use?"

I pressed gently his fevered hand. "Farewell, Joe," I said, "farewell; and peace to you on the long journey."

"S'long," he said, "an' begorra, it's meself as ud loike to be goin' wid ye!"

Bundle in hand, I climbed to a seat on the rear of the engine tender and was fortunate to get a ride to Lockhart. Lockhart is the center of the company work. It is one of those ready-made, bargain-counter towns that spring up in a day around a mill or a mine. There is one house in Lockhart—that is Harlan's. The others are the homes of the "hands."

I had been rated at \$1 a day; and having borrowed \$5 of the money earned, I went to the office with my check.

"What do you want to do with this?" asked the clerk. "We don't cash these on Mondays. We pay once a month an' we accommodate you fellows on Saturdays and Wednesdays. But as you're a new man, we'll do it this time for you."

So he took my \$5 check and handed me for it \$4.50. The dollar retained at the camp was later forwarded to me by way of the justice of the peace in Florala. By that time they had learned of my real mission, and not only did not discount it, but paid the charges on the postal order.

A small pine grove divides the races in Lockhart. The streets are wide and there is a prophecy of trees for future generations. In the white section there is a schoolhouse for children, operated at the expense of the county or district. This school is the center, too, of a joint missionary enterprise by the Florala churches. The ministers take turns. The black folks fare better. They have a church and a pastor. The pastor earns his living by driving a team. They have a hall, too, where "frolickin'" goes on, so they told me. The white laborers of Lockhart do not feel the need of these things. Whatever else their means will allow, they get at Florala. For the commercial returns, Florala furnishes Lockhart laborers with the opportunity to violate any canon in the moral law. There are no saloons, jails, justices, or "red-light" districts in Lockhart. It is a model town in that respect. But Florala furnishes them all and accepts the record. It is a matter of business.

As it began to dawn, I passed over the bridge by the mill on my way to the station. The men had been at work some time. The big electric lights were burning, the waste pile on the log dam was ablaze, and behind the mill and the dam there was a bank of thick, white mist. There was a subtle fas-

cination in the scene, but it was soon dispelled by the thought that it was the center of a dead democracy, a town where men were parts of a machine—a machine to grind out profits for men who never saw the place, who never sensed its dull brutal life.

Two of my fellow-passengers to Pensacola were Le Maistre, the boss of the turpentine camps of the Jackson Lumber Company, and Sandor, one of the sentenced officials. I introduced myself to Le Maistre, and courteously he entered freely into discussion of the company's affairs. He was the only man I ever heard defend Harlan. I heard later that they were brothers-in-law. He defended also, of course, the entire policy of the company, admitting only the whipping of peons by Gallagher. He informed me that he was taking Sandor to Pensacola to deliver him up to the judge. He said the company suspected a plot between Sandor and his friend Newlander for the former's escape. Harlan had signed Sandor's bond.

"The court has had knowledge for some weeks that Mr. Sandor desired to surrender himself and serve his sentence," said Judge Swayne next morning in the court as the case was called. "In consideration of this disposition, and in consideration also of the fact that you are a stranger in the country, Mr. Sandor, I remit the \$1,000 fine and a month of your imprisonment."

He was to leave for Atlanta next day. That night I spent the evening with him in the Escambia Hotel. He was in charge of a deputy marshal.

"Why didn't you await the result of the appeal?" I asked him.

"I prefer to await it in the penitentiary."

"Isn't this a change of mind?" I asked.

"Yes, it is."

"When did this change occur?"

"Immediately after the trial," he said. "I saw that it was impossible to remain longer with the company. I was sick of its shams. I had played a part in a dishonest concern and I was anxious to get away!"

"What do you mean by 'dishonest'? Were they dishonest in business?" I asked.

"We were dishonest in our treatment of the men. We had a system of labor checks which we gave out at the close of the day. In so many hundreds of men it happened frequently, of course, that men forgot or neglected to get the check for the day's work. If a man did so, the chances of his getting it later were very slim. We had an under-

standing about it in the office. If he stoutly persisted, we had to give him what belonged to him, but I have collected as many as 700 days' labor in one month. We might as well have put our hands into men's pockets and extracted from each of 700 men the price of a day's labor.

"Our system of monthly payment was another source of revenue. Of the hundreds of men in our employ, very few could stretch over the month without borrowing. Of course it was their own they were borrowing, but we charged them ten per cent.

"Another source of revenue was our insurance; we insured all our employees for our own benefit. We made \$300 a month out of them by a medical tax. This sum was net after paying a physician.

"In our store we made from fifty to a hundred per cent on our goods, and in it we had our own currency for change, so that the people would have to come back to spend it.

"All of this was merely business. I thought the limit was reached when I was called a coward for refusing to ride on an expired railroad pass on the company's business; but it was not. It came on a summer's evening when a few of us officials sat outside the office on the steps. We were discussing the escape of several laborers when again I with others was called a coward, not because we lacked commercial acumen, but because we had not shot down like dogs in the forest those helpless, fleeing men.

"That," said he, "is the spirit of Harlan; and Harlan is the soul of the business at Lockhart."

Gallagher is Irish, and on St. Patrick's day the camp was decorated with Irish and American flags. The taste of the decorators reached its highest in the dining car. There was a tablecloth on the table, the first that had ever been seen in camp; there was more than that—there were Japanese napkins. The essential thing in this celebration, however, was not the patron saint of Ireland, but the vindication of the "bull of the woods." So the *Lumber Trade Journal* of New Orleans sent their reporter to set down the doings of the day. Gallagher was in his glory. He was photographed in the dining room and out in the open, with the pug dog of the camp. There were other photographs—of the visitors who sat at the camp table, of the children who came with the visitors. There were photographs of men unknown to the lumber

jacks; there was even a full-sized picture of Dick Penton, the saloon keeper—but of the lumber jacks in the camp, either black, or white, or yellow, not a picture of any sort or description. The entire gallery of pictures might illustrate somebody's back yard in the heart of a city, but of the lumber camp there is not the faintest suggestion. After the visitors were feasted on a white tablecloth, the jacks ate theirs off tin plates; but they did it when the visitors had finished. I showed this gallery of pictures to an escaped peon who had worked there, and the only faces he knew in the entire lot were Gallagher and a clerk out of the office at Lockhart.

The tax on the second part of the celebration, which was to take place later on Sunday in Lockhart, was \$2—it was levied on Jew and Gentile alike—but when the lumbermen of the woods got to Lockhart for the wind-up, the door was shut. "This ain't for youse fellows!" the doorkeepers told them.

The *Lumber Trade Journal* reporter said that if the judges could see Gallagher in his glory, they would reverse their judgments.

After the "vindication" of Gallagher, a cyclone struck the camp, and Hughie, the cook, and his kitchen were the only items spared. Hughie has sent me a photograph of the wreck and a few details of the catastrophe. He says:

There is no more camp. Only the kitchen. It struck just after supper and only cot a few of

the boys in bed. No one was killed, but some are badly hurt. We had a very bad night; it rained pitch forks. The colored sleeping car cot fire, and burnt up. We had a hard time saving one of them dusky boys—George Jackson—he had a broken leg and was in that part of the car that was on fire. Carl was hurt all over, but nothing broke. Louie May and his house went clean over the kitchen to the main line, but he had no bones broke, but he's shook up very bad. In fact every man in the cars got more or less cut up.

I have written to Hughie:

DEAR HUGHIE: Your account of the cyclone at hand. I admire the discrimination with which the thing left undone those things which it ought not to have done and finished with neatness and dispatch the only logical thing there was for it to do. Hughie and the kitchen were the only commendable institutions in the forest. If I could have a cyclone made to order, I think I could suggest some added attractions and improvements on the antics of the last one. I would have Gallagher in the watchhouse instead of Louie, and would change the direction of the wind, so that the hut would have a free course to bump on the railroad ties the seven or eight miles to Lockhart at the rate of sixty miles an hour! I would arrange what the circus people call a "thriller" for Dr. Trammel. It would be a spiral antic pirouetting round a seven-mile radius. It would catch on its way the doctor—say in his post office—and it would take to the ties, naturally, and bump back over the road through and beyond the camp to the big dirty ditch where you get your typhoid and diarrhea germs! An experience like that might help the doctor in the burning desire of his life—viz., the discovery of the germs that killed a few men last summer and half killed a hundred more. It would be a revelation to him—it might be to the germs also.

AÏSHÉ HANUM, THE OFFICIAL WIFE*

BY DEMETRA VAKA BROWN



HE Sultan of Turkey, when particularly desirous of honoring a courtier, presents him with one of the beautiful women who adorn his palace and who have not become his wives. Thus he had given Aïshé Hanum to Selim Pasha, who, according to the Osmanli customs, had

to free the young girl and make her his wife. But Selim Pasha, being an old-fashioned Mussulman, did not believe in "gift wives"; and hence Aïshé Hanum had become his wife in name only.

She was liked and loved by the other three wives and especially so by the youngest, my friend Djimlah, who, feeling sad at the fate of the young Hanum, gave her her second

* This is the fourth of Mrs. Kenneth Brown's articles describing the intimate domestic life of Turkish women as she observed it during a recent visit to her girlhood home in Constantinople.

son, as soon as he was born, so that she might know the joys of motherhood.

After I had been visiting Djimlah for several days, Aishé Hanum invited me to spend a day with her. I had just finished my morning toilet when a slave came to conduct me to her mistress, from whom she presented me with an indoor veil. To show my appreciation of the gift I arranged it on my hair and followed to the floor below where Aishé Hanum lived.

When I entered her apartments I found her kneeling before an easel, deep in work. As the slave announced me she rose from the ground and came to me with outstretched hand. It struck me as curious that she offered to shake hands, instead of using the *temena*, the Turkish form of salutation, since I knew her to be extremely punctilious in the customs of her nation. I suppose she did this to make me feel more at home.

"Welcome, young Hanum," she said after kissing me on both cheeks.

"Do you paint?" I asked, going toward the easel, disguising my surprise at meeting with such disregard of Mussulman customs in this orthodox household.

"No, not painting, just playing. It is only an *impression*, not a reproduction of one of Allah's realities." Good Mussulmans do not believe in "reproducing Allah's realities"; yet there stood on the easel a charming pastel. Even orthodox Moslems, I saw were not above beating the devil round the stump.

"How very beautiful!" I exclaimed. "Aishé Hanum, you are an artist."

"Pray, pray, young Hanum," she protested, a little frightened I thought, "pray do not say such things. I am not an artist. I only play with the colors."

"Let me see some more of your playing," I persisted.

Rather reluctantly, though wishing to comply with her guest's desires, she brought out a large portfolio, containing several pastels and water-colors, and we sat down on a rug to examine them.

Whether they were well done or not I cannot tell; but they were full of life and happiness. The curious part was that, whenever she painted any outdoor life, she painted it from her window, and on the canvas first was the window, and then through it you saw the landscape as she saw it.

The more I looked at her work the more enthusiastic I grew. "You must be very

talented," I said, turning to her. "It is a pity that you cannot go abroad to study."

"But I have studied many years here."

"That is all very well," I said, still busy looking at the pictures; "just the same you ought to go to Paris to study."

"What for?" she asked.

"Because I think you have a great deal of talent which unfortunately is wasted in a harem." As I spoke I raised my eyes.

Ordinarily I am not a coward, though I do run from a mouse; but when my eyes met her finely penciled ones, there was a curious look of anger in them that made a shiver go down my back. "If I have said anything to offend you," I said, "I beg you to forgive me. Believe me it was my enthusiasm."

She smiled in a most charming way. If she had been angry it had gone quickly by.

"But why do you wish me to go to Paris?" she asked again.

"I don't know," I said, "except that Paris is nearer Turkey than any other great center, and I feel that you ought to have the advantage of being where you could get all the help possible."

"What for?" she inquired.

I began to feel uncomfortable. I knew her very little, and this was the first time I ever visited a former "*Seraigli*" (one who has been an inmate of the Imperial Palace).

"Because," I answered lamely, "when a person has a talent she generally goes to Paris or to some other great artistic center."

"What for?" again insisted the question.

If I had not been in a harem and in the presence of a woman of whom I was somewhat afraid, my answer would have been, "Well, if you are foolish enough not to know, why, what is the use of telling you?" Instead, while that exquisite hand was lying on my arm and those big almond-shaped eyes were holding mine, I tried to find a way of explaining.

"If you were free to go, you could see masterpieces, you could study various methods of painting, and if it were in you, you might become great in turn."

"What for?" was the calm inquiry.

She was very beautiful; not of the Turkish type, but of the pure Circassian, with exquisite lines and a very low, musical voice, and of all things on this earth I am most susceptible to physical beauty. At that particular moment, however, I should have derived great pleasure if I could have smacked her pretty mouth.

"Well," I said calmly, though I was irritated, "if you had a great talent, and became very famous, you would not only have all the money you wanted, but glory and admiration."

"What for?" she repeated with inhuman monotony.

"For heaven's sake, Aishé Hanum," I cried, "I don't know what for; but if I could, I should like to become famous and have glory and lots of money."

"What for?"

"Because then I could go all over the world and see everything that is to be seen and meet all sorts of interesting people."

"What for?"

"Hanum *doudou*," I cried, lapsing into the Turkish I had spoken as a child. "Are you trying to make a fool of me, or——"

She put her palms forward on the floor and then her head went down and she laughed immoderately. I laughed too, considerably relieved to have done with her "what for's."

She drew me to her as if I were a baby, and took me on her lap. "You would do all these things and travel about like a mail bag because you think it would make you happy, don't you, yavroum?" she asked.

"Of course I should be happy."

"Is this why you ran away from home—to get famous and rich?" She was speaking to me precisely as if I were a little bit of a thing, and was to be coaxed out of my foolishness.

"I have neither fame nor riches," I answered, "so we need not waste our breath."

"Sorry, yavroum, sorry," she said sympathetically. "I should have liked you to get both; then you would see that it would not have made you happy. Happiness is not acquired from satisfied desires."

"What is happiness then?" I asked.

"Allah kerim [God only can explain it]. But it comes not from what we possess but from what we let others possess; and no amount of fame would have made me leave my home and go among alien people to learn their ways of doing something which I take great pleasure in doing in my own way." She kissed me twice on the cheek and put me down by her. "You are a dear little one," she said as she began to prepare a cigarette.

"Aishé Hanum," I asked, "don't you really sometimes wish you were a free European woman?"

She wet the tissue paper of her cigarette and gave it a careful twist. "I have never

seen a European man to whom I should like to belong," she informed me.

"Goodness gracious, why should you belong to any man at all?"

"But I should not like to be one of those detached females that come to us from Inglaterra and your America. They are repulsive to me. A human being is like a tree or a flower; it must be productive and useful. A woman must have a lord and children."

"But you have no children," I could not help saying.

"Have I not, though?" She clapped her hands, and to the slave who came in she said, "Bring in my son, please."

A few minutes later the young Bey was brought in. He was a sturdy little fellow, full of health and good looks. No sooner was he in sight than mother and child were kissing and loving. When after a few minutes he was taken away, Aishé Hanum informed me that till he was twelve years old she was to teach and instruct him herself. "We are always together except when I have guests. Then the child is out to play. You say I have no children! I wish you would stay here till the day I am to give my daughters away."

"Your daughters?" I repeated.

"Yes, I am liberating two of my young slaves. I bought them when they were ten years old. I instructed them myself; and now they are going to be freed and given into marriage, to be happy in the love they will give and take."

I thought that in her voice there was a sad note as she said the last words; but then I am a very imaginative person, and my imagination is apt to play tricks with me.

"I am going to stay," I said. "The Vailidé [the first wife] asked me to wait for the wedding, and also for the arrival of her son and his young wife."

"Oh! I am indeed very pleased. You know, yavroum, we all like you, and should be very glad to have you be happy in the love of a good man."

"Aishé Hanum," I asked, "are you happy?"

She looked at me for a minute or so while she inhaled and then exhaled the smoke of her dainty cigarette.

"Would you like to know?"

I nodded.

"I will tell you all about myself—but you must not make me forget that you are my guest, and that I must look after your com-

fort." She clapped her hands and a young, pretty slave came in to take orders. I fancied that the slave had been crying.

"You are not the one I called for," said Aishé Hanum; "and what is more, you must stop coming in when I call." The tears began to trickle down the cheeks of the young girl. I was quite surprised. In all my experience with Turkish women I never saw them stern with their slaves, and this young girl looked particularly miserable.

The official wife clapped her hands again and this time another slave came in.

"Bring us in some sherbets and some cakes and cold water."

The slaves departed, and in a little while the one who had been crying returned. Aishé Hanum looked at the girl, who, elaborately unconscious of the stern look, put her tray down, brought near us two low tables, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, and disposed the eatables on them.

"Have I not told you not to wait on me?"

The girl crossed her arms on her breast and stood motionless. She was very pretty; rather tall, with glorious copper-colored hair, and luminous eyes.

"What will the young Hanum here think of your disobedience to me?" the mistress asked.

The girl looked at me through her tears.

"I am sure that if the young Hanum knew of the sorrow that is eating my poor heart she would take my part," she said with great pathos in her voice.

"I am inclined to think she would," said her mistress, "for I am afraid the young Hanum is not very practical."

In an instant the young girl was prostrated before me, kissing my hands, kissing my feet, and imploring me in the name of all the flowers that grow on great Allah's land to hear her and intercede with her mistress.

I took the child's hand into mine and tried to comfort her; then turning to her mistress I begged to know the cause of her grief.

"I will tell you, though I am afraid you are the wrong person."

At a bound the slave was by her mistress. Her greenish eyes were dark blue and fiery. "If you present my case it is lost. Let me have the word; let me show her my heart; for it is my heart she is to judge, not yours. Be just, my mistress, since you give me this chance."

"Suppose we put it off. Suppose Hanum

Djimlah be the judge, and not this Hanum here. She does not know our ways very much. She is not of our faith, and she is young in experience. She has not yet a lord to her heart," the mistress explained.

The slave drew herself up and fairly towered above us. Her little hands were clasped tightly on her bosom. She threw her head back and looked at her mistress. There was defiance in her whole attitude.

"You might just as well say that you want to cheat me out of the chance you offered to give me."

Aishé Hanum sighed and gave in. "Serve us first with something, for we are thirsty." The slave poured out some sherbet in the tall golden goblets—a present to Aishé Hanum from the Palace—and ministered to our wants; then she took her place on the floor, cross-legged, and said to her mistress:

"You are not to speak, beauty, at all till I have done."

"Very well, foolish," said the mistress.

"Young Hanum, my story is not very long, so I will not tire your kind ears with my miserable woes. I only want justice, and may Allah help you to help me. I was five years old when I was given to my mistress here. I have been faithful, good, patient, obedient, loving to her. I have never vexed her. When I was fourteen years old she wanted to free me and give me as a wife to a man. Why should I be given to a man when I want to stay here? I pleaded and pleaded, and she said that I might stay two years more. The two years passed as a day, and I was again to be given as a wife. I pleaded and cried again, and my mistress said that I might have two years more. Young Hanum, have you ever watched the clouds on Allah's blue rug [the sky]? Those years granted to me, faded from my unhappy eyes as quickly as they, and for days now she will not speak to me because I will not go. But I stay outside this door and wait on her just the same. She says that this time it is to a very nice, young, wealthy man she is going to marry me. But what is a man to me? It is my mistress I want; it is her face that must gladden daily my miserable existence. It is here by her that I want to live and die. Oh! young Hanum, give me justice; and may the cypress tree that grows by the grave of your dear ones defy all the winds!" Thereupon the girl began to cry; and between her moans she continued: "This mistress is for me what to the trees are the

leaves, what to the birds are the wings, what to the little babies is a mother. She says if I do not marry her she will sell me to some one."

I can give here the words, but they cannot show the pathos, the passion that the girl put in them. It made my heart melt within me, not from pity for the slave, but from envy for the mistress. Think of owning such a faithful creature!

"I have heard your side," I said; "and now you would better go, and I will talk it over with your mistress."

The slave came to me, kissed my hand ever so tenderly, and left the room.

"Aïshé Hanum," I asked, "why do you want the child to be married and leave you, since her happiness is with you?"

"You do not understand all the circumstances, yavroum; that is why you ask me. You see she is mine, and I can free her and make a home for her. If I die to-morrow, what will become of her? She might be freed, and she might not. In the last case she would have to belong to some one else for seven years before being freed. Or she might be changing hands all the time. I love her; she is my little girl, for I brought her up; and I want to see her marry and have babies of her own. She can see me all she wishes to. But what she wants is to feel that she belongs to me. She is getting old. It is time for her to be wife and mother. She is so beautiful; her figure is so perfect. It would be a pity to waste all that beauty in life."

"But she will be unhappy if she goes away from you."

"No; she does not know. A woman is never so happy as in the love she bears to her little ones and to the giver of them."

"What will you do?" I asked. "Will you really sell her to somebody else?"

"No, indeed; but I was going to send her away for a while. Only she is of such a passionate nature she might do violence to herself. I have to act with great discretion."

"What manner of man is the one you want to marry her to? She probably does not fancy him."

"I have tried hard to have her see him from the window," said Aïshé Hanum laughingly; "but every time I take her to the window and bid her look, she closes her eyes. She will be very happy indeed, and will have a slave of her own, but she is obstinate."

"Why not let her wait for a while?" I suggested.

"I am afraid of losing this good chance. I want to see all of them that are of age well provided for."

"Suppose," I said, "that I decide that you are to let the girl alone?"

She laughed her merry little laugh, and looked so beautiful that I wondered how a woman with such a wonderful beauty as hers could be given to two men and still remain unloved by them.

"Yavroum, you would not really decide to do anything so foolish, and destine such a beautiful handiwork of Allah's to barrenness? Besides, while she was telling her woes to you, I found a way out of the difficulty. I am going to offer to let her live with me after her marriage. At the end of a year she will know that I was right." She clapped her hands. The girl came in.

"Come here, Kioutchouk-Gul." (The slaves often are given fancy names by their mistresses. This one meant Little Rose.)

The slave came and made herself ever so little at the feet of her beloved mistress.

"I think Allah has shown me a way out of our troubles." She took the girl's hands into hers. "It is not marriage you object to so much as leaving me?"

The girl nodded.

"Then how would you like to marry and still live with me? We both would have our way." In a second the girl was in the arms of Aïshé Hanum, calling her all sorts of endearing names, in which the Oriental language is so rich.

Thus the incident ended. The sight of the tremendous love she had inspired in her slave gave me an idea of the beautiful character Aïshé Hanum must have.

"Aïshé Hanum," I said when we were left alone, "you promised to tell me all about yourself. Will you do so now?"

"Yes, yavroum; but will you tell me all about yourself and your life in America afterwards?"

I promised.

"I was born in Roumely, where my father was a nomadic chief," she began.

The mere word Roumely to those who are born in the East is full of suggestion of ballads of valorous deeds and supernatural doings. Aïshé Hanum became to my mind a more romantic figure than before.

"I remember quite well the way we lived. All we possessed was done up in bundles, for we moved from one place to the other constantly. At night if it was rainy or cold

the men would pitch the tents; and while the women and children slept inside, the men would sleep outside, one always on guard. But generally we all slept under Allah's own eyes. Life was like a dream, and like a dream it quickly vanished. My father died, leaving my mother alone to care for six little hungry mouths. We left the mountains and walked for days to reach a town. When there my mother took to doing all kinds of work to support us. I was only six years old. All I remember of that time is like another dream, only this time a bad one and it lasted longer, though as days and nights count, not as many as five hundred I think. My mother's life became a sad one, and there was no longer sunshine and music. We lived in a little house which to me was like a wooden box, and soon we all became ill, and were very miserable. I do not think Allah meant his people to live in houses. He made the world so beautiful that we might live in it and be happy. To this minute I cannot accustom myself to live in one room. That is why I have this big space."

In fact she had taken three rooms, sixteen by twenty, and had them thrown together, slender columns supporting the ceiling. I was wondering what she would say if she saw a few of New York's apartments, where even Allah's sun is not potent enough to pierce high walls and enter.

"One day, however, my mother came to us with joy in her face and said to me: 'My children, your father must be having in his favor the ear of the Prophet. Here comes to us a miraculous help. A rich Hanum wishes to buy six or seven little girl slaves. I am going to sell you three little girls, and with the money go back to the mountains to bring up your brothers as true Roumeliotes, not like mice in a city.'

"We were very happy. I did not know at the time what slavery was; but my mother explained it, and we were glad of the chance given to us."

I must explain here that slavery in Turkey is not what the word implies in Christianity. A slave in Turkey is like an adopted child, to whom is given every advantage according to her talents. If she is beautiful, she is brought up like a young lady and is given as a wife to a noble and rich man; if she is plain and clever, she becomes a teacher; if she is plain and not clever, she learns to do the manual work, sewing or domestic labor. According to the Koran, a slave must be

freed after seven years of servitude and be given a dowry of no less than \$250. Slaves always fare better than if they stayed at home. Generally they are drawn from the people who have been slaves themselves, or from orphans. To a Turk who is poor, selling his children into slavery means giving them advantages which he could not possibly give them himself.

"Were you sorry to leave your mother?" I asked.

"How could I be sorry," was her reply, "since I was giving her back to her mountains and her sunshine? My two little sisters and myself journeyed for days, sometimes on the backs of animals, and sometimes in what seemed to me then wooden boxes on wheels.

"In the house of my new mistress I remained with my sisters for seven years. She was lovely to us, and although we did not live out of doors all the time, we lived in a large house, in a very large garden, and by the water. It was in Smyrna. We had never seen anything before except mountains and trees. When we came to Smyrna we were afraid of everything, even of the commonest things. After we had learned that all the strange things would not hurt us, we were taken out on the water in a small boat, and after a time we were taught how to make it go ourselves. We also learned to read and write, and we were taught French, and to paint and play the guitar, and to dance. They were not as strict there as they are in my household here. When I was fourteen I was spoken of as a very beautiful person, and a Hanum who came to see me once said I was only fit for the Sultan. My beauty traveled from Smyrna to the Palace, and some one came out to our house to see me. That is how I was given to the Sultan on his anniversary."

"Were you sorry to be sent to the Palace?" I asked.

She looked at me as if I had asked something that only people out of their minds could ask.

"I was so happy," said she, as if speaking to herself, "that for nights I could not go to sleep. At last the day came when I was to see the great ruler of the greatest nation of the living world." She crossed her hands on her lap with a far-away look on her face, as if gazing on her dead youth and its dreams.

As I looked at her I was wondering whether she had ever had any happiness, and

unconsciously I found myself asking her, "Were you happy in the Palace?"

My question brought her back to the earth, and she laughed her gay little laugh, and patted my hand.

"You dear yavroum, you are such a little baby, why should I not be happy? To me was given the honor of being sent to the Kalif, which was no less an honor to my new mother than it was to me."

"Did you see the Sultan?" I asked.

"Y-e-s. When I reached the Palace I was taken to my rooms; and after a few days, when I was sufficiently rested, they dressed me ever so beautifully for the Pattissah to see me."

Again that far-away look came into her pretty face, but she went on with her story.

"It was in a large living room, we were all assembled—such beautiful women and so many. I was by the chair of the Sultana when he, our ruler, came in. I was presented to him, and he smiled kindly at me, and said that he hoped I should be happy in the Palace. I was given by his order many gems and costly robes and slaves of my very own, but Allah never meant for me the honor of wifehood with the Master. *Kismet, Ne apeym,*"

"Oh! Aishé Hanum!" I cried when she stopped. "Do tell me more of Palace life."

"No, no, yavroum, you cannot know that. It is not spoken out of the Palace; but you may see the little girl I am hoping some day to send there."

I gasped. "You don't mean to say that you are going to send somebody to the Palace?"

"Why, you dear little crest of the waves, why should I not, when I find a little girl who I think is going to be most gloriously beautiful."

She clapped her hands and Kioutchouk-Gul came in beaming with smiles. Her mistress returned the smiles as she said:

"Bring me in Gul-Allen" (Rose of the World).

A few minutes later a little girl was marched in. She was tall and well shaped, and carried her head magnificently. She was four years old, but looked seven. If she grows up to be as beautiful as she looked then she will make a stunner. The curious part was that she looked like her mistress. Her eyes were that almond shape, the color, as Rossetti expresses it, like the sea and the sky mixed together, only in theirs the landscape was mixed in too. Every feature in her face seemed to have been nature's great care. The color of her skin was clear white, and

you could see the veins as if they were finely traced with a blue pencil, and her mouth was cupid's bow.

"Aishé Hanum," I begged when the child left us, "please don't send her to the Palace. Suppose she never becomes his wife. She will be happier with a young man for a husband."

Aishé Hanum looked puzzled at me.

"Suppose you had a great talent, and your mother never gave you a chance with it, would you think her just? You see, yavroum, I am giving you an example from your own standards to judge. Tell me, wouldn't you blame her all your life?"

I acquiesced.

"It would be the same with my little Gul-Allen."

"But suppose when she grows up she refuses to go like the other?"

"Oh, she will not; for she will be brought up with this idea in mind. Her education is to be very careful. Besides, in the heart of every Mussulman woman, the highest honor on this side of the earth is to give a son to the Pattissah. You have to be a Turkish woman to understand this. And now you must see my Palace robes and my gems."

Kioutchouk-Gul received her orders, and in a few minutes she came in, carrying on her head a bundle thick by two feet and long by four, and in that space carefully folded were twenty most gorgeous garments! Think of the space twenty of our stupid gowns would require!

Kioutchouk-Gul opened the Persian shawl, and as she unfolded each garment she paraded it on her slim shoulders. In my childhood I was put to sleep with Oriental tales where the princesses wore magnificent clothes that only a fairy queen's wand could produce. Those garments belonged to that category. Bright silks represented sky and stars worked with silver and gold and fastened with precious stones. There was one of dark red on which were embroidered with silver thread white chrysanthemums, and the heart of each flower on the front border was a topaz!

Think of having all these clothes and the jewelry to go with them because the Sultan cast his eyes five minutes on you. No wonder that in the heart of every Mussulman woman the desire to go to the Palace is so great. Though it is religion that prompts them, where is the truly feminine heart that is indifferent to beautiful garments?

THE FINDING OF RALEIGH'S LOST COLONY

BY ALEXANDER HUME FORD



HE mystery of mysteries in our American chronicle has been solved at last. The famous "Lost Colony of Roanoke" has been traced; and its descendants found in an obscure region, where they still retain the ancestral names, cherish traditions that explain many of the gaps in history, and preserve customs brought over by their forefathers, who vanished utterly from the ken of the mother country. I have been among them and talked with them. So far as I can discover, this will be the first article describing them ever published in a general magazine, and these photographs the first ever published anywhere.

The story of the Lost Colony is familiar to every student of American history. It will be remembered that Queen Elizabeth granted to Sir Walter Raleigh a patent "to discover, search, finde out, and view such remote, heathen, and barbarous lands, countreis, and territories not actually possessed of any Christian prince."

The first expedition landed on Roanoke Island July 4th (old style), 1584, but without making a settlement; a second group gave up in a year, and returned; later, fifteen men left by Sir Richard Grenville to hold the place were either drowned or massacred. In 1587 the indomitable Raleigh sent out 100 men and seventeen women, with John White as governor. This was the memorable "Lost Colony," which, contrary to Raleigh's counsel, settled on the ill-starred Roanoke Island described as "very sandy and low toward the water side, but so full of grapes as the very beating and surge of the sea overflowed them, of which we found such plenty that in all the world like abundance is not to be found."

Thus began the acquaintance of the

Raleigh Colony with the American scuppernong. The three finest native grapes, the Catawba, the Isabella, and the Scuppernong are indigenous to and thrive best near Roanoke, and, strange to say, the most delicious of these, the white scuppernong, which will not bear transportation a day's journey, is interwoven by every tradition with the arrival of the white men on Roanoke Island.

Here was born the first white American grape, as well as the first white American child, Virginia Dare, daughter of Ananias and Eleanor Dare, and granddaughter of Governor White. The scuppernong has spread westward along the trail followed by Virginia Dare and the Lost Colony, and is to-day found most luxuriant where they went.

Here grows the great "mother scuppernong." Report says that it covers an acre.

In August, 1587, the colonists needing supplies and other necessaries, the governor was "through their extreme entreating constrained to return to England." Before he could get back, the great war with Spain broke out. In 1588 Raleigh sent two ships with Governor White, but Spanish war vessels boarded, rifled, and drove them back. It was 1591 before another attempt could be made. This time Governor White reached Roanoke. He describes what happened in phrases of unconscious poetry, giving a strangely vivid picture of the loneliness of the New World and the Lost Colony:

"We let fall our Grapnel neere the shore & sounded with a trumpet a Call, & afterwards many familiar English tunes of Songs, and called to them friendly; but we had no answer."

The next day they landed, and—we may quote further, without keeping to the quaint old spelling:

"As we entered up the sandy bank, upon

a tree, in the very bough thereof, were curiously carved these fair Roman letters, C. R. O., which letters presently we knew to signify the place where I should find the planters seated, according to a secret token agreed upon between them and me at my last departure from them; I willed them that if they should happen to be distressed in any of those places, that then they should carve over the letters or name, a cross + in this form; but we found no such sign of distress. . . . And having well considered of this, we passed toward the place where they were left in sundry houses, but we found the houses taken down, and the place very strongly inclosed with a high palisade of great trees, with curtains and flankers, very fortlike, and one of the chief trees or posts at the right side of the entrance had the bark taken off, and five feet from the ground in fair capital letters was graven CROATOAN without any cross or sign of distress. . . . I greatly joyed that I had safely found a certain token of their safe being at Croatoan, which is the place where Manteo was born, and the savages of the island our friends."

The governor was prepared to sail down the sound to Croatan, but a heavy storm rose, he lost his anchors, and narrowly escaped wreck. The weather "grew fouler and fouler, our victuals scarce, and our cask and fresh water lost." It was necessary to make sail to St. John to refit. Believing the colonies safe, he set sail for the Indies in search of Spanish prizes, intending to return in springtime.

He never came back. Governor White gave up the search for his daughter, and nothing more is known of him. Raleigh, ruined financially, having spent \$200,000 on his colony without a penny of recompense, turned over his grants to the London Company with the advice that they seek to colonize Chesapeake Bay, and later the settlement at Jamestown was made. Raleigh urged the new colonists to seek the old, but both the Croatans and the colonists had totally disappeared.

I first heard the tradition of the present existence of Raleigh's Lost Colony here at Manteo, named after the old chief who went to England and was made "Lord of the Island of Roanoke and Dasamonguepec"—the first of all American titles. He returned to be baptized only a few days before little Virginia Dare was born.

If Governor White had sailed down Pamlico Sound, doubtless he would have found

his Lost Colony. It was southward and up the Cape Fear River to its head waters, where all tradition still locates Raleigh's Lost Colony and the descendants of Virginia Dare. She being a granddaughter of the first American governor was more truly aristocratic than even Pocahontas, who was not baptized until Virginia had attained womanhood. And perhaps she married a young brave of Roanoke long before the daughter of Powhatan wed an English gentleman—finally to fill an unmarked grave in Britain as the English girl Virginia fills an unknown grave in America—Pocahontas to give among her descendants a great general (Baden Powell) to the English of to-day, and Virginia Dare a governor of North Carolina in our own times.

When the English settled at Jamestown in 1607, it was still further corroborated that the Lost Colony had intermarried among the Indians—although those that had gone northward among Powhatan's people were cruelly massacred, at the instigation of Powhatan, about the time of the arrival of the white men at Jamestown. Only seven of them, four men, two boys, and a young maid, had been preserved from the slaughter, by a friendly chief, and from these was descended a tribe of Indians found in the vicinity of Roanoke Island a century later, and then known as Hatteras Indians; they had gray eyes and claimed to have white ancestors.

Again, in 1607, Captains Newport and John Smith found at an Indian village below the falls (at Richmond) a lad of about ten years of age with yellow hair and white skin, who, it has been assumed, was the offspring of some representative of the ill-fated Roanoke Colony. Captain Francis Nelson, who left Virginia in 1608, took back to London a chart on which he marked at one inland place: "Here remaineth four men clothed, that came from Roanoke to Ocanhawan (which information Powhatan confirmed). At Peccaremek and Ochanahoen (on the Neuse) the people have houses built with stone walls, the one story above the other, so taught them by the English who escaped the slaughter at Roanoke."

At this time there was a well-authenticated story of a part of the Lost Colony living in what is now Sampson County, North Carolina. In 1609 word was received in London that "some of our nation sent to Roanoke by Sir Walter Raleigh are yet alive within fifty miles of our fort (Jamestown). Two of our colonists sent out to seek them (although denied by the savages speech with them) found

crosses and letters and characters, assured testimonials of Christians, newly wrote on the barks of the trees." The early Virginians did not know then that they were most probably in touch only with a few straggling groups of the Lost Colony, although, even in 1608, it was believed that farther south a large body of their unfortunate countrymen might still be found.

In 1660 the Rev. Morgan Jones, of Virginia, was captured by the Tuscarora Indians living in North Carolina along the Neuse River. After some time in captivity he returned to civilization to make the solemn statement that he found a tribe settled on the Pamlico River, near Cape Atros (Hatteras), known to their neighbors as the white Indians on account of their light color; he tells that they spoke British, in which language he preached to them three times a week.

From now on, all traces of the Lost Colony are to be found in North Carolina west and south of Roanoke. An old Indian trail led from the fishing and hunting grounds at Roanoke Island to the head waters of the Cape Fear River at Fayetteville. Along this trail Indian settlements still exist, and where it ends in Robeson County is the largest Indian settlement east of the Mississippi River. Along this trail have congregated the traditions of the Lost Colony for 300 years.

We hear no more of the "white" Indians from 1660 until 1700. In the mean time they had moved to Robeson County, where the French Huguenots of South Carolina found them in that year—long settled in the country, intelligent farmers who had built everywhere magnificent roads. In 1729 English settlers penetrated to Robeson County, where they found light Indians on Lumber River who spoke English, tilled the soil, owned slaves, and held land in common. They claimed to be descendants of English who came over the sea in great swan boats, and in 1732 King George II gave land grants to Henry Berry and James Lowrey, the two leading men of the tribe. Henry Berry claimed lineal descent from the Henry Berry of the Raleigh Colony, and James Lowrey married Priscilla Berry, sister of Henry Berry.

In 1711 the Indians of Robeson County had aided the whites against the Tuscaroras, in the great Indian War; from Mattamuskeet they brought back Indian slaves who had traditions of the time when the Croatans and the Mattamuskeets lived together, and knew of the white blood in the other tribe. In fact,

they claimed that many of their people had also married among the descendants of the English in the Croatan tribe.

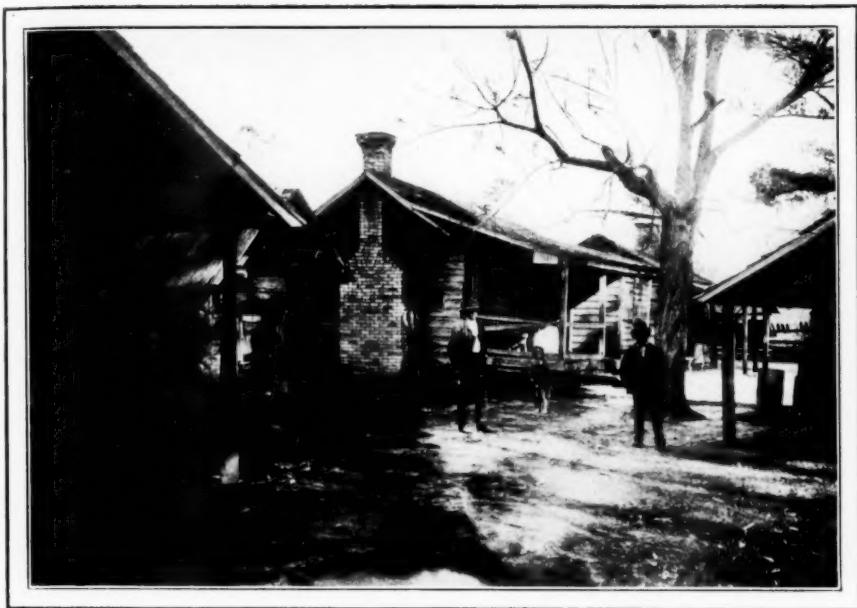
Lawson, who wrote the first history of North Carolina, in 1709, speaks of "the Hatteras Indians who lived on Roanoack Island, or much frequented it. These tell us that several of their ancestors were white people and could talk in a book as we do, the truth of which is confirmed by gray eyes being frequently found among these Indians and no others. They value themselves extremely for their affinity to the English, and are ready to do them all friendly office. It is probable that this settlement [of Raleigh's] miscarried for want of timely supplies from England, or through the treachery of the natives, for we may reasonably suppose that the English were forced to cohabit with them for relief and conservation, and that in process of time they conformed themselves to the manners of their Indian relations."

As Professor Weeks, of Trinity College, North Carolina, observes in a paper on this subject: "It is impossible for the story told by Lawson to be a tradition not founded on the truth, for he wrote within 120 years of the original settlements at Roanoke, and he may have talked with men whose grandfathers had been among the original colonists."

In the War of the Revolution, the Robeson County Indians bearing English names inclined to be Tories, in the belief that they were English, and we find many names familiar in the list of Raleigh's colonists on the side of the British; but in 1812 these were all on the side of the American forces, even to the Dares, who claimed descent from Virginia Dare, "the White Doe" born at Roanoke. Many of these Indians bearing English names received pensions from the government for their services.

In 1835 the ungrateful North Carolinians disfranchised their Indian allies who, at that time, owned schools and churches. It was now a crime to teach a dark person to read or write; hence, only the traditions of the old, old chroniclers survived. It was not until 1868 that the Robeson County Indians were restored to full rights of citizenship, after their glorious defense of the Confederacy.

During this war, one of the chiefs, in defending one of his men accused of crime, said in a public speech: "We have always been friends to the white man. We were free people before the white man came to our land. Our tribe was always free. They lived at



A TYPICAL HOUSE AMONG THE CROATANS

Roanoke in Virginia. When the English came to Roanoke our tribe treated them kindly; one of our tribe went to England and saw the great country. We took the English to live with us. There is white man's blood in our veins as well as Indian. We took the white man's language and religion. We fought with the white men, yet white men treat us as negroes."

And so in all the centuries their tradition that they are the descendants of Raleigh's Lost Colony will not down, and even the State recognizes their claim. Their traditions state that they came from Croatan, south of Roanoke, that their leading man was made Lord of Roanoke, by name Mayo (Manteo), a name still common among them.

I started to follow the trail, and throughout tidewater North Carolina met everywhere the tradition that the "Raleigh Colony Indians" had gone either across the mainland, or by water to the great hunting grounds near the hills. Besides the water pathway, there was a direct well-kept trail from the Roanoke region to the present site of Fayetteville, where all the great pathways of the Southern Indians met. From South Carolina, Georgia, and Virginia, the remnants of the various tribes

that receded before the scouring Iroquois and the white man, followed the diverging trails to the great settlement just beyond Fayetteville, that extended to the South Carolina State line. In this area there still live some 5,000 red men, descendants, perhaps, of almost every Indian tribe that populated the Southern seaboard and mountains. Among these people are the traditions of Raleigh's Lost Colony, and hundreds of men, women, and children bearing the very names of the Roanoke colonists and still earnestly believing that they are descended from the English men and women whom their Chief Mayo (Manteo) adopted into his tribe.

It was as an explorer that I retraced the old Indian trail across country and at last arrived among these strange people.

In Green County, yet farther westward, may be found to this day Croatan Indians who still use the old Saxon crossbow, which, their tradition narrates, the Roanoke colonists taught them to make and use to bring down their quarry silently.

Sampson County, between Green and Robeson, is richer still in Indian legends: it was here that a large number of the lost colonists were reported to John Smith in 1608,



CROATANS WALKING IN SINGLE FILE

and there were, up to half a century ago, old men and women of the Croatans, hereabout, who recalled hearing that the Dares, the Coopers, and the Harveys of Raleigh's Colony who had intermarried in their tribe were the pioneers of migration westward, and brought a part of the tribe here. And to this day the Harveys, the Dares, and Coopers are to be found among the Croatans to the farthest end of the trail. To the Harveys, by the way, was born the second English child in America.

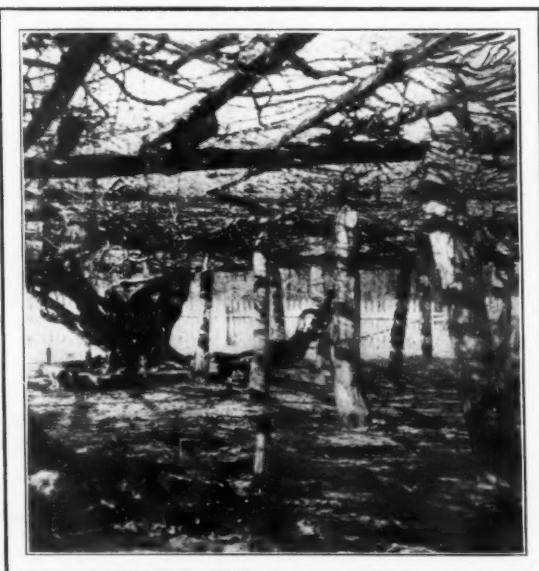
Beyond Sampson County is Cumberland, in the direct pathway of the Lost Colony and the Croatan Indians. Here, near Fayetteville, on a creek emptying into the Cape Fear River, may be seen to this day the remains of the "Indian Stone House," which was still standing in 1832, and which tradition says the Roanoke colonists taught

their Indian allies to build. Old water mills for grinding maize and a well-constructed dam were found here by the first whites who entered the region. And then the Indians acted as millers.

A walk of a very few miles along the old Indian road brings you into Robeson County, where live 3,500 Croatan Indians who claim descent from the lost colonists.

The last tradition among the Croatans of Robeson County dates back but a year. One of their delegates, a descendant of one of the lost colonists, was sent to Washington to invite the President to visit the tribe at the great gathering at Roanoke Island this summer. The President set aside five minutes for the reception, but kept the Croatan guest for an hour plying him with questions and seeking to learn all he could about the descendants of the Lost Colony. He did not invite the red man to luncheon.

But why plod through traditions longer? I was among these people, face to face, here at Red Springs in Robeson County, where 10,000 Indians had often encamped at a time; I had but to look out of the window of my hotel to see the Croatans by the hundred, following each other in single file up and down the main street of the little village, for young



THE GREAT "MOTHER SCUPPERNONG" BENEATH WHICH VIRGINIA DARE WAS NURSED

and old were coming to town to do their Christmas shopping. Some of the visitors to town were as dark as any Indians in America, some so light as to have red hair and blue eyes. Yet, one and all walked on the sidewalk or in the roadway in single file.

I tried to be friendly, but the Croatans are uncommunicative with strangers. They consider that the whites treated them badly: at

colony moved away, slips were taken along and planted wherever the colony rested. The white scuppernong is an accident and grows only from slips; but it is doubtful if there is a Croatan Indian anywhere in North Carolina who does not rest under his own vine, and drink the juice of the scuppernong after he has fermented it according to the manner taught him by the white man.



OLD DIEL, THE CENTENARIAN, AND HIS GRANDCHILDREN

Descendants of Henry Berry of Raleigh's Lost Colony.

one time disfranchising them and placing them on a level with the negro; and they have never forgiven the insult. The children I found even less communicative than their elders. The Croatans make their own liquor, keep their own secrets, and ignore the Federal authorities. Every Croatan grows the scuppernong.

It is in their traditions that the white men taught them the art of distilling wine from the "mother" vine at Roanoke, and when the

The whites of Red Springs looked at me almost scornfully for talking with the Indians.

"But they are the descendants of Raleigh's Lost Colony," I explained to one in excuse.

"Oh, yes, that's what they say!"

"Don't you ever go among them?"

"What, me?—no, siree; they don't like white men to go into their settlement. They tell a man to keep away once; and after that—they shoot."

"You ought to see Hamilton McMillan,"

suggested one of the village storekeepers; "he knows more about the Croatan Indians than they know about themselves."

I found him to be a scholarly old gentleman, a college graduate, and prominent lawyer who was once a State senator. He had located at Red Springs in his younger days to study the strange red people near by who claimed to be descendants of the famous Lost Colony. Mr. McMillan is one of the few white men who have taken the pains to investigate the traditions and legends of the Croatans, and it is due to his research that the proof of their claims was made so clear to the State Legislature that North Carolina to-day officially recognizes these people as the descendants of Raleigh's Colony. For a quarter of a century, Mr. McMillan has been the best loved man among the Croatans. The one thing they could never forget was the fact that he had secured for them separate schools from the negroes; for, rather than let their young attend negro schools, they had permitted them to grow up in pride and ignorance.

Mr. McMillan gladly consented to take me visiting among the Croatans; so, bright and early one Sunday morning, we made our first excursion into the most forgotten part of these United States, and among the most neglected of all the red men in America.

We started out toward the old Indian trail, that still traverses the State of North Carolina from the mountains to the Roanoke country. Here in Robeson County it is still known as "the great Lowrey road," because two hundred years ago the famous Indian

chief, Henry Lowrey, put it in its present magnificent shape.

The Croatans are still the best natural road makers in America. Road building is a mania with them, and has been ever since the lost colonists taught them the art. They are always at work on their roads, voluntarily and without pay.

The first house we stopped at was that of Jim Diel, whose wife is a great-granddaughter of the famous old Indian road builder. These Lowreys have given a senator from Mississippi, Hon. Hiram R. Revels, born in North

Carolina. Governor Lowrey Swain, of North Carolina, was also of the tribe. Some of them have gone to other States and are men of fortune; one, in Florida, is a millionaire, a leader in society and business.

Jim Diel was out when we arrived, so his wife and niece received us.

Everything around the house showed signs of careless prosperity. In the back yard an extensive scuppernong yielded enough grapes annually for a hundred gallons of fiery wine.

We had passed through a typical negro settlement on our way to "Scuffletown," as the Indian settlement is commonly called by the Indians themselves, in memory of one "Scoville" who led them to battle a century or more ago. What a contrast between the negro and the Indian. Shiftlessness was written everywhere about the negro possessions. On the other hand, an Indian house could be detected from afar. Everything in repair, outhouses kept up, all the necessities for making life in the country comfortable; beehives, stables, wells, corn cribs,



THE SPINNING WHEEL IS STILL IN VOGUE



PRIIMTIVE MORTAR AND PESTLE IN A CROATAN HOME

cider presses all in active use. As the fringe of Scuffletown is left behind, the negro disappears completely.

We met Jim Diel down the Lowrey road, and great was his concern that he had not been at home to meet us. He was a magnificent specimen of Indianhood, almost a full blood; proud of his descent from the early English colonist, firm in his belief that the only white blood in the tribe entered through the Lost Colony. He spoke in a high, almost falsetto voice, peculiar to all these descendants of Raleigh's Lost Colony, who still use the old Saxon English.

It was with regret that we parted from Jim—although at every home where we stopped the door was opened to us, as we knew it would be. Often when I knocked alone, the door was opened grudgingly, and I saw that the white stranger was unwelcome, but invariably there came forth from within that high rich falsetto—"Walk in, mon; sit thee by my fire and warm."

The speech of the Croatans, by the way, is unlike that of either the whites or blacks around them. It shows traces of the language of 300 years ago. "Man" is pronounced

"mon"; "father" is called "fayther" (there were many Irish names among the Roanoke colonists); "measurement" is called "mension"; their plural for hose is "hosen," for house, "housen," etc.

Professor Weeks in his paper states that the strongest evidence of all is furnished by the family names. The 117 Roanoke settlers had 95 different surnames: of these 41 "or more than 43 per cent are reproduced by a tribe living hundreds of miles from Roanoke Island and after a lapse of 300 years—and the traditions of every family bearing the name of one of the lost colonists point to Roanoke Island as the home of their ancestors."

At the outer edge of the settlement we found many of the poorer and most illiterate of the tribe; some of these had completely lost caste by marrying among or associating with mulattoes. In fact those who have neglected to observe the color line are compelled to worship by themselves. They have a church on the Great Lowrey road where the aristocracy of Scuffletown is never seen. Since 1887 the State has made marriages between the Croatans and negroes null and void.

At last we reached the homes of those who



MONUMENT MARKING THE SPOT WHERE VIRGINIA DARE WAS BORN

The small stones outline the fort built in 1587.

still treasure the old traditions. At the spacious log mansion of one of the old chroniclers who has lived a full century on the Great Lowrey road, we were made welcome. The ancient chronicler, grandfather of "Jim" Diel, totters now as he walks, but he remembers still the War of 1812, although many events since rest dimly upon his enfeebled brain. The things of his childhood are easiest for him to recall, and so it is that he remembers still many of the old traditions that link the Croatans with the colony of whites that Raleigh sent to Roanoke.

A daughter of this old sage married the present lord of the log mansion, a Lowrey, a white-haired man of eighty years now. Some time ago he followed the old Indian trail out through the gap in the Blue Ridge Mountains and across country to the Indian territory where many of the friends of his youth had migrated. In Lincoln County, North Carolina, he found descendants of the Dares who were still remembered by his father, though they had left Robeson County after the War of 1812, in which, according to the State records of North Carolina, the men of the family fought bravely against the English.

The last of the Dares eke out an humble living now in the iron mines near Crouse, in western North Carolina; they have almost forgotten that they came from Robeson County, and the story of the "White Doe of Roanoke" is seldom told among them now. But the two white-haired veterans of the Great

Lowrey road in Robeson County know it well.

They both recall how, twenty-five years ago when Hamilton McMillan first came among them, he mentioned one day the name Virginia Dare in the councils of their people. The old chroniclers remained silent or shook their heads; but when Mr. McMillan pronounced it Darr, "Ah's" came from many an old throat, and soon the chroniclers were busy narrating traditions of the little white fawn by the name of Darr, who was born far off in Roanoke, Va., and when she grew up married one of their young braves; how her people were skilled and brave and fighters. But, alas! years before they had gone westward along the great trail—no one in the tribe knew whither. While the old chroniclers talked, the Indian women in the gathering bent back and forth moaning in rhythm, as they do to-day when tales of the old times are told.

There are those to-day among the Croatans who, if you ask of Virginia Dare, shake their heads or remain silent, but say Virginia Darr, and there will be an eager "Yes, yes—we know Virginia Darr, she is our mother way back." A few there are still who remember the old, old traditions they heard in bygone days from the real chroniclers who have passed away, that told how the baby white girl was taken with the white men and women from the Island of Roanoke and grew to womanhood on the banks of the Burnt Lake (Mattamuskeet).

The mystery of the disappearance of the colonists is solved plainly and simply by the traditions of these Indians. According to one legend, at that time only a marsh separated Roanoke Island from the mainland, and when the good hunting was over, and the tribe homesick for the hills, their white brothers—unable to wrest a living from the wilds alone—asked that they might go with their red brothers and remain with them until they received their supplies from the good queen, whom Chief Manteo had once gone over the sea to meet. So the white men left signs on the trees, and there being too many women and children to take in the canoes, a march was begun overland.

A long, long stop of many years was made at a lake which the Indians called in their tongue Burnt Lake, and which modern science says was created by a great fire that ate down through the dry swamp. Here the Croatans rested, and here the white people expected that the messengers from over the sea would follow. But time passed and no one came—perhaps those who came and read the word Croatoan carved on the trees did not know of the great road from Roanoke to the Hill Country, and turned their eyes to the spot then known to the English as Croatan on the sand bank near Hatteras. There was no one left to tell of the great trail—perhaps all the English-speaking Indians migrated with the tribe.

We followed the Great Lowrey road for miles. Every here and there we stopped at a neatly built log house or a frame dwelling erected by the Croatans, for they never go outside for any necessity. The State has supplied a Normal School, but the Croatans built it and built it well.

The Normal School is the pride of every one of the 3,500 Croatans in Robeson County. When Thanksgiving and closing days come, around the school is a scene of wild activity; the entire tribe camps and picnics without, while within there are elocutionary efforts; without there is feasting and foot racing and elocutionary narratives of the past glories of the Croatans.

At a little log house that spread out in wings and outhouses like a veritable village, we caught one of the old men at work at a pine-stump mortar beating with wooden pestle the corn into meal for the daily food.

It was not only the numerous Sampsons—the richest of the Croatans (and claiming descent from the John Sampsons, father and son

of Roanoke)—who grew their own tobacco. Every Indian in Robeson County is as ambitious to have his own little tobacco patch as were his ancestors from whose front yards on Roanoke Island the first colonists secured and carried back to Sir Walter Raleigh seed from the tobacco plant, grains from the ripe maize, and potatoes from the soil, three Indian names that have gone around the globe from Roanoke Island, and three commodities still grown by the Croatans, who alone of all the Indians in the world still plant, as they did 300 years ago, their private patches of the weed that helped to make Raleigh's name remembered the world around.

The Ethnological Bureau at Washington itself is authority for the statement that the Croatans have been absolutely passed over and neglected by the white men in search of historical and scientific data relating to the American Indian.

A modern poem tells of a young Indian swain who fell in love with Virginia Dare, and being rejected, used sorcery to change her into a white doe, and of a rival who shot the white doe with an enchanted silver arrow, when she at once, instead of, as he expected, turning again into a maiden, died upon the spot and from her blood sprang the "mother" scuppernong, with its pale grape and white "blood." But as we know that the "mother" vine antedates the arrival of the colonists, this tradition may be dismissed in its entirety as of modern invention. Certain it is, however, that the great scuppernong vine did play a part in the story of Virginia Dare; its seeds still grow vines that bear red grapes, and the white men who liked the "white blood" of the "mother" vine, took slips with them wherever they went. The Lost Colony might have been found long ago by merely following the white scuppernong across the State.

I had tasted of the fruit of the vine at the spot where Virginia Dare was born; I drank her last health from an ancient vine in far-off Robeson County that her hands—who knows?—may have planted. It is certain that the vines that bear the white grapes in distant Robeson County are descended only from the "mother" vine at Roanoke; it seems certain, too, that the pale-faced Indians at the end of the trail are also the distant offspring of those fair-faced foreigners who joined with the native Americans at Roanoke when both bade farewell together to the "mother" vine, to carry white blood into the regions of the west, there to mingle with the red.



Drawn by G. C. Wimhurst.
"Turning she looked straight at Selwyn, the splendor of her young eyes starred with tears."

THE YOUNGER SET

BY ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

Author of "The Fighting Chance," etc., etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY G. C. WILMSHURST

CHAPTER V

AFTERGLOW



HIL," she wrote, "I am a little frightened. Do you suppose Boots suspected who it was? I must have been perfectly mad to go to your rooms that night; and we both were—to leave the door unlocked with the chance of somebody walking in. But, Phil, how could I know it was the fashion for your friends to bang like that and then come in without the excuse of a response from you?

"I have been so worried, so anxious, hoping from day to day that you would write to reassure me that Boots did not recognize me with my back turned to him and my muff across my eyes.

"But scared and humiliated as I am I realize that it was well that he knocked. Even as I write to you here in my own room, behind locked doors, I am burning with the shame of it.

"But I am *not* that kind of woman, Phil; truly, truly, I am not. When the foolish impulse seized me I had no clear idea of what I wanted except to see you and learn for myself what you thought about Gerald's playing at my house after I had promised not to let him.

"I wanted to see you, that is absolutely all; I was lonely for a word—even a harsh one—from the sort of man you are. I wanted you to believe it was in spite of me that Gerald came and played that night.

"He came without my knowledge. I did not know he was invited. And when he appeared I did everything to prevent him from

playing; *you* will never know what took place—what I submitted to—

"And *that* is all I can say. Oh, I know what it costs you to be mixed up in such contemptible complications. I, for my part, can scarcely bear to have you know so much about me—and what I am come to. That is my real punishment, Phil—not what you said it was.

"I remember what you said about an anchorage; I am trying to clear these haunted eyes of mine and steer clear of phantoms—for the honor of what we once were to each other before the world. But steering a ghost ship through endless tempests is hard labor, Phil; so be a little kind—a little more than patient, if my hand grows tired at the wheel.

"What do you think of me? Asking you, shows how much I care; dread of your opinion has turned me coward until this last page. What do you think of me? I am perfectly miserable about Boots, but that is partly fright—though I know I am safe enough with such a man. But what sets my cheeks blazing so that I cannot bear to face my own eyes in the mirror, is the fear of what *you* must think of me in the still, secret places of that heart of yours, which I never, never understood.

ALIXE."

It was a week before he sent his reply, but at last he forced himself to meet truth with truth, cutting what crudity he could from his letter:

"You ask me what I think of you; but that question should properly come from me. What do *you* think of a man who exhorts and warns a woman to stand fast, and then stands dumb at the first impact of temptation?

"If words of commendation, of courage, of kindly counsel, are needed by anybody in this world, I am not the man to utter them. What a hypocrite must I seem to you! I who sat there beside you preaching platitudes in strong self-complacency, instructing you how morally edifying it is to be good and unhappy.

"You are—you; I am—I; and we are still those same two people who understood neither the impulse that once swept us together, nor the forces that tore us apart—ah, more than that! we never understood each other! And we do not now. We were too near together again; the same spark leaped, the same blindness struck us, the same impulse swayed us.

"We cannot venture to meet again—that way. For I, it seems, am a man like other men except that I lack character; and you are—you! still unchanged—with all the mystery of attraction with which you enveloped me the first moment my eyes met yours.

"There was no more reason for it then than there is now; and, as you admit, it was not love—though, as you also admit, there were moments approaching it. But nothing can have real being without a basis of reason; and so, whatever it was, it vanished. This, perhaps, is only the infernal afterglow.

"As for me, I am, as you are, all at sea, self-confidence gone, self-faith lost—a very humble person, without conceit, dazed, perplexed, but still attempting to steer through toward that safe anchorage which I dared lately to recommend to you.

"So now I end where I began with that question which answers yours without the faintest suspicion of reproach: What can you think of such a man as I am?

"PHILIP SELWYN."

That very night brought him her reply:

"Phil, dear, I do not blame you for one instant. It was entirely my fault. But I am so happy that you wrote as you did, taking all the blame, which is like you. I can look into my mirror now—for a moment or two.

"It is brave of you to be so frank about what you think came over us. Still, whatever spell it was that menaced us I know very well could not have threatened you seriously; I know it because you reason about it so logically. So it could have been nothing serious. Love alone is serious; and it sometimes comes slowly, sometimes goes slowly; but if you de-

sire it to come quickly, close your eyes! And if you wish it to vanish, *reason about it!*

"We are on very safe ground again, Phil; you see we are making little epigrams about love.

"Rosamund is impatient—it's a symphony concert, and I must go—the horrid little cynic!—I half believe she suspects that I'm writing to you and tearing off yards of sentiment. It is likely I'd do that, isn't it!—but I don't care what she thinks. Besides, it behooves her to be agreeable, and she knows that I know it does! *Voilà!*

"By the way, I saw Mrs. Gerard's pretty ward at the theater last night—Miss Erroll. She certainly is stunning—"

Selwyn flattened out the letter and deliberately tore out the last paragraph. Then he set it afire with a match.

"At least," he said with an ugly look, "I can keep *her* out of this"; and he dropped the brittle blackened paper and set his heel on it. Then he resumed his perusal of the mutilated letter, reread it, and finally destroyed it.

"Alix," he wrote in reply, "we had better stop this letter writing before somebody stops us. Anybody desiring to make mischief might very easily misinterpret what we are doing. I, of course, could not close the correspondence, so I ask you to do so without any fear that you will fail to understand why I ask it. Will you?"

To which she replied:

"Yes, Phil. Good-by.

"ALIXE."

A box of roses left her his debtor; she was too intelligent to acknowledge them. Besides, matters were going better with her. And that was all for a while.

Meanwhile Lent had gone, and with it the last soiled snow of winter.

Spring, with that nameless fragrance in the air
Which breathes of all things fair,

sang a young girl riding in the park. And she smiled to herself as she guided her saddle mare through the flowering labyrinths. Other notes of the Southern poet's haunting song stole soundless from her lips; for it was only her heart that was singing there in the sun, while her silent, smiling mouth mocked the rushing melody of the birds.

Behind her, powerfully mounted, ambled the belted groom; she was riding alone in the golden weather because her good friend Selwyn was very busy in his office downtown, and Gerald, who now rode with her occasionally, was downtown also, and there remained nobody else to ride with.

She, therefore, galloped conscientiously every morning; sometimes with Nina, but usually alone; and every afternoon she and Nina drove there, drinking the freshness of the young year.

It was near Eighty-sixth Street that a girl, splendidly mounted, saluted her, and wheeling, joined her—a blond, cool-skinned, rosytinted, smoothly groomed girl, almost too perfectly seated, almost too flawless and supple in the perfect symmetry of face and figure.

"Upon my word," she said gayly, "you are certainly spring incarnate, Miss Erroll—the living embodiment of all this!" She swung her riding crop in a circle and laughed, showing her perfect teeth. "But where is that faithful attendant cavalier of yours this morning? Is he so grossly material that he prefers Wall Street, as does my good lord and master?"

"Do you mean Gerald?" asked Eileen innocently, "or Captain Selwyn?"

"Oh, either," returned Rosamund airily; "a girl should have something masculine to talk to on a morning like this. Failing that she should have some pleasant memories of indiscretions past and others to come, D. V.; at least one little souvenir to repent—smilingly. Oh, la! Oh, me! All these wretched birds a-courting and I bumping along on Dobbin, lacking even my own *Gilpin!* Shall we gallop?"

For a while, as they rode, Rosamund was characteristically amusing, sailing blandly over the shoals of scandal, though Eileen never suspected it—wittily gay at her own expense, as well as at others'. But presently the mischievous perversity in her bubbled up again; she was tired of being good; she had often meant to try the effect of a gentle shock on Miss Erroll; and, besides, she wondered just how much truth there might be in the unpleasantly persistent rumor of the girl's unannounced engagement to Selwyn.

"It would be amusing, wouldn't it?" she asked with guileless frankness; "but, of course, it is not true—this report of their reconciliation."

"Whose reconciliation?" asked Miss Erroll innocently.

"Why, Alixe Ruthven and Captain Selwyn. Everybody is discussing it, you know."

"Reconciled? I don't understand," said Eileen, astonished. "They can't be; how can—?"

"But it would be amusing, wouldn't it? and she could very easily get rid of Jack Ruthven—any woman could. So if they really mean to remarry—?"

The girl started, breathless, astounded, bolt upright in her saddle.

"Oh!" she protested, while the hot blood mantled her throat and cheek, "it is wickedly untrue. How could such a thing be true, Mrs. Fane! It is—is so senseless—!"

"That is what I say," nodded Rosamund; "it's so perfectly senseless that it's amusing—even if they have become such amazingly good friends again. I never believed there was anything seriously sentimental in the situation; and their renewed interest in each other is quite the most frankly sensible way out of any awkwardness," she added cordially.

Miserably uncomfortable, utterly unable to comprehend, the girl rode on in silence, her ears ringing with Rosamund's words. And Rosamund, riding beside her, cool, blond, and cynically amused, continued the theme with admirable pretense of indifference:

"It's a pity that ill-natured people are forever discussing them; and it makes me indignant, because I've always been very fond of Alixe Ruthven, and I am positive that she does not correspond with Captain Selwyn. A girl in her position would be crazy to invite suspicion by doing the things they say she is doing—!"

"Don't, Mrs. Fane, please don't!" stammered Eileen; "I—I really can't listen. I simply will not!" Then bewildered, hurt, and blindly confused as she was, the instinct to defend flashed up—though from what she was defending she did not realize: "It is utterly untrue!" she exclaimed hotly—"all that you—all that *they* say!—whoever they are—whatever they mean. I cannot understand it—I don't understand, and I will not! Nor will *he*!" she added with a scornful conviction that disconcerted Rosamund; "for if you knew him as I do, Mrs. Fane, you would never, never have spoken as you have."

Mrs. Fane relished neither the naive rebuke nor the intimation that her own acquaintance with Selwyn was so limited; and least of all did she relish the implied intimacy between this red-haired young girl and Captain Selwyn.

"Dear Miss Erroll," she said blandly, "I spoke as I did only to assure you that I, also, disregard such malicious gossip——"

"But if you disregard it, Mrs. Fane, why do you repeat it?"

"Merely to emphasize to you my disbelief in it, child," returned Rosamund. "Do you understand?"

"Y-es; thank you. Yet I should never have heard of it at all if you had not told me."

Rosamund's color rose one degree:

"It is better to hear such things from a friend, is it not?"

"I didn't know that one's friends said such things; but perhaps it is better that way, as you say, only I cannot understand the necessity of my knowing—of my hearing—because it is Captain Selwyn's affair, after all."

"And that," said Rosamund deliberately, "is why I told you."

"Told *me*? Oh—because he and I are such close friends?"

"Yes—such very close friends that I"—she laughed—"I am informed that your interests are soon to be identical."

The girl swung round, self-possessed, but dreadfully pale.

"If you believed that," she said, "it was vile of you to say what you said, Mrs. Fane."

"But I did *not* believe it, child!" stammered Rosamund, several degrees redder than became her, and now convinced that it was true. "I n-never dreamed of offending you, Miss Erroll——"

"Do you suppose I am too ignorant to take offense?" said the girl unsteadily. "I told you very plainly that I did not understand the matters you chose for discussion; but I do understand impertinence when I am driven to it."

"I am very, very sorry that you believe I meant it that way," said Rosamund, biting her lips.

"What did you mean? You are older than I, you are certainly experienced; besides, you are married. If you can give it a gentler name than insolence I would be glad—for your sake, Mrs. Fane. I only know that you have spoiled my ride, spoiled the day for me, hurt me, humiliated me, and awakened, not curiosity, not suspicion, but the horror of it, in me.

"You did it once before—at the Minsters' dance; not, perhaps, that you deliberately meant to; but you did it. And your subject was then, as it is now, Captain Selwyn—my friend——"

Her voice became unsteady again and her mouth curved; but she held her head high and her eyes were as fearlessly direct as a child's.

"And now," she said calmly, "you know where I stand and what I will not stand. Natural deference to an older woman, the natural self-distrust of a girl in the presence of social experience—and under its protection as she had a right to suppose—prevented me from checking you when your conversation became distasteful. You, perhaps, mistook my reticence for acquiescence; and you were mistaken. I am still quite willing to remain on agreeable terms with you, if you wish, and to forget what you have done to me this morning."

If Rosamund had anything left to say, or any breath to say it, there were no indications of it. Never in her flippant existence had she been so absolutely flattened by any woman. As for this recent graduate from fudge and olives, she could scarcely realize how utterly and finally she had been silenced by her. Incredulity, exasperation, amazement had succeeded each other while Miss Erroll was speaking; chagrin, shame, helplessness followed as bitter residue. But, in the end, the very incongruity of the situation came to her aid; for Rosamund very easily fell a prey to the absurd—even when the amusement was furnished at her own expense.

"I'm certainly a little beast," she said impulsively, "but I really do like you. Will you forgive?"

No genuine appeal to the young girl's generosity had ever been in vain; she forgave almost as easily as she breathed. Even now in the flush of just resentment it was not hard for her to forgive; she hesitated only in order to adjust matters in her own mind.

Mrs. Fane swung her horse and held out her right hand:

"Is it *pax*, Miss Erroll? I'm really ashamed of myself. Won't you forgive me?"

"Yes," said the young girl, laying her gloved hand on Rosamund's very lightly; "I've often thought," she added naively, "that I could like you, Mrs. Fane, if you would only give me a chance."

"I'll try—you blessed innocent! You've torn me into rags and tatters, and you did it adorably. What I said was idle, half-witted, gossiping nonsense. So forget every atom of it as soon as you can, my dear, and let me prove that I'm not an utter idiot, if I can."

"That will be delightful," said Eileen with a demure smile; and Rosamund laughed, too,

with full-hearted laughter; for trouble sat very lightly on her perfect shoulders.

"And, my dear," she said, concluding the account of the adventure to Mrs. Ruthven that afternoon at Sherry's, "I've never been so roundly abused and so soundly trounced in my life as I was this blessed morning by that red-headed novice! Oh, my! Oh, la! I could have screamed with laughter at my own undoing."

"It's what you deserved," said Alixe, intensely annoyed, although Rosamund had not told her all that she had so kindly and gratuitously denied concerning her relations with Selwyn. "It was sheer effrontery of you, Rosamund, to put such notions into the head of a child and stir her up into taking a fictitious interest in Philip Selwyn which I know—which is perfectly plain to me—to anybody never existed!"

"Of course it existed!" retorted Rosamund, delighted now to worry Alixe. "She didn't know it; that is all. It really was simply charity to wake her up. It's a good match, too, and so obviously and naturally inevitable that there's no harm in playing prophetess. Anyway, what do we care, dear? Unless you—"

"Rosamund!" said Mrs. Ruthven, exasperated, "will you ever acquire the elements of reticence? I don't know why people endure you; I don't, indeed! And they won't much longer—"

"Yes, they will, dear; that's what society is for—a protective association for the purpose of enduring impossible people. I wish," she added, "that it included husbands because in some sets it's getting to be one dreadful case of who's whose. Don't you think so?"

Alix, externally calm but raging inwardly, sat pulling on her gloves, heartily sorry she had lunched with Rosamund.

The latter, already gloved, had risen and was coolly surveying the room.

"*Tiens!*" she said, "there is the youthful brother of our red-haired novice now. He sees us and he's coming to inflict himself—with another moon-faced creature. Shall we bolt?"

Alix turned and stared at Gerald, who came up boyishly red and impetuous:

"How d'ye do, Mrs. Ruthven; did you get my note? How d'ye do, Mrs. Fane; awf'lly jolly to collide this way. Would you mind if—if—"

"You," interrupted Rosamund, "ought to be *downtown*—unless you've concluded to retire and let Wall Street go to smash. What are you pretending to do in Sherry's at this hour, you very dreadful infant?"

"I've been lunching with Mr. Neergard—and *would* you mind—"

"Yes, I would," began Rosamund, promptly, but Alixe interrupted: "Bring him over, Gerald."

The presentation of Neergard was accomplished without disaster to anybody. On his thin nose the dew glistened, and his thick, fat hands were hot; but Rosamund was too bored to be rude to him, and Alixe turned immediately to Gerald:

"Yes, I did get your note, but I'm not at home on Tuesday. Can't you come—wait a moment!—what are you doing this afternoon?"

"Why, I'm going back to the office with Mr. Neergard—"

"Nonsense! Oh, Mr. Neergard, *would* you mind"—very sweetly—"if Mr. Erroll did not go to the office this afternoon?"

Neergard looked at her—almost—a fixed and uncomfortable smirk on his round, red face: "Not at all, Mrs. Ruthven, if you have anything better for him—"

"I have—an allopathic dose of it. Thank you, Mr. Neergard. Rosamund, we ought to start, you know. Gerald!"—with quiet significance—"Good-by, Mr. Neergard. Please do not buy up the rest of Long Island, because we need a new kitchen garden very badly."

Rosamund scarcely nodded his dismissal. And the next moment Neergard found himself quite alone, standing with the smirk still stamped on his stiffened features, his hat brim and gloves crushed in his rigid fingers, his little black mousy eyes fixed on nothing, as usual.

A wandering head waiter thought they were fixed on him and sidled up hopeful of favors, but Neergard suddenly snarled in his face and moved toward the door, wiping the perspiration from his nose with the most splendid handkerchief ever displayed east of Sixth Avenue and west of Third.

Mrs. Ruthven's motor moved up from its waiting station; Rosamund was quite ready to enter when Alixe said cordially: "Where can we drop you, dear? Do let us take you to the exchange if you are going there—"

Now Rosamund had meant to go wherever they were going, merely because they evidently wished to be alone. The abrupt

ness of the check both irritated and amused her."

"If I knew anybody in the Bronx I'd make you take me there," she said vindictively; "but as I don't you may drop me at the Orchils'—you uncivil creatures. Gerald, I know *you* want me, anyway, because you've promised to adore, honor, and obey me. If you'll come with me now I'll play double dummy with you. No? Well, of all ingratitude! . . . Thank you, dear, I perceive that this is Fifth Avenue, and furthermore that this ramshackle chassis of yours has apparently broken down at the Orchils' curb. . . . Good-by, Gerald; it never did run smooth, you know. I mean the course of T. L. as well as this motor. Try to be a good boy and keep moving; a rolling stone acquires a polish, and you are not in the moss-growing business, I'm sure—"

"Rosamund! For goodness sake!" protested Alixe, her gloved hands at her ears.

"Dear!" said Rosamund cheerfully, "take your horrid little boy!"

And she smiled dazzlingly upon Gerald, then turned up her pretty nose at him, but permitted him to attend her to the door.

When he returned to Alixe, and the car was speeding parkward, he began again, eagerly:

"Jack asked me to come up and, of course, I let you know, as I promised I would. But it's all right, Mrs. Ruthven, because Jack said the stakes will not be high this time—"

"You accepted!" demanded Alixe, in quick displeasure.

"Why, yes—as the stakes are not to amount to anything—"

"You promised me that you would not play again in my house!"

"Well, I meant for high stakes; I—well, you don't want to drive me out altogether—even from the perfectly harmless pleasure of playing for nominal stakes—"

"Yes, I do!"

"W—why?" asked the boy in hurt surprise.

"Because it is dangerous sport, Gerald—"

"What! To play for a few cents a point—"

"Yes, to play for anything. And as far as that goes there will be no such play as you imagine."

"Yes, there will—I beg your pardon—but Jack Ruthven said so—"

"Gerald, listen to me. A bo—a man like yourself has no business playing with people

whose losses never interfere with their appetites next day. A business man has no right to play such a game, anyway. I wonder what Mr. Neergard would say if he knew you—"

"Neergard! Why, he does know."

"You confessed to him?"

"Y—es; I had to. I was obliged to—to ask somebody for an advance—"

"You went to him? Why didn't you go to Captain Selwyn?—or to Mr. Gerard?"

"I did!—not to Captain Selwyn—I was ashamed to. But I went to Austin and he fired up and lit into me—and we had a muss-up—and I've stayed away since."

"O Gerald! And it simply proves me right."

"No, it doesn't; I did go to Neergard and made a clean breast of it. And he let me have what I wanted like a good fellow—"

"And made you promise not to do it again!"

"No, he didn't; he only laughed. Besides, he said that he wished he had been in the game—"

"What!" exclaimed Alixe.

"He's a first-rate fellow," insisted Gerald, reddening; "and it was very nice of you to let me bring him over to-day. And he knows everybody downtown, too. He comes from a very old Dutch family, but he had to work pretty hard and do without college. I'd like it awfully if you'd let me—if you wouldn't mind being civil to him—once or twice, you know—"

Mrs. Ruthven lay back in her seat, thoroughly annoyed.

"My theory," insisted the boy with generous conviction, "is that a man is what he makes himself. It's all rot, this aping the caste rules of established aristocracies; a decent fellow ought to be encouraged. Anyway, I'm going to propose him for the Stuyvesant and the Proscenium. Why not?"

"I see. And now you propose to bring him to my house?"

"If you'll let me. I asked Jack and he seemed to think it might be all right if you cared to ask him to play—"

"I won't!" cried Alixe, revolted. "I will not turn my drawing-rooms into a clearing house for every money-laden social derelict in town! I've had enough of that; I've endured the accumulated wreckage too long!—weird treasure craft full of steel and oil and coal and wheat and Heaven knows what!—I won't do it, Gerald; I'm sick of it all—sick! sick!"

The outburst stunned the boy.

"I will not make a public gambling hell out of my own house!" she repeated, dark eyes very bright and cheeks afire; "I will not continue to stand sponsor for a lot of queer people simply because they don't care what they lose in Mrs. Ruthven's house. You babble to me of limits, Gerald; this is the limit! Do you—or does anybody else suppose I don't know what is being said about us?—that play is too high in our house?—that we are not too *difficile* in our choice of intimates as long as they can stand the pace!"

"I—I never believed that," insisted the boy, miserable to see the tears flash in her eyes and her mouth quiver.

"You may as well believe it for it's true!" she said, exasperated.

"T-true!—Mrs. Ruthven!"

"Yes, true, Gerald! I—I don't care whether you know it; I don't care, as long as you stay away. I'm sick of it all; I tell you. Do you think I was educated for this?—for the wife of a chevalier of industry—"

"M-Mrs. Ruthven!" he gasped; but she was absolutely reckless now—and beneath it all, perhaps, lay a certainty of the boy's honor; but whether or not she knew he was to be trusted—was the safest receptacle for wrath so long repressed—she let prudence go with a parting and vindictive slap, and opened her heart to the astounded boy. The tempest lasted a few seconds; then she ended as abruptly as she began.

"Dear Mrs. Ruthven," he blurted out with clumsy sympathy, "you mustn't think such things, b—because they're all rot, you see; and if any fellow ever said those things to me I'd jolly soon—"

"Do you mean to say you've never heard us criticised?"

"I—well—everybody is—criticised, of course—"

"But not as we are! Do you read the papers? Well, then, do you understand how a woman must feel to have her husband continually made the butt of foolish, absurd, untrue stories—as though he were a performing poodle! Men call me restless. What wonder! Women link my name with any man who is k-kind to me! What woman would not be restless whose private affairs are the gossip of everybody? Was it not enough that I endured terrific publicity when—when trouble overtook me two years ago? . . . I suppose I'm a fool to talk like this; but a girl must do it some time or burst!—and to whom am I to go? . . . There was only one person; and

I can't talk to—that one; he—that person knows too much about me, anyway; which is not good for a woman, Gerald, not good for a good woman. . . . I mean a pretty good woman; the kind people's sisters can still talk to, you know. . . . For I'm nothing more interesting than a divorcee, Gerald; nothing more dangerous than an unhappy little fool. . . . I wish I were. . . . But I'm still at the wheel! . . . A man I know calls it hard steering but assures me that there's anchorage ahead. . . . He's a splendid fellow, Gerald; you ought to know him—well—some day; he's just a clean-cut, human, blundering, erring, unreasonable, lovable man whom any woman, who is not a fool herself, could manage. . . . Peace to him!—if there's any in the world. . . . Turn your back; I'm sniveling."

A moment afterwards she had calmed completely; and now she stole a curious side glance at the boy and blushed a little when he looked back at her earnestly. Then she smiled and quietly withdrew the hand he had been holding so tightly in both of his.

"So there we are; my poor friend," she concluded with a shrug, "the old penny shocker, you know, 'Alone in a great city!' . . . I've dropped my handkerchief."

"I want you to believe me your friend," said Gerald, in the low, resolute voice of unintentional melodrama.

"Why, thank you; are you so sure you want that, Gerald?"

"Yes, as long as I live!" he declared, generous emotion in the ascendant. A pretty woman upset him very easily even under normal circumstances. But beauty in distress knocked him flat—as it does every wholesome boy who is worth his salt.

"I had no idea that *you* were lonely," he declared.

"Sometimes I am, a little, Gerald." She ought to have known better. Perhaps she did.

"Well," he began, "couldn't I come and—"

"No, Gerald."

"I mean just to see you sometimes and have another of these jolly talks—"

"Do you call this a jolly talk?"—with deep reproach.

"Why—not exactly; but I'm awfully interested, Mrs. Ruthven, and we understand each other so well—"

"I don't understand *you*," she was imprudent enough to say.

This was delightful! Certainly he must be

a particularly sad and subtle dog if this clever but misunderstood young matron found him what in romance is known as an "enigma."

She was very light-hearted that evening when she dropped him at the Stuyvesant Club and whizzed away to her own house, for he had promised not to play again on her premises, and she had promised to be nice to him and take him about when she was shy of an escort. She also repeated that he was truly an "enigma" and that she was beginning to be a little afraid of him. Which was an economical way of making him very proud and happy. Being his first case of beauty in distress, and his first harmless love affair with a married woman, he looked about him as he entered the club and felt truly that he had already outgrown the young and callow innocents who haunted it.

Alixе smilingly reviewed the episode until doubt of Selwyn's approval crept in again; and her amused smile had faded when she reached her home. The house of Ruthven was a small but ultra-modern limestone affair, between Madison and Fifth; pocket edition of the larger mansions of their friends, but with less excuse for the overelaboration since the dimensions were only twenty by a hundred.

However, into this limestone bonbon box tripped Mrs. Ruthven, mounted the miniature stairs with a whirl of her scented skirts, peeped into the drawing-room, but continued mounting until she whipped into her own apartments, separated from those of her lord and master by a locked door.

That is, the door had been locked for a long, long time; but presently, to her intense surprise and annoyance, it slowly opened, and a little man appeared in slippers and feet.

He was a little man, and plump, and at first glance his face appeared boyish and round and quite guiltless of hair or of any hope of it.

But, as he came into the electric light, the hardness of his features was apparent; he was no boy; a strange idea that he had never been, assailed some people; his face was puffy and pallid and faint blue shadows hinted of closest shaving; and the line from the wing of the nostrils to the nerveless corners of his thin, hard mouth had been deeply bitten by the acid of unrest.

For the remainder he wore pale-rose pyjamas under a silk-and-silver kimono, an obi pierced with a jeweled scarf pin; and he was smoking a cigarette as thin as a straw.

"Well!" said his young wife in astonished

displeasure, instinctively tucking her feet—from which her maid had just removed the shoes—under her own chamber robe.

"Send her out a moment," he said, with a nod of his head toward the maid. His voice was agreeable and full—a trifle precise and overcultivated, perhaps.

When the maid retired, Alixе sat up on the lounge, drawing her skirts down over her small stocking feet.

"What on earth is the matter?" she demanded.

"The matter is," he said, "that Gerald has just telephoned me from the Stuyvesant that he isn't coming."

"Well?"

"No, it isn't well. This is some of your meddling."

"What if it is?" she retorted; but her breath was coming quicker.

"I'll tell you; you can get up and ring him up and tell him you expect him to-night."

"I won't do it, Jack. What do you want him for? He can't play with the people who play here; he doesn't know the rudiments of play. He's only a boy; his money is so tied up that he has to borrow if he loses very much. There's no sport in playing with a boy like that—"

"So you've said before, I believe, but I'm better qualified to judge than you are. Are you going to call him up?"

"No, I am not."

He turned paler. "Get up and go to that telephone!"

"You little whippet," she said slowly, "I was once a soldier's wife—the only decent thing I ever have been. This bullying ends now—here, at this instant! If you've any dirty work to do, do it yourself. I've done my share and I've finished."

He was astonished; that was plain enough. But it was the sudden overwhelming access of fury that weakened him and made him turn, hand outstretched, blindly seeking for a chair. Rage, even real anger, were emotions he seldom had to reckon with, for he was a very tired and bored and burned-out gentleman, and vivid emotion was not good for his arteries, the doctors told him.

He found his chair, stood a moment with his back toward his wife, then very slowly let himself down into the chair and sat facing her.

"I want to tell you something," he said. "You've got to stop your interference with my affairs, and stop it now."

"I am not interested in your affairs," she

said unsteadily, still shaken by her own revolt, still under the shock of her own arousing to a resistance that had been long, long overdue. "If you mean," she went on, "that the ruin of this boy is your affair, then I'll make it mine from this moment. I've told you that he shall not play; and he shall not. And while I'm about it I'll admit what you are preparing to accuse me of; I *did* make Sandon Craig promise to keep away; I *did* try to make that little fool Scott Innis promise, too; and when he wouldn't I informed his father. . . . And every time you try your dirty bucket-shop methods on boys like that, I'll do the same."

He swore at her quite calmly; she smiled, shrugged, and, imprisoning her knees in her clasped hands, leaned back and looked at him.

"What a ninny I have been," she said, "to be afraid of you so long!"

A gleam crossed his faded eyes, but he let her remark pass for the moment. Then, when he was quite sure that violent emotion had been exhausted within him:

"Do you want your bills paid?" he asked. "Because, if you do, Fane, Harmon & Co. are not going to pay them."

"We are living beyond our means?" she inquired disdainfully.

"Not if you will be good enough to mind your business, my friend. I've managed this establishment on our winnings for two years. It's a detail; but you might as well know it. My association with Fane, Harmon & Co. runs the Newport end of it, and nothing more."

"I see; I am to stop my meddling and you are to continue your downtown gambling in your own house in the evenings."

"Precisely. It happens that I am sufficiently familiar with the stock market to make a decent living out of the Exchange; and it also happens that I am sufficiently fortunate with cards to make the pleasure of playing fairly remunerative. Any man who can put up proper margin has a right to my services; any man whom I invite and who can take up his notes, has a right to play under my roof. If his note goes to protest, he forfeits that right. Now will you kindly explain to yourself exactly how this matter can be of any interest to you?"

"I have explained it," she said wearily. "Will you please go, now?"

"You make a point of excluding Gerald?"

"Yes."

"Very well; I'll telephone Draymore. And"—he looked back from the door of his own apartments—"I got Julius Neergard on the wire this afternoon and he'll dine with us."

He gathered up his shimmering kimono, hesitated, halted, and again looked back.

"When you're dressed," he drawled, "I've a word to say to you about the game to-night, and another about Gerald."

"I shall not play," she retorted scornfully, "nor will Gerald."

"Oh, yes, you will—and play your best, too, And I'll expect him next time."

"I shall not play!"

He said deliberately: "You will not only play, but play cleverly; and in the interim, while dressing, you will reflect how much more agreeable it is to play cards here than the fool at ten o'clock at night in the bachelor apartments of your late lamented."

And he entered his room; and his wife, getting blindly to her feet, every atom of color gone from lip and cheek, stood rigid, both small hands clutching the footboard of the gilded bed.

CHAPTER VI

THE UNEXPECTED

DIFFERENCES of opinion between himself and Neergard concerning the ethics of good taste involved in forcing the Siowitha Club matter, Gerald's decreasing attention to business and increasing intimacy with the Fane-Ruthven coterie, began to make Selwyn very uncomfortable. The boy's close relations with Neergard worried him most of all; and though Neergard finally agreed to drop the Siowitha matter as a fixed policy in which Selwyn had been expected to participate at some indefinite date, the arrangement seemed only to cement the man's confidential companionship with Gerald.

They left the office together frequently, now; they often lunched uptown. Whether they were in each other's company evenings, Selwyn did not know, for Gerald no longer volunteered information as to his whereabouts or doings. And all this hurt Selwyn, and alarmed him, too, for he was slowly coming to the conclusion that he did not like Neergard, that he would never sign articles of partnership with him, and that even his formal association with the company was too close a relation for his own peace of mind.

However, detail and routine, the simpler

alphabet of the business, continued to occupy him; he consulted both Neergard and Gerald as usual; they often consulted him or pretended to do so; land was bought and sold and resold, new projects discussed, new properties appraised, new mortgage loans negotiated; and solely because of his desire to remain near Gerald, this sort of thing might have continued indefinitely. But Neergard broke his word to him.

And one morning, before he left his rooms at Mrs. Greeve's lodgings to go downtown, Percy Draymore called him up on the telephone; and as that overfed young man's usual rising hour was notoriously nearer noon than eight o'clock, it surprised Selwyn to be asked to remain in his rooms for a little while until Draymore and one or two friends could call on him personally concerning a matter of importance.

He therefore breakfasted leisurely; and he was still scanning the real estate columns of a morning paper when Mrs. Greeve came panting to his door and ushered in a file of rather sleepy but important-looking gentlemen, evidently unaccustomed to being abroad so early, and bored to death with their experience.

They were men he knew only formally, or, at best, merely as fellow club members; men whom he met when a dance or dinner took him out of the less pretentious sets he personally affected; men whom the newspapers and the public knew too well to speak of as "well known."

First, there was Percy Draymore, over-groomed for a gentleman, fat, good-humored, and fashionable—one of the famous Draymore family noted solely for their money and their tight grip on it; then came Sanxon Orchil, the famous banker and promoter, small, urbane, dark, with that rich, almost oriental, coloring which he may have inherited from his Cordova ancestors.

Then came a fox-faced young man, Phoenix Mottly, elegant arbiter of all pertaining to polo and the hunt—slim-legged, hatchet-faced—and more presentable in the saddle than out of it. He was followed by Bradley Harmon, with his washed-out coloring of a consumptive Swede and his corn-colored beard; and, looming in the rear like an amiable brontosaurus, George Fane, whose swaying neck carried his head as a camel carries his, nodding as he walks.

"Well!" said Selwyn, perplexed but cordial as he exchanged amenities with each gen-

tlemen who entered, "this is a killing combination of pleasure and mortification—because I haven't any more breakfast to offer you unless you'll wait until I ring for the Sultana—"

"Breakfast! Oh, I've breakfasted on a pill and a glass of vichy for ten years," protested Draymore, "and the others either have swallowed their cocktails, or won't do it until luncheon. I say, Selwyn, you must think this a devilishly unusual proceeding."

"Pleasantly unusual, Draymore. Is this a delegation to tend me the nomination for the down-and-out club, perhaps?"

Fane spoke up languidly: "It rather looks as though we were the down-and-out delegation at present; doesn't it, Orchil?"

"I don't know," said Orchil; "it seems a trifle more promising to me since I've had the pleasure of seeing Captain Selwyn face to face. Go on, Percy; let the horrid facts be known."

"Well—er—oh, hang it all!" blurted out Draymore, "we heard last night how that fellow—how Neergard has been tampering with our farmers—what underhand tricks he has been playing us; and I frankly admit to you that we're a worried lot of near sports. That's what this dismal matinée signifies; and we've come to ask you what it all really means."

"We lost no time, you see," added Orchil.

"We lost no time," repeated Draymore, "because it's a devilish unsavory situation for us. The Siowitha Club fully realizes it, Captain Selwyn, and its members—some of 'em—thought that perhaps—er—you—ah—being the sort of man who can—ah—understand the sort of language we understand, it might not be amiss to—to—"

"Why did you not call on Mr. Neergard?" asked Selwyn coolly.

Draymore hesitated, then with the brutality characteristic of the overfed: "I don't give a damn, Captain Selwyn, what Neergard thinks; but I do want to know what a gentleman like yourself, accidentally associated with that man, thinks of this questionable proceeding."

"Do you mean by 'questionable proceeding' your coming here?—or do you refer to the firm's position in this matter?" asked Selwyn sharply. "Because, Draymore, I am not very widely experienced in the customs and usages of commercial life, and I do not know whether it is usual for an associate member of a firm to express, unauthorized, his views on

matters concerning the firm to any Tom, Dick, or Harry who questions him."

"But you know what is the policy of your own firm," suggested Harmon, wincing, and displaying his teeth under his bright red lips; "and all we wish to know is, what Neergard expects us to pay for this rascally lesson in the a-b-c of Long Island realty."

"I don't know," replied Selwyn, bitterly annoyed, "what Mr. Neergard proposes to do. And if I did I should refer you to him. I did not know that Mr. Neergard had acquired control of the property. And, gentlemen, may I ask why you feel at liberty to come to me instead of to Mr. Neergard?"

"A desire to deal with one of our own kind, I suppose," returned Draymore bluntly. "And, for that matter," he said, turning to the others, "we might have known that Captain Selwyn could have had no hand in and no knowledge of such an underbred and dirty——"

Harmon plucked him by the sleeve, but Draymore shook him off, his little piggish eyes sparkling.

"What do I care!" he sneered, losing his temper; "we're in the clutches of a vulgar, skinfint Dutchman, and he'll wring us dry whether or not we curse *him* out. Didn't I tell you that Philip Selwyn had nothing to do with it? If he had, and I was wrong, our journey here might as well have been made to Neergard's office. For any man who will do such a filthy thing——"

"One moment, Draymore," cut in Selwyn, and his voice rang unpleasantly; "if you are simply complaining because you have been outwitted, go ahead; but if you think there has really been any dirty business in this matter, go to Mr. Neergard. Otherwise, being his associate, I shall not only decline to listen but also ask you to leave my apartments."

"Captain Selwyn is perfectly right," observed Orchil coolly. "Do you think, Draymore, that it is very good taste in you to come into a man's place and begin slanging and cursing a member of his firm for crooked work?"

"Besides," added Mottly, "it's not crooked; it's only contemptible. Anyway, we know with whom we have to deal now; but some of you fellows must do the dealing—I'd rather pay and keep away than ask Neergard to go easy, and have him do it."

"I don't know," said Fane, grinning his saurian grin, "why you all assume that Neergard is such a social outcast. I played cards

with him last week and he lost like a gentleman."

"I didn't say he was a social outcast," retorted Mottly—"because he's never been inside of anything to be cast out, you know."

"He seems to be inside this deal," ventured Orchil with his suave smile. And to Selwyn, who had been restlessly facing first one, then another: "We came—it was the idea of several among us—to put the matter up to you. Which was rather foolish, because you couldn't have engineered the thing and remained what we know you to be. So——"

"Wait!" said Selwyn brusquely; "I do not admit for one moment that there is anything dishonorable in this deal!—nor do I accept your right to question it from that standpoint. As far as I can see, it is one of those operations considered clever among business folk, and admired and laughed over in reputable business circles. And I have no doubt that hundreds of well-meaning business men do that sort of thing daily—yes, thousands!" He shrugged his broad shoulders. "Because I personally have not chosen to engage in matters of this—ah—description, is no reason for condemning the deal or its method——"

"Every reason!" said Orchil laughing cordially—"every reason, Captain Selwyn. Thank you; we know now exactly where we stand. It was very good of you to let us come, and I'm sorry some of us had the bad taste to show any temper——"

"He means me," added Draymore, offering his hand; "good-by, Captain Selwyn; I dare say we are up against it hard."

"Because we've got to buy in that property or close up the Siowitha," added Mottly, coming over to make his adieu. "By the way, Selwyn, you ought to be one of us in the Siowitha——"

"Thank you, but isn't this rather an awkward time to suggest it?" said Selwyn good-humoredly.

Fane burst into a sonorous laugh and wagged his neck, saying: "Not at all! Not at all! Your reward for having the decency to stay out of the deal is an invitation from us to come in and be squeezed into a jelly by Mr. Neergard. Haw! Haw!"

And so, one by one, with formal or informal but evidently friendly leave-taking, they went away. And Selwyn followed them presently and took the Subway at Forty-second Street for his office.

As he entered the elaborate suite of rooms he noticed some bright new placards dangling

from the walls of the general office, and halted to read them:

WHY PAY RENT!

What would you say if we built a house for you in Beautiful Siowitha Park and gave you ten years to pay for it!

If anybody says

YOU ARE A FOOL!

to expect this, refer him to us and we will answer him according to his folly.

TO PAY RENT

when you might own a home in Beautiful Siowitha Park, is not wise. We expect to furnish plans, or build after your own plans.

ALL CITY IMPROVEMENTS

are contemplated.
Map and plans of
Beautiful Siowitha Park
Will probably be ready
In the Near Future.

Julius Neergard & Co.
Long Island Real Estate.

Selwyn reddened with anger and beckoned to a clerk:

"Is Mr. Neergard in his office?"

"Yes, sir, with Mr. Erroll."

"Please say that I wish to see him."

He went into his own office, pocketed his mail, and still wearing hat and gloves came out again just as Gerald was leaving Neergard's office.

"Hello, Gerald!" he said pleasantly; "have you anything on for to-night?"

"Y-es," said the boy, embarrassed—"but if there is anything I can do for you—"

"Not unless you are free for the evening," returned the other; "are you?"

"I'm awfully sorry—"

"Oh, all right. Let me know when you expect to be free—telephone me at my rooms—"

"I'll let you know when I see you here to-morrow," said the boy; but Selwyn shook his head: "I'm not coming here to-morrow, Gerald"; and he walked leisurely into Neergard's office and seated himself.

"So you have committed the firm to the Siowitha deal?" he inquired coolly.

Neergard looked up—and then past him: "No, not the firm. You did not seem to be interested in the scheme, so I went on without you. I'm swinging it for my personal account."

"Is Mr. Erroll in it?"

"I said that it was a private matter," replied Neergard, but his manner was affable.

"I thought so; it appears to me like a matter quite personal to you and characteristic of you, Mr. Neergard. And that being established, I am now ready to dissolve whatever very loose ties have ever bound me in any association with this company and yourself."

Neergard's close-set black eyes shifted a point nearer to Selwyn's; the sweat on his nose glistened.

"Why do you do this?" he asked slowly. "Has anybody offended you?"

"Do you *really* wish to know?"

"Yes, I certainly do, Captain Selwyn."

"Very well; it's because I don't like your business methods, I don't like—several other things that are happening in this office. It's purely a difference of views; and that is enough explanation, Mr. Neergard."

"I think our views may very easily coincide—"

"You are wrong; they could not. I ought to have known that when I came back here. And now I have only to thank you for receiving me, at my own request, for a six months' trial, and to admit that I am not qualified to cooperate with this kind of a firm."

"That," said Neergard angrily, "amounts to an indictment of the firm. If you express yourself in that manner outside, the firm will certainly resent it!"

"My personal tastes will continue to govern my expressions, Mr. Neergard; and I believe will prevent any further business relations between us. And, as we never had any other kind of relations, I have merely to arrange the details through an attorney."

Neergard looked after him in silence; the tiny beads of sweat on his nose united and rolled down in a big shining drop, and the sneer etched on his broad and brightly mottled features deepened to a snarl when Selwyn had disappeared.

For the social prestige which Selwyn's name had brought the firm, he had patiently endured his personal dislike and contempt for the man after he found he could do nothing with him in any way.

He had accepted Selwyn purely in the hope of social advantage, and with the knowledge that Selwyn could have done much for him after business hours; if not from friendship, at least from interest, or a lively sense of benefits to come. For that reason he had invited him to participate in the valuable Siowitha deal, supposing a man as comparatively poor as

Selwyn would not only jump at the opportunity, but also prove sufficiently grateful later. And he had been amazed and disgusted at Selwyn's attitude. But he had not supposed the man would sever his connection with the firm if he, Neergard, went ahead on his own responsibility. It astonished and irritated him; it meant, instead of selfish or snobbish indifference to his own social ambitions, an enemy to block his entrance into what he desired, the society of those made notorious in the columns of the daily press.

He was fairly on the outer boundary now, though still very far outside. But a needy gentleman inside was already compromised and practically pledged to support him; for his meeting with Jack Ruthven through Gerald had proven of greatest importance. He had lost gracefully to Ruthven; and in doing it had taken that gentleman's measure. And though Ruthven himself was a member of the Siowitha, Neergard had made no error in taking him secretly into the deal where together they were now in a position to exploit the club, from which Ruthven, of course, would resign in time to escape any assessment himself.

About that time Boots Lansing very quietly bought a house on Manhattan Island. It was a small, narrow, three-storied house of brick, rather shabby on the outside, and situated on a modest block between Lexington and Park Avenues, where the newly married of the younger set were arriving in increasing numbers, prepared to pay the penalty for all love matches.

It was an unexpected move to Selwyn; he had not been aware of Lansing's contemplated desertion; and that morning, returning from his final interview with Neergard, he was astonished to find his comrade's room bare of furniture, and a hasty and exclamatory note on his own table:

"Phil! I've bought a house! Come and see it! You'll find me in it! Carpetless floors and unpapered walls! It's the happiest day of my life!"

"Boots! ! ! ! House-owner! ! ! "

And Selwyn, horribly depressed, went down after a solitary luncheon and found Lansing sitting on a pile of dusty rugs, ecstatically inspecting the cracked ceiling.

"Isn't it fascinating!" cried Boots. "Phil, all this real estate is mine! And the idea makes me silly-headed. I've been sitting on this pile of rugs pretending that I'm in the

midst of vast and expensive improvements and alterations; and estimating the cost of them has frightened me half to death. I tell you I never had such fun, Phil. Come on; we'll start at the cellar."

"Isn't it a corker! Isn't it fine!" repeated Lansing every few minutes. "I wouldn't exchange it for any mansion on Fifth Avenue!"

"You'd be a fool to," agreed Selwyn gravely.

"I'm going to have the entire thing done over—room by room—when I can afford it. Meanwhile *j'y suis, j'y reste*. . . . Look there, Phil! That's to be your room."

"It's very good of you, Boots, but I can't do it."

Lansing faced him: "Won't you?"

Selwyn, smiling, shook his head; and the other knew it was final.

"Well, the room will be there—furnished the way you and I like it. When you want it, make smoke signals or wigwag."

"I will; thank you, Boots."

Lansing said unaffectedly, "How soon do you think you can afford a house like this?"

"I don't know; you see, I've only my income now—"

"Plus what you make at the office—"

"I've left Neergard."

"What!"

"This morning; for good."

"The deuce!" he murmured, looking at Selwyn; but the latter volunteered no further information, and Lansing, having given him the chance, cheerfully switched to the other track:

"Shall I see whether the Air Line has anything in *your* line, Phil? No? Well, what are you going to do?"

"I don't exactly know what I shall do. . . . If I had capital—enough—I think I'd start in making bulk and dense powders—all sorts; gun-cotton, nitro-powders—"

"You mean you'd like to go on with your own invention—Chaosite?"

"I'd like to keep on experimenting with it if I could afford to. Perhaps I will. But it's not yet a commercial possibility—if it ever is to be. I wish I could control it; the ignition is simultaneous and absolutely complete, and there is not a trace of ash, not an unburned or partly burned particle. But it's not to be trusted, and I don't know what happens to it after a year's storage."

"Anyway," said Lansing, "you've nothing to worry over."

"No, nothing," assented Selwyn listlessly.

After a silence Lansing added: "But you do a lot of worrying all the same, Phil."

Selwyn flushed up: "You've been talking to my sister!"

"What of it? Besides, I knew there was something the matter."

And, as Selwyn said nothing: "For Heaven's sake make up your mind to enjoy your life! You are fitted to enjoy it. Get that absurd notion out of your head that you're done for—that you've no home life in prospect, no family life, no children—"

Selwyn, too annoyed to answer, glared at his friend.

"Oh, I know you don't like it, Phil, but what I'm saying may do you good. It's fine physic, to learn what others think about you. You have everything before you, including domestic happiness, which you care for more than anything. And there is no reason why you should not have it—no reason why you should not feel perfectly free to marry, and have a bunch of corking kids. It's not only your right, it's your business; and you're selfish if you don't!"

"Boots! I—I—"

"Go on!"

"I'm not going to swear; I'm only hurt, Boots—"

"Sure you are! Medicine's working. You know what I say is true. You've no right to club the natural and healthy inclinations out of yourself. The day for fanatics and dippy, dotty flagellants is past. The man who grabs life in both fists and twists the essence out of it, counts. But the man who has been uppercut and floored, and who takes the count, and then goes and squats in a corner to brood over the fancy licks that Fate handed him—he isn't dealing fairly and squarely by his principals or by a decent and generous world that stands to back him for the next round."

"You preach a very gay sermon, Boots," he said, folding his arms. "I've heard something similar from my sister. As a matter of fact I think you are partly right, too; but I don't wish to marry, Boots; I am not in love, therefore the prospect of home and kids is premature and vague, isn't it?"

"As long as it's a prospect or a possibility I don't care how vague it is," said the other cordially. "Will you admit it's a possibility? That's all I ask."

"If it will please you, yes, I will admit it. I have altered certain ideas, Boots; I cannot just now conceive of any circumstances under which I should feel justified in marrying, but

such circumstances might arise; I'll say that much."

Sitting there in the carpetless room piled high with dusty, linen-shrouded furniture, he looked around, an involuntary smile twitching his mouth.

"What about *your* marrying," he said—"after all this talk about mine! What about it, Boots? Is this new house the first modest step toward the matrimony you laud so loudly?"

"Sure," said that gentleman airily; "that's what I'm here for."

"You mean you actually have somebody in view—?"

"No, son. I've always been in love with—love. I'm a sentimental sentry on the ramparts of reason. I'm properly armed for trouble, now, so if I'm challenged I won't let my chance slip by me. I'm all ready for the only girl in the world; and if she ever gets away from me I'll give you my house, cellar, and back yard including the wistaria and both cats—"

"You have neither wistaria nor cats—yet."

"Neither am I specifically in love—yet. So that's all right—Philip. Come on; let's take another look at that fascinating cellar of mine!"

But Selwyn laughingly declined, and after a little while he went away, first to look up a book which he was having bound for Eileen, then to call on his sister who, with Eileen, had just returned from a week at Silverside with the children, preliminary to moving the entire establishment there for the coming summer; for the horses and dogs had already gone; also Kit-Ki, a pessimistic parrot, and the children's two Norwegian ponies.

"Silverside is too lovely for words!" exclaimed Nina as Selwyn entered the library. "The children almost went mad. You should have seen the dogs, too—tearing round and round the lawn in circles—poor things! They were crazy for the fresh, new turf. And Kit-Ki! she lay in the sun and rolled and rolled until her fur was perfectly filthy. Nobody wanted to come away; Eileen made straight for the surf; but it was an arctic sea, and as soon as I found out what she was doing I made her come out."

"I should think you would," he said; "nobody can do that and thrive."

"She seems to," said Nina; "she was simply glorious after the swim, and I hated to put a stop to it. And you should see her drying her hair and helping Plunket to roll the tennis

courts—that hair of hers blowing like gold flames, and her sleeves rolled to her armpits!—and you should see her down in the dirt playing marbles with Billy and Drina. Totally unspoiled, Phil!—in spite of all the success of her first winter!—and do you know that she had no end of men seriously entangled? I don't mind your knowing—but Sudbury Gray came to me, and I told him he'd better wait, but in he blundered and—he's done for, now; and so are my plans. And then, who on earth do you think came waddling into the arena? Percy Draymore! And there were others, too, callow for the most part. . . . Phil?"

"What?" he said, laughing.

His sister regarded him smilingly, then partly turned around and perched herself on the padded arm of a great chair.

"Phil, am I garrulous?"

"No, dear; you are far too reticent."

"No; I want you to be serious. Because it is a very, very important matter, Phil—this thing that has—has—almost happened. . . . It's about Eileen. . . . And it really has happened."

"What has she done?" he asked curiously.

"Phil, dear, a young girl—a very young girl—is a vapid and uninteresting proposition to a man of thirty-five; isn't she?"

"Rather—in some ways."

"In what way is she not?"

"Well—to me, for example—she is acceptable as children are acceptable—a blessed, sweet, clean relief from the women of the Fanes' set, for example."

"Like Rosamund?"

"Yes. And, Ninette, you and Austin seem to be drifting out of the old circles—the sort that you and I were accustomed to. You don't mind my saying it, do you?—but there were so many people in this town who had something besides millions—amusing, well-bred, jolly people who had no end of good times, but who didn't gamble and Guzzle and stuff themselves and their friends—who were not eternally hanging around other people's wives. Where are they, dear?"

"If you are indicting all of my friends, Phil—!"

"I don't mean all of your friends—only a small proportion—which, however, connects your circle with that deadly, idle, brainless bunch—the insolent chatteringers at the opera, the gorged dowagers, the worn-out, passionless men, the enervated matrons of the summer capital, the chlorotic squatters on huge

yachts, the speed-mad fugitives from the furies of ennui, the neurotic victims of mental cirrhosis, the jeweled animals whose moral code is the code of the barnyard—!"

"Philip!"

"Oh, I don't mean that they are any more vicious than the idle and mentally incompetent in any walk of life. But everywhere, in every quarter and class and set and circle there is always the depraved; and the logical links that connect them are unbroken from Fifth Avenue to Chinatown, from the half-crazed extravagances of the Orchils' Louis XIV ball to a New Year's reception at the Haymarket where Troy Lil's diamonds outshine the phony pearls of Hoboken Fanny, and Hatpin Molly leads the spiel with Clarence the Pig."

"What in the world is the matter?" she exclaimed in dismay. "You are talking like the wildest socialist."

He laughed. "We have become a nation of what you call 'socialists'—though there are other names for us which mean more. I am not discontented, if that is what you mean; I am only impatient; and there is a difference. . . . And you have just asked me whether a young girl is interesting to me. I answer, yes, thank God!—for the cleaner, saner, happier hours I have spent this winter among my own kind have been spent where the younger set dominated.

"They are good for us, Nina; they are the hope of our own kind—well-taught, well-drilled, wholesome even when negative in mind; and they come into our world so diffident yet so charmingly eager, so finished yet so unspoiled, that—how can they fail to touch a man and key him to his best? How can they fail to arouse in us the best of sympathy, of chivalry, of anxious solicitude lest they become some day as we are and stare at life out of the faded eyes of knowledge!"

Nina sat silent on the padded arm of her chair, looking up at her brother.

"Mad preacher! Mad Mullah!—dear, dear fellow!" she said tenderly; "all ills of the world canst thou discount, but not thine own."

"Those, too," he insisted, laughing; "I had a talk with Boots—but, anyway, I'd already arrived at my own conclusion that—that—I'm rather overdoing this blighted business—!"

"Phil!"—in quick delight.

"Yes," he said, reddening nicely; "between you and Boots and myself I've decided that I'm going in for—for whatever any man

is going in for—life! Because I—because, Nina, it's shameful for a man to admit to himself that he cannot make good, no matter how thoroughly he's been hammered to the ropes. And so I'm starting out again. Is that plain to you, little sister?"

"Yes, oh, yes, it is!" she murmured; "I am so happy, so proud—but I knew it was in your blood, Phil; I knew that you were merely hurt and stunned—badly hurt, but not fatally!—you could not be; no weaklings come from our race."

"But still our race has always been law-abiding—observant of civil and religious law. If I make myself free again, I take some laws into my own hands."

"How do you mean?" she asked.

"Well," he said grimly, "for example, I am forbidden, in some States, to marry again—"

"That, too, you know is not just, Phil. You were innocent of wrong-doing; you were chivalrous enough to make no defense—"

"Wrong-doing? Nina, I was such a fool that I was innocent of sense enough to do either good or evil. Yet I did do harm; there never was such a thing as a harmless fool. Once, oppressed by form and theory, I told you that to remarry after divorce was a slap at civilization. Which is true sometimes and sometimes not. Common sense, not laws, must govern a man in that matter. But if any motive except desire to be a decent citizen sways a self-punished man toward self-delusion, then is he unpardonable if he breaks those laws which truly were fashioned for such as he!"

"Saint Simon! Saint Simon! Will you please arise, stretch your limbs, and descend from your pillar?" said Nina; "because I am going to say something that is very, very serious; and very near my heart."

"Is it anything that worries you about Eileen?"

"N-no; not exactly. She is different from the majority, you see—very intelligent, very direct. She is very intense in her—her beliefs—the more so because she is usually free from impulse—even quite ignorant of the deeper emotions; or so I believed until—until—"

"Is she in *love*?" he asked.

"A little, Phil."

"Does she admit it?" he demanded, unpleasantly astonished.

"She admits it in a dozen innocent ways to me who can understand her; but to herself she

has not admitted it, I think—could not admit it yet; because—because—"

"Who is it?" asked Selwyn; and there was in his voice the slightest undertone of a growl.

"Dear, shall I tell you?"

"Why not?"

"Because—because—Phil, I think that our pretty Eileen is a little in love with—you."

He straightened out to his full height, scarlet to the temples.

"Nina! you are madder than a March heiress!"

"Air your theories, Phil, then come back to realities. The conditions remain; Eileen is certainly a little in love with you; and a little with her means something. Now, the question is, what is to be done?"

"Done? Good heavens! Nothing, of course! There's nothing to do anything about! Nina, you are the most credulous little matchmaker that ever—"

He laughed in spite of himself; then, realizing a little what her confidence had meant he turned a richer red while his perplexed gray eyes began to narrow.

"I am, of course, obliged to believe that you are mistaken," he said; "a man cannot choose but believe in that manner. There is no very young girl—nobody, old or young, whom I like as thoroughly as I do Eileen Erroll. She knows it; so do you, Nina. It is open and above board. I should be very unhappy if anything marred or distorted our friendship. I am quite confident that nothing will."

"In that frame of mind," said his sister, smiling, "you are the healthiest companion in the world for her, for you will either cure her, or she you; and it is all right either way."

"Certainly it will be all right," he said confidently.

For a few moments he paced the room, reflective, quickening his pace all the while; and his sister watched him, silent in her indecision.

"I'm going up to see the kids," he said abruptly.

The children, one and all, were in the Park; but Eileen was sewing in the nursery, and his sister did not call him back as he swung out of the room and up the stairs. But when he had disappeared, Nina dropped into her chair, aware that she had played her best card prematurely; forced by Rosamund, who had just told her that rumor continued to be very busy coupling her brother's name with the name of the woman who once had been his wife.

She had known Alix always—and she had

seen her develop from a talented, restless, erratic, emotional girl, easily moved to generosity, into an impulsive woman, reckless to the point of ruthlessness when ennui and unhappiness stamped her; a woman not deliberately selfish, not wittingly immoral, for she lacked the passion which her emotion was sometimes mistaken for; and she was kind by instinct.

The consequences of her own errors she refused to be burdened with; to escape somehow was her paramount impulse, and she always tried to—had always attempted it even in school days. Even in those days there were moments when Nina believed her to be actually irrational, but there was every reason not to say so to the heedless scatterbrain whose father, in the prime of life, sat all day in his room, his faded eyes fixed wistfully on the childish toys which his attendant brought to him from his daughter's nursery.

Lately, Alixe had scarcely been at pains to conceal her contempt for her husband, if what Rosamund related was true. It was only one more headlong scrape, this second marriage, and Nina knew Alixe well-enough to expect the usual stampede toward that gay phantom which was always beckoning onward to promised happiness—that goal of heart's desire already lying so far behind her. And if that blind hunt should lead once more toward Selwyn? Suppose, freed from Ruthven, she turned in her tracks and threw herself and her youthful unhappiness straight at the man who had not yet destroyed the picture that Nina found when she visited her brother's rooms with the desire to be good to him with rocking chairs!

And Nina was mightily troubled, for Alixe's capacity for mischief was boundless; and that she, in some manner, had already succeeded in stirring up Philip was a rumor that persisted and would not be annihilated.

Frankly to inform a man that a young girl is a little in love with him is one of the oldest, simplest, and easiest methods of interesting that man—unless he happens to be in love with somebody else. And Nina had taken her chances that the picture of Alixe was already too unimportant for the ceremony of incineration. Besides, what she had ventured to say to him was her belief; the child appeared to be utterly absorbed in her increasing intimacy with Selwyn. They had, at his suggestion, taken up together the study of Cretan antiquities—a sort of tender pilgrimage for her, because, with the aid of her

father's and mother's letters, notebooks, and papers, she and Selwyn were following on the map the journeys and discoveries of her father.

But this was not all; Nina's watchful eyes opened wider and wider as she witnessed in Eileen the naissance of an unconscious and delicate coquetry, quite unabashed, yet the more significant for that; and Nina, intent on the new phenomena, began to divine more about Eileen in a single second than the girl could have suspected of herself in a month of introspection and of prayer.

Eileen, sewing by the nursery window, looked up; her little Alsatian maid, cross-legged on the floor at her feet, sewing away diligently, also looked up, then scrambled to her feet as Selwyn halted on the threshold of the room.

"Why, how odd you look!" said Eileen, laughing. "Come in, please; Susanne and I are only mending some of my summer things. Were you in search of the children?—don't say so if you were, because I'm quite happy in believing that you knew I was here. Did you?"

"Where are the children?" he asked.

"In the Park, my very rude friend. You will find them on the Mall if you start at once."

He hesitated, but finally seated himself, omitting the little formal handshake with which they always met, even after an hour's separation. Of course she noticed this, and, bending low above her sewing, wondered why.

His observation of her now was leisurely, calm, and thorough—not so calm, however, when, impatient of his reticence, bending there over her work, she raised her dark-blue eyes to his, her head remaining lowered.

As she bent above the fine linen garment on her knee, needle flying, a sudden memory stirred coldly—the recollection of her ride with Rosamund; and instinctively her clear eyes flew open and she raised her head, turning directly toward him a disturbed gaze he did not this time evade.

In silence their regard lingered; then, satisfied, she smiled again, saying: "Have I been away so long that we must begin all over, Captain Selwyn?"

"Begin what, Eileen?"

"To remember that the silence of selfish preoccupation is a privilege I have not accorded you?"

"I didn't mean to be preoccupied——"

"Oh, worse and worse!" She shook her head and began to thread the needle. "I see that my week's absence has not been very good for you. I knew it the moment you came in with all that guilty absent-minded effrontery which I have forbidden. Now, I suppose I shall have to recommence your subjection. Ring for tea, please. And, Susanne"—speaking in French and gathering up a fluffy heap of mended summer waists—"these might as well be sent to the laundress—thank you, little one, your sewing is always beautiful."

The small maid, blushing with pleasure, left the room, both arms full of feminine apparel; Selwyn rang for tea, then strolled back to the window, where he stood with both hands thrust into his coat pockets, staring out at the sunset.

As he stood there, absently intent on sky and roof and foliage, her soft bantering voice aroused him; and turning he found her beside him, her humorous eyes fixed on his face.

"Suppose," she said, "that we go back to first principles and resume life properly by shaking hands. Shall we?"

He colored up as he took her hand in his; then they both laughed at the very vigorous shake.

"What a horribly unfriendly creature you *can* be," she said. "Never a greeting, never even a formal expression of pleasure at my return—"

"You have not *returned!*" he said, smiling; "you have been with me every moment, Eileen."

"What a pretty tribute!" she exclaimed; "I am beginning to recognize traces of my training after all. And it is high time, Captain Selwyn, because I was half convinced that you had escaped to the woods again. What, if you please, have you been doing in town since I paroled you? Nothing? Oh, it's very likely. You're probably too ashamed to tell me. Now note the difference between us; I have been madly tearing over turf and dune, up hills, down hillocks, along headlands, shores, and shingle; and I had the happiness of being half frozen in the surf before Nina learned of it and stopped me. When are you coming to Silverside? We go back very soon, now. . . . And I don't feel at all like permitting you to run wild in town when I'm away and playing hopscotch on the lawn with Drina!"

She lay back in her chair, laughing, her hands linked together behind her head.

"Really, Captain Selwyn, I confess I

missed you. It's much better fun when two can see all the things that I saw—the wild roses just a tangle of slender green-mossed stems, the new grass so intensely green, with a touch of metallic iridescence; the cat's-paws chasing each other across the purple inland ponds—and that cheeky red fox that came trotting out of the briars near Wonder Head, and, when he saw me, coolly attempted to stare me out of countenance! Oh, it's all very well to tell you about it, but there is a little something lacking in unshared pleasures. . . . Yes, a great deal lacking. . . . And here is our tea tray at last."

Nina came up to join them. Her brother winced as she smiled triumphantly at him. Then the children charged upstairs, fresh from the Park, clamoring for food; and they fell upon Selwyn's neck, and disarranged his scarf pin, and begged for buttered toast and crumpets.

Nina stood up, waving a crumpet which she had just rescued from Winthrop. "Hark!" she said, "there's the nursery curfew!—and not one wretched infant bathed! Billy! March bathward, my son! Drina, sweetheart, take command. Prune soufflé for the obedient, dry bread for rebels! Come, children!—don't let mother speak to you twice."

"Let's go down to the library," said Eileen to Selwyn—"you are dining with us, of course."

They left the nursery together and descended the stairs to the library. Austin had just come in, and he looked up from his solitary cup of tea as they entered:

"Hello, youngsters! What conspiracy are you up to now? I suppose you sniffed the tea and have come to deprive me. By the way, Phil, I hear that you've sprung the trap on those Siowitha people."

"Neergard has, I believe. I severed my connection with him this morning."

"In that case," said Austin, "I've a job for you—"

"No, old fellow; and thank you with all my heart. I've half made up my mind to live on my income for a while and take up that Chaosite matter again—"

"And blow yourself to smithereens! Why spatter nature thus?"

"No fear," said Selwyn, laughing. "And if it promises anything, I may come to you for advice on how to start it commercially."

"If it doesn't start you heavenward you shall have my advice from a safe distance. I'll telegraph it," said Austin. "But, if it's

not personal, why on earth have you shaken Neergard?"

And Selwyn answered simply: "I don't like him. That is the reason, Austin."

The children from the head of the stairs were now shouting demands for their father; and Austin rose, pretending to grumble.

When Austin had gone, Eileen walked swiftly over to where Selwyn was standing, and looked him directly in the eyes.

"Is all well with Gerald?"

"Y-yes, I suppose so."

"Is he still with Neergard & Co.?"

"Yes, Eileen."

"And *you* don't like Mr. Neergard?"

"N-no."

"Then Gerald must not remain."

He said very quietly: "Eileen, Gerald no longer takes me into his confidence. I am afraid—I know, in fact—that I have little influence with him now. I am sorry; it hurts; but your brother is his own master, and he is at liberty to choose his own friends and his own business policy. I cannot influence him; I have learned that thoroughly. Better that I retain what real friendship he has left for me than destroy it by any attempt, however gentle, to interfere in his affairs."

"Don't give him up," she said, still looking straight into his eyes. "If you care for me, don't give him up."

"Care for you, Eileen! You know I do."

"Yes, I know it. So you will not give up Gerald, will you? He is—is only a boy—you know that; you know he has been—perhaps—indiscreet. But Gerald is only a boy. Stand by him, Captain Selwyn; because Austin does not know how to manage him—really he doesn't. There has been another unpleasant scene between them; Gerald told me."

"Did he tell you why, Eileen?"

"Yes. He told me that he had played cards for money, and he was in debt. I know that sounds—almost disgraceful; but is not his need of help all the greater?"

Selwyn's eyes suddenly narrowed: "Did *you* help him out, this time?"

"I—I—how do you mean, Captain Selwyn?" But the splendid color in her face confirmed his certainty that she had used her own resources to help her brother pay the gambling debt; and he turned away his eyes, angry and silent.

"Yes," she said under her breath, "I did aid him. What of it? Could I refuse?"

"I know. Don't aid him again—that way.

Send him to me, child. I understand such matters; I—that is—" and in sudden exasperation inexplicable, for the moment, to them both: "Don't touch such matters again! They soil, I tell you. I will not have Gerald go to you about such things!"

"Am I to count for nothing, then, when Gerald is in trouble?" she demanded, flushing up.

"Count! Count!" he repeated impatiently; "of course you count! Good heavens! it's women like you who count—and no others—not one single other sort is of the slightest consequence in the world or to it. Count? Child, you control us all; everything of human goodness, of human hope hinges and hangs on you—is made possible, inevitable, because of you!"

What she understood—how much of his incoherence she was able to translate, is a question; but in his eyes and voice there was something simpler to divine; and she stood very still while his roused emotions swept her till her heart leaped up and every vein in her ran fiery pride.

"I am—overwhelmed. I did not consider that I counted—so vitally—in the scheme of things. But I must try to—if you believe all this of me—only you must teach me how to count for something in the world. Will you?"

"Teach you, Eileen. What winning mockery! *I teach you?* Well, then—I teach you this—that a man's blunder is best healed by a man's sympathy. I will stand by Gerald as long as he will let me do—not alone for your sake, nor only for his, but for my own. I promise you that. Are you contented?"

"Then—thank you, Captain Selwyn."

"No; I thank you for giving me this charge. It means that a man must raise his own standard of living before he can accept such responsibility. You endow me with all that a man ought to be; and my task is doubled; for it is not only Gerald but myself who requires surveillance."

He looked up smilingly serious: "Such women as you alone can fit your brother and me for an endless guard duty over the white standard you have planted on the outer walls of the world."

"You say things to me—sometimes—" she faltered, "that almost hurt with the pleasure they give. You see"—dropping into a great velvet chair—"having been of no serious consequence to anybody for so many years—to be told, suddenly, that I—that I

count so vitally with men—a man like you—

"*You don't know,*" she went on, smiling faintly, "but, oh, the exalted dreams young girls indulge in! And one and all center round some power-inspired attitude of our own when a great crisis comes. And most of all we dream of counting heavily; and more than all we clothe ourselves in the celestial authority which dares to forgive. . . . Is it not pathetically amusing—the mental process of a young girl?—and the paramount theme of her dream is power!—such power as will permit the renunciation of vengeance; such power as will justify the happiness of forgiving? Of men, we naturally dream; but vaguely, in a curious and confused way. Once, when I was fourteen, I saw a volunteer regiment passing; and it halted for a while in front of our house; and a brilliant being on a black horse turned lazily in his saddle and glanced up at our window. Captain Selwyn, it is quite useless for you to imagine what fairy scenes, what wondrous perils, what happy adventures that giltcorded adjutant and I went through in my dreams. Marry him? Indeed I did, scores of times. Rescue him? Regularly. He was wounded, he was attacked by fevers unnumbered, he fled in peril of his life, he vegetated in countless prisons, he was misunderstood, he was a martyr to suspicion, he was falsely accused, falsely condemned. And then, just before the worst occurred, *I appear!*—the inevitable I."

She dropped back into her chair, laughing. Her color was high, her eyes brilliant.

"I've not had you to talk to for a whole week," she said, "and you'll let me; won't you? I can't help it, anyway, because as soon as I see you—crack! a million thoughts wake up in me and clipper-clapper goes my tongue. You are very good for me. You are so thoroughly satisfactory—except when your eyes narrow in that dreadful far-away gaze—which I've forbidden, you understand—*What have you done to your mustache?*"

"Clipped it."

"Oh, I don't like it too short. Can you get hold of it to pull it? It's the only thing that helps you in perplexity to solve problems. You'd be utterly helpless, mentally, without your mustache. When are we to take up our Etruscan symbols again?—or was it Evans's monograph we were laboriously dissecting? And listen! Down at Silverside I've been reading the most delicious thing—the Mimes of Herodas!—oh, so charmingly quaint, so perfectly human, that it seems impossible that they were written two thousand years ago. There's a maid, in one scene, Threissa, who is precisely like anybody's maid—and an old lady, Gyllis—perfectly human, and not Greek but Yankee of to-day! Shall we reread it together?—when you come down to stay with us at Silverside?"

"Indeed we shall," he said, smiling; "which also reminds me—"

He drew from his breast pocket a thin, flat box, twined it round and round, glanced at her, balancing it teasingly in the palm of his hand.

"Is it for me? Really? Oh, please don't be provoking! Is it *really* for me? Then give it to me this instant!"

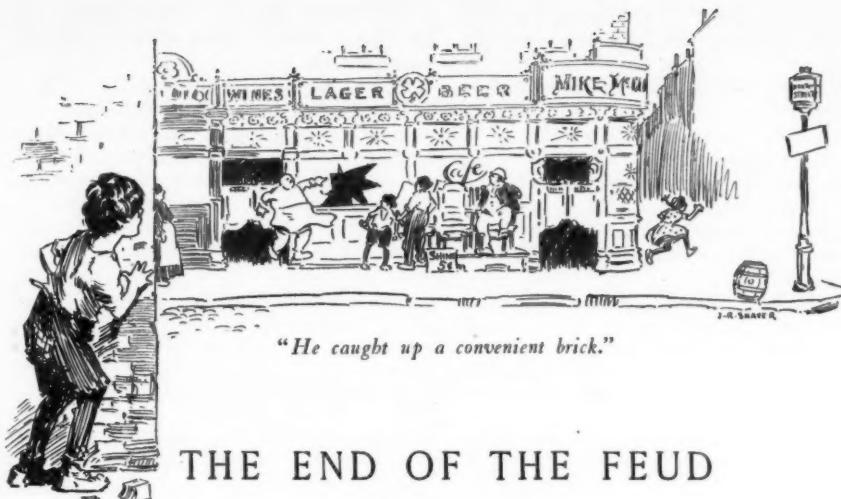
He dropped the box into the pink hollow of her supplicating palms. For a moment she was very busy with the tissue paper; then:

"Oh! it is perfectly sweet of you!" twining the small book bound in heavy Etruscan gold; "whatever can it be?" and, rising, she opened it, stepping to the window so that she could see.

Within, the pages were closely covered with the minute, careful handwriting of her father; it was the first notebook he ever kept; and Selwyn had had it bound for her in gold.

For an instant she gazed, breathless, lips parted; then slowly she placed the yellow pages against her lips and, turning, looked straight at Selwyn, the splendor of her young eyes starred with tears.

(To be continued.)



THE END OF THE FEUD

By ERNEST K. COULTER

ILLUSTRATED BY J. R. SHAVER



S in every other real affair, a woman, at least a prospective woman, had a hand in the revival of the Vito-Benedetti feud. Syracuse, the Queen of the block, loved a fight. A true genealogy of her family would have shown domestic battles dominant back to the time of the Celts with a pot lid rampant on a field of crimson as the family crest. The Queen's name had been duly entered in a baptismal register a dozen years before as Sarah Hughes. But that was too dignified for her followers. In the school which she honored with her presence on those occasional days when she could not dodge the truant officer, "It's-a-Lemon," one of the Queen's lords-in-waiting, had, after a geography lesson, contracted it to Syracuse. And so it stood. It's-a-Lemon of course was not his real name, but a modification of Isaac Lehman, made with due regard to euphony and a shock of freakish yellow hair.

Syracuse ruled all the cohorts of the immature Vitos, Benedettis, Flahertys, Schilinskys, Leveys, not to mention progeny of a dozen other nationalities in her cosmopolitan block.

Back in a hillside Sicilian village, the feud

between the Vitos and Benedettis had run through five generations. It is not in the Sicilian heart to forget, but there had been no time for sentimental broodings and the vendetta in Thompson Street. First one family and then the other had been lured by steamship agents into the emigration flood that was depopulating their province. They mortgaged all belongings and exchanged balmy air and terraced vineyards for sunless tenements and malodorous courts. It was a strange fate that set them down in adjoining habitations in the New World.

By tireless energy and a macaroni diet both families were at last gaining a foothold in their adopted country. The Benedettis possessed a coal and ice cellar and the Vitos a fruit and vegetable stand, a pedler's wagon and a decrepit horse called Garibaldi. Fortunately their businesses ran in divers lines and were two blocks apart.

Then one inauspicious day Syracuse precipitated war. In tow of Giuseppe, the heir apparent of the Benedetti house, she glided up to the Vito fruit stand on one roller skate and with a cheek full of ginger cake. There was a capricious tilt to her freckled nose when she called Tony aside. As queen she had lately been playing on the rivalry between the

two young cavaliers. She held up the hind quarters of a penny elephant which she was devouring.

"He bought me that," and she nodded at Giuseppe.

Tony looked darkly at Giuseppe, then proffered the biggest apple on the stand to the Queen. She coolly handed it over to Giuseppe and continued to munch the elephant. Jealousy gripped the heart of Tony. Syracuse saw it and waited with cruel deliberation for her next thrust.

"Say, his father's got yourn skinned to death. He's bought the bootblack stand down at Mike McGloin's saloon."

The last of the elephant was disappearing.
"His father says yourn is a bum dago!"

of blackening and art. The fickleness of the Queen and the grins of the Benedettis frenzied Tony.

"Damn the waps!" he cried.

Then he caught up a convenient brick and it went hurtling through the glass in Mike McGloin's saloon. The Benedettis ducked and the Queen precipitously quit her throne. The second brick flew wild and Tony fled.

The Vitos and the Benedettis immediately began to plot counter assassinations. Mike McGloin, being of a more practical turn, put the law in motion. Not the full legal machinery, but a preliminary cog. He obtained a summons in the Children's Court for one, Antonio Vito, and at his request it was placed in the hands of a court officer for service.



"Say, his father's got yourn skinned to death."

Syracuse whirled with a vehemence that switched her plaits in Tony's face.

"Bum dago!" she cried as she darted away.

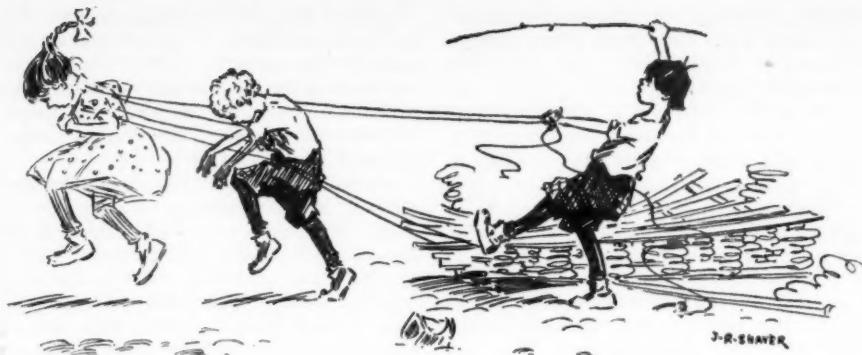
Tony stood dazed for a moment. Then all the innate hatred for the Benedettis surged over him. He rushed after the fugitive pair and saw them halt at Bleecker Street. Syracuse, kicking off her roller skate, mounted into the new Benedetti chair, resplendent in its polished brass and fresh varnish. She stretched first a stubbed-out tie and then a buttonless garter to the backs of the cast-iron camels that served as foot-rests. With queenly hauteur she looked on while the Benedettis, father and son, worked with a prodigal waste

The adipose Hogan, who was to serve the summons, was in plain clothes when he turned into Thompson Street the next day. Tony was pointed out to him flying down the street tooling Syracuse and It's-a-Lemon, hitched tandem to a derelict spring mattress. The Queen and Tony were strong friends again.

"Glong! Glong! Glong!" shouted the young driver as he tugged at the clothes-line reins.

"Git out of de way of Hookin' Ladder Number Nine!"

Past pedler's wagons and dodging pedestrians they flew. Hogan finally saw the



"Git out of de way of Hookin' Ladder Number Nine."

mattress careered into the wheel of a push-cart. The threatened wrecking of his business threw the pedler into a panic and he was remonstrating wildly when Hogan overhauled Hook and Ladder Number Nine. He tapped the driver on the shoulder.

Syracuse saw the yellow paper.

"Cheese it," she shouted, and the summons fluttered to the gutter. Tony leaped for it, stamped upon it, delivered himself of a line of wild invective and shook his fist in Hogan's face. The team, tugging with redoubled fury, wrested the mattress and one wheel free from the obstructing cart.

"Go to hell!" shouted Tony, jumping once more to his reins as the mattress shot forward amid a flood of tinware and Yiddish imprecation.

Hogan kept the mattress in sight until it became entangled in a dirge-playing band that swung into the street at the head of an Italian funeral. Team and driver dodged the blows of irate musicians and dived into the hallway of a swarming tenement. Hogan cursed the impotency of the summons which gave him no authority to make an arrest.

The details lost nothing in the relating the next day when the outraged Hogan explained to the Court.

"It's a warrant I'd like, your Honor; that boy's a regular pirate," was the final period in the impeachment of Tony's character.

So, after Mike McGloin and Benedetti, as corroborating witnesses, had scratched their respective crosses at the end of a requisite amount of legal verbiage, process duly issued

"In the Name of the People" commanding "any peace officer" to apprehend Antonio Vito. That meant Hogan and he was happy

in the thought. He captured Tony that very night on a fire-escape as he was trying to creep into his domicile. As he marched the culprit to the Society rooms, Hogan told him what he thought of him. While Tony was sweetly dreaming between two snow-white sheets on a bed that was strangely soft, his mother was wildly urging a knife on Vito, the senior, and calling on him for deeds of vengeance.

In court the next day, Tony's bright face, the better revealed for the Society's scrubbing, attracted the judge's attention. But his Honor's memory was good.

"Why didn't you come when the officer served the summons on you, my boy?"

Tony's big coal-black eyes snapped as they met those of the kindly judge.

"Say chudge," and Tony jerked a thumb in the direction of Hogan, who was portentously hovering near, "did you t'ink I was goin' to come when he didn't show me his tin?"

This categorical question seriously threatened the dignity of the Court.

But a lawyer was assigned to defend Tony and he was called on to plead "guilty" or "not guilty."

"I pegged de brick, but I didn't go to break de window, honest I didn't," declared Tony.

The defendant's truthfulness impressed the Court. The Society's records showed that he had never been arrested before. His mother had a dozen character witnesses and offered a note from his teacher. His Honor and Tony had a long heart-to-heart talk. Then it was decreed that Tony was to have one more chance.

Tony had to promise a lot of things—he was to shun the Benedettis, not to play hookey a single day, in fact the report of the Parole

Officer that was to be submitted in exactly one month, when Tony was to return to court, was to show that he was a model of juvenile rectitude.

"With the permission of the Parole Officer," concluded the judge, "I am going to ask a kind lady, who takes an interest in boys, to call on you."

Tony was turning away when he heard a soft voice speak his name.

"I am coming down to see you, Tony."

The boy found himself face to face with the loveliest young woman he had ever looked upon. She led him aside and noted his address in a little book and then Tony was swallowed up in the arms of his weeping mother and six brother and sister Vitos.



"Team and driver dived into the hallway of a swarming tenement."

And so Tony, but not peace, was restored to Thompson Street. The entire block was agog over the inevitable stiletto play between the heads of the two houses. Faithful to his promise, but with tortured spirit, Tony dodged the Benedettis although they sought to harass him and his at every turn.

Carmelita Vito, aged six, was seated in a doorway one day crooning to sleep her only child, a seltzer bottle swathed in an old stocking, when a live cockroach was thrust into her mouth. It was the work of a male Benedetti who had crept up behind her. Knowing the peril in which Tony stood of commitment, all the Benedetti cunning was directed to goading him into an outbreak.

The arrogance of Giuseppe Benedetti was daily growing more baneful and Tony was losing cast with his own followers. "Skippy" McGloin denounced Tony as a "dope" and even "Coffee" Schilinsky volunteered the statement to Syracuse that Tony was—most terrible of imprecations—"a Sussie." He promptly had his nose twisted until he howled.

One torment followed another until Tony was crowded over the edge of passive endurance. Neither the Court nor Syracuse could longer hold him. His day for revenge had come. He carefully planned it all. From a hiding place in a convenient cellarway, Tony heard Mike McGloin call Benedetti away from the bootblack stand to tend the beer pumps in the saloon. Armed with an old broom Tony sped around the corner to the tar caldrons where the pavers were at work. While their backs were turned he thrust his broom into the boiling tar and rushed back to the bootblack stand. He was just reaching forth to plant the dripping broom on the seat of the chair when he was stopped by a gentle touch on his arm and a familiar soft voice:

"Tony."

The tarred broom dropped, making a smear on the sidewalk. The hatred and the evil scowl on his flushed face melted at the hurt look in those soft, brown eyes. Tony simply had to surrender his smudgy paw to the little white gloved hand that was impellingly extended.

"I am so glad," said the young woman simply. "Sarah, here, helped me to find you."

Behind the vision stood Syracuse.

"I told you, Miss, he was goin' to bust out," and Syracuse, apparently ashamed of her part

in the detection, began to dig a toe at a crack in the pavement.

A dozen dirty faces and tousled heads surrounded the three. The Queen welcomed this chance to work off her feelings.

"Say, youse kids, ain't you never seen a real lady before? Now git or I'll bat you."

The crowd vanished.

Such was the second meeting between Tony and Miss Kate Ramsden, of Central Park West. A quarter of an hour's earnest talk and a captivated and subdued Tony promised his beatific friend that he would drop the feud forever, and if he again felt that he was going to break over under the persecu-

boldly announced that he would thrash Tony on sight. One day he slipped up to the Vito shop. He peeped through a window and seeing Tony standing on a barrel reaching for a string of garlic, glided in. He kicked the barrel away and brought Tony sprawling to the floor. Tony was sore beset when Syracuse ran in.

"You dirty little Guinni," she cried, dragging Giuseppe off by his hair. Both bantams scrambled to their feet.

"Now go at it fair," commanded the Queen. She closed the door, turned the key and perched herself on a lemon crate.

The two went down in a heap, their inter-



"I told you, Miss, he was goin' to bust out."

tion of his tormentors, he would fly straight to her. She charged Syracuse to help Tony keep his promise. She pencilled a line on an engraved card and said that at her home it would admit them at all times. Miss Ramsden would be back in a week. She had already seen Tony's father and mother.

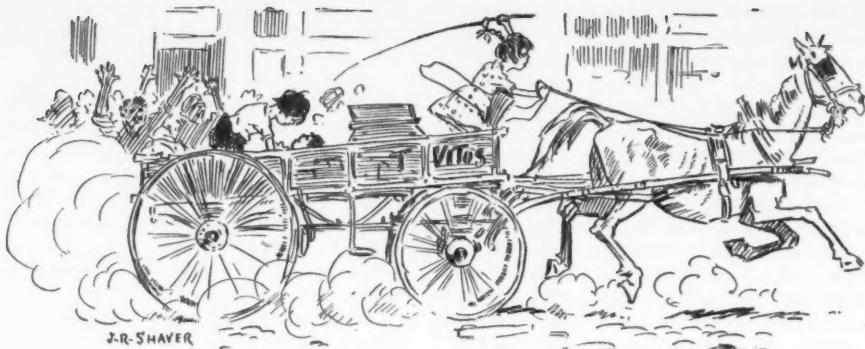
"Sure, she must be one of them angel cops," declared Syracuse, gazing after Miss Ramsden as she departed. Then she sniffed at the card repeatedly and said it "smelt fine, just like the lady."

A kind fate still kept the paths of Vito and Benedetti, seniors, from crossing. Giuseppe

twined bodies threshing about the floor and bringing cans of tomatoes and macaroni boxes down about their ears. They punched and kicked, fighting grimly and silently, until Tony finally got astride of Giuseppe and pinned him to the floor. But Giuseppe gave no sign of surrender.

"We'll take him up to Kittie, the cop's," finally announced Sarah.

Light dawned on the harassed Tony. Sarah brought cords and they bound him hand and foot. Between them they carried the squealing, biting Giuseppe to the dilapidated wagon that stood in front of



"She jerked him into wakefulness and finally into action."

the store and dumped him in over the tail-board.

"Sit on him and I'll drive," directed Syracuse and Tony grimly obeyed. It had been her great pride at times to drive with Vito to market, so she and "Baldy" were not total strangers. She jerked him into wakefulness and finally into action. As she urged him past the bootblack stand Giuseppe's cries grew frantic. A little Benedetti, who was guarding the stand, gave an affrighted look in the direction of the wagon and then dived into the saloon. By the time he found the senior Benedetti, a wildly excited crowd of his progeny was clamoring that the Vitos and the Black Hand were carrying Giuseppe off for slaughter.

Benedetti tore down the street in pursuit, but the Queen and her chariot were soon lost to his view. A disheveled, raging Italian burst into the neighboring station-house a few minutes later.

"La mano nera! Salvatelo!" he cried. Then when they finally forced him into English he explosively attempted in one breath to tell of an abduction and intended murder. A revised version of his tale was soon going out over the police wires.

Syracuse, after an adventurous journey, in which there were narrow escapes from trolley cars and lively bits of repartee with the traffic squad, headed the reluctant Garibaldi into the block where lived Kittie, the cop. She would have driven directly to the door had not a line of carriages blocked the way. She left Garibaldi at the corner to stretch his neck and compose his outraged feelings and crossed to a canopy-covered stoop. Evading a patent-booted footman, who was opening a

carriage door, she darted up the steps and rang vigorously at the bell. The footman was springing after her when a red-faced butler opened the door and commanded her to be gone.

"There's my ticket," declared Sarah defiantly, extending Miss Ramsden's card.

The footman took her roughly by the shoulder.

"Lemme go; I'm goin' to see Kittie, the cop!" shrilly cried Syracuse in a rage. Her thin arm and clenched fist flew back and the butler retreated within the vestibule with the card.

The door opened again and this time Miss Ramsden herself looked out to see a little figure atremble with rage shaking her fist at the big footman and defying him.

"Sarah!" exclaimed Miss Ramsden, catching the little Amazon to her. "Come right in," and she led her into the hall in view of a drawing-room full of guests. One of Sarah's rare tears stole a circuitous way down her freckled cheek. Her rage had disappeared and she had gone shy in an instant.

"We shall have some tea together," declared Miss Ramsden.

"Me'n Tony brought up Giuseppe," she finally admitted, shamefacedly studying the floor.

"Why, the dears; Tompkins, go and bring those children right in." The astonished butler had turned to carry out the order.

"He'll have to unwrap Giuseppe, mum. We made him come," volunteered Sarah.

Miss Ramsden had heard part of Sarah's story when the disgusted Tompkins led in Tony, and Giuseppe, now free of his bonds, but still rebellious.

"I'm delighted to see you, boys," declared Miss Ramsden, and her guests, who had viewed the arrival of the children with sudden interest, saw her pat the boys' tousled heads and lead them off to the tea room with Sarah in her train. The hostess poured tea for them when Tompkins, in round-eyed horror, approached.

"The police are here, mum," he finally managed to articulate when Miss Ramsden had led him aside. "They've got two rough-looking Hitalians with 'em, mum, and they're after these young houtlaws. They're regular black 'ands, mum," and Tompkins gazed blackly at the odd little trio now attacking mountainous dishes of ice-cream.

Miss Ramsden reached the front hall just in time to see two wild-visioned Italians thrust into the door by a uniformed policeman. But for her ready wit, her at-home might have broken up in a panic.

"Mr. Vito," she exclaimed, going forward to the collarless vegetable dealer and grasping his swarthy hand. Then turning to his deadly enemy she extended her other hand to him in her own impelling way. "This is Mr. Benedetti, I know. It was so good of you both to come to my at-home. You are very welcome."

"Ladies," continued Miss Ramsden, turning to her wondering guests, "these are two of my Thompson Street friends, Mr. Vito and Mr. Benedetti."

The half-stupefied Benedetti blinked helplessly at the company and then made a profound bow.

"Santa Madonna Virgine!" he muttered.

Vito had forgotten his wrath and his white teeth gleamed in a broad grin as one and another of the women spoke to him.

The hostess led the way and at the door of the tea room pointed out to the astonished parents their two hopefules seated side by side with Syracuse opposite, plunging into their second helping of cream and macaroons. They were very happy.

The feudists viewed their reconciled sons in helpless astonishment. While the effect was fresh, Miss Ramsden brought tea for Benedetti and Vito and then poured a cup for herself.

"For your children's sake, and for my sake from to-day let us all be friends." Then falling back on her Wellesly vocabulary: "Faciamo pace."

The two old enemies bowed soberly to their hostess and drank. They handed the cups back and in Sicilian style impetuously embraced and sealed the compact by saluting each other with a kiss on either cheek. So ended the Vito-Benedetti feud.

The heads of the two houses rode back to Thompson Street behind Garibaldi on the same seat and the guests who remained declared that Miss Ramsden always did have novel entertainments.



"Plunging into their second helping of cream and macaroons."

THE BANDAGE

BY LEO CRANE

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL BRANSOM



IN the days of her babyhood she had bestowed on him the name of Green-eye. In those days both his eyes would reflect a yellowish-green at times—not the vitriolic gleam of rage, but a doubting annoyance, and this had been the nature of the animal since the firm training of her father, Krantz. Some thought that the Bentley woman, a golden merciless creature, had whaleboned Green-eye into cowardice. But when Krantz came, his method was milder, and now Krantz owned Green-eye—perhaps little else. Remembering how dangerous a bunch of energy the beast had been, the showmen viewed with admiration and astonishment the ease with which Krantz put Green-eye through his paces, and with what amazing nonchalance the old trainer would scratch the base of Green-eye's skull. Circus men referred to Krantz, of the Consolidated outfit, as the one man they had known to possess perfect assurance in the den of a full-grown tiger, and they could not understand why he did not take this wondrous power to a bigger show. There would have been money in it for him, they said.

But Krantz was getting old. He referred to this and said he lacked ambition. Green-eye he owned, and between them they made a good living for the daughter.

Old Krantz knew his business better than most circus men. He was a shrewd, matter-of-fact German, stolid, brave, and obstinate. He had no particular longing for the facing of other tigers, new ones, for in the mind of Krantz Green-eye was no longer a tiger, but a member of the family. In his early days Krantz had braved death for money,

with only a club and a chair for a barrier, and many times he had put death aside; but now he felt that a little of the coin brought by a daily exhibition with Green-eye sufficed.

One day the circus men were surprised to find that Milly Krantz had put on long skirts.

"Why," said the manager, meeting her shortly after this change, "I suppose I must stop chucking you under the chin, mademoiselle, and I never hope to get a kiss again. You are becoming a woman. I have lost my little sweetheart."

David, the young fellow who topped the highest hurdles on Firefly, allowed himself to be even more familiar than this. He and Milly had grown up together, show children, boy and girl. He walked around her admiringly.

"Humph!" he muttered in a teasing mood, "You're dressing finer than I can ever hope to array the lady of my house. Real silk," and he picked up the skirt to examine its ruffled edge. "Petticoat of silk, too," he said. "Gee! Milly, but you're gettin' to be a swell dame."

All this embarrassed the girl because of the compliment. There was not enough woman in her as yet to make her flush at the idea expressed.

"Father says," she explained in pretty pride, "that I must always wear silk skirts."

David threw up his hands in comic pathos.

"And me drawin' thirty per!—Milly—we've got to quit bein' sweethearts."

"Stuff, David!" she said, "I'm nobody's sweetheart."

"Don't you ever expect to love anyone?" he asked.

"Of course, I do love father, and—Green-eye, I guess."

"I'm going to kill that tiger, then," said

the young fellow. "Krantz will be eaten up by a new one, and you'll have to marry me."

"You talk like a real villain," she exclaimed half in earnest. And David laughed, too; but he did not cease bantering about the princess who walked over the lot in silken skirts.

There was some little earnestness in this reflection of his, though he had spoken in jest, and he told himself that if he was ever to have the daughter of old Krantz he must get to be a star, with a fifteen-horse act and a French name. He would have to grow a mustache—maybe a spike beard, in order to achieve the beginnings of that fame, and he went to consult a mirror.

"Gee! it's a tough proposition," was his comment.

Others of the show people were as free, and all were not so gentle in their criticism.

"Old Dutch fool!" the wardrobe mistress had proclaimed Krantz. "Dressin' a sixteen-year-old in silk skirts! Bought her a dozen of 'em, an' him wearin' patches in his pants!"

And they all looked on Krantz as a man gone suddenly into dotage.

Then Krantz flung to the gossips a new sensation. One morning he took Milly into Green-eye's presence, into the circular cage. He told her to walk about. Then he put Green-eye through the drill. When the beast growled, Krantz spoke to him and shook the silken ruffles of the skirt until they tweaked the cat's whiskers, and he taught Milly to give the commands. When Green-eye refused to obey, Krantz went for him and gave him a terrific clubbing. After which the introduction was concluded. A week later, circus hands stood aghast to see little Milly Krantz riding around the cage on Green-eye's back. She could scratch his skull and make him hold up a paw.

"What do you mean by that tomfoolery, Krantz?" asked the manager severely, for the manager was not a grasping fellow; "I want you to understand that a new act isn't worth the life of that kid. You're a fine father!"

"Dunder! can't I have my family altogether? Sure, Green-eye loves her like Carl, the brother who is dead."

David was even more severe than had been the manager. He flamed up in great style and threatened to punch Krantz. He sought for the trainer and poured the flood of his rage into stolid German ears.

"I know what I'm about, Tavid," said Krantz to him gently. "Tigers lives longer

than trainers. Green-eye used to be under the wing of that Bentley woman, don't you remember? No, no, that vos when you weren't; anyvay, old Greeney takes kindly to vimmen. He likes Milly already. One day she's owns him. It means so much per to her, understand? Aind't it better to do a stunt with a tame kitten at fifteen dollars a day and keep, than be a prancin' disgrace in pink tights on a horse for five? There's all kinds of piebald horses, undt all kinds of vimmen is ready to kick their heels, but there aind't but one Greeney. He's like the Gripple Greek goldt mines, undt easier to vork."

And Krantz fished up his pipe, asking David to have a pint of beer with him.

"You're a goot boy, Tavid," said Krantz, affectionately, over the beer, "undt one day I likes to think, when I'm gone over to the angels, that there was still three in that happy family."

"That's for Milly to say," said David.

"Sure," agreed Krantz. "But don't you be so anxious about her. She's all right—she don't fear that brute, undt there aind't the least danger. You remember the Bentley woman—No, no, I'm always forgetdung; but Greeney does! Achh! how she whaled him."

Krantz told more than this to his daughter, and she grew confident enough to laugh at those who marveled to see her riding the beast and gradually attaining the mastery. Little by little Milly assumed the direct domineering personality that Krantz relaxed. David often came to the bars of the cage to watch.

Krantz would sit back, apparently at his ease, and Milly would make old Green-eye take notice. David would grow anxious because of one thing. He observed that Green-eye was not as other tigers. The demons he had noted often sulked and tried at times to ignore the trainer's presence; but Green-eye was attentive. His wrinkled, whiskered face, black as pitch save for a tawny streak or two, would turn and follow closely every movement of the girl. Krantz kept very still, but should he happen to move with a noise, immediately Green-eye lost the cue, halted without a snarl, became annoyed it seemed, but doubtful, hesitant. Always were his eyes vitreous, a steady watching calm, inscrutable, drowsy. David feared this languor. He fancied that Green-eye bided his own vicious time, and David spoke of this to Krantz. The old man smiled.

This slow confident smile irritated the

young fellow. He considered it an exhibition of the German's ignorance and stupid obstinacy. He insisted on an answer.

"Tavid, if that cat ever goes for my Milly, she'll make him see all the stars, undt a few comets. But I tell you, Tavid, he is a tame pussy-cat."

"What would he do if I went into that cage?"

"Get you—undt eat you up, maybe."

"Then why not Milly?"

"Aind't I told you that he loses vimmen? Dond't you see him listen when she goes in to him? Dond't you see him vatch oundt? Sure—"

"Well, Krantz, you might know your business, but—"

"Sure—to-morrow, Milly she goes in with oundt me."

"Alone!"

"Sure!" complacently grunted Krantz.

"Alone! in that den!—with that wretch of a tiger?"

"Sure—why nodt?"

Krantz was not ruffled. He contemplated the idea of his only daughter locked in with Green-eye as he might have some bit of heavy German philosophy—were he capable of more than training.

"Man!" cried David, "you're losing your mind. I won't stand for this. By Gee! I'm going to tell Milly what I think about it. You're getting lazy—you want that girl to work for you while you drink booze and smoke your pipe. Well, here's where I queer your loaf, all right."

Krantz frowned momentarily; but he watched David walk away without making a defense. Krantz smoked and blew the clouds out rapidly, as he always did when excited. Gradually he calmed, however, and finally muttered with satisfaction:

"A good boy, Tavid."

David hurried off to find Milly. The performance of the afternoon was yet some hours away, and he knew where she would likely be.

"See here, Milly," he said when he had found her, "do you know what that old grampus of a father of yours intends doing to-morrow?"

"You mean—my going it alone?" Her eyes beamed mischievously.

"Yes, I mean just that—it's—it's a—"

"Don't be a silly boy," she said, laughing.

"I'm not silly; I'm in dead straight earnest. This thing has got to stop! I'll appeal to the

boss! Here, you come for a little walk with me, won't you, Milly?"

Skirting the edge of the show grounds was a thin fringe of trees. The two went toward these, threading their way through the idlers without exciting attention, for the populace refuses the idea that real show people ever dress in ordinary habiliments. It is only the silk and the spangles that attract, and without these gauds of the tent pageant a young man in overalls and a slim girl in a black silk skirt are about as interesting as a trolley car. A street was being cut through this vacant land on the city's limits, and long wedges of granite curbing had been hauled there. David and Milly sat down on one of the blocks, where the thin clump of aged trees stood aghast at the intrepid city's advance.

"Milly," said David quietly, "I want you to be—well, some day, I want you to be my wife. You're getting old enough to think about that. You're the only one I've ever cared for. And it gets a fellow's nerve to think of the best of all women clawed up by a dirty beast of a tiger, now, don't it? You're to make the decision, Milly. Will you—do you think you'd ever care enough for me to—well, that is, don't you think we'd get along right nice together, you and me, Milly?"

Milly frowned a little, and then laughed her merry laugh.

"You're as prosy as father would be," she said, putting the question aside. "I've often wondered how father ever asked mother to marry him."

"We've been sweethearts a long time, Milly; I thought you knew."

"I know, David—and I care, but you mustn't make me give up Green-eye."

"I believe you think more of that brute than you do of my peace of mind."

"No," she replied slowly. "But I'm thinking of father, David. He's getting to be an old man now. He's not quick any more, not even quick enough to get away from Greeney, if Greeney tried to make a determined rush. And that's all father has—Green-eye. It means bread, David."

"But the danger, Milly, the danger."

"There is no terrible danger, dear boy."

"You are going in alone; I'd feel easy if Krantz was there."

"Why, David, you may get your neck broken any day, hurdling; while for me, there's father at the door. Do you think father would risk me? And I'm not afraid."

"That brute would ruin you with one dab of his paw."

"If he caught me, David. And then, even when ugly, he fears father. Green-eye is fascinated by me, somehow. The Bentley woman tamed him by her skirts, father says. Father had to use a club and a chair."

"Yes, yes, but a rush, a spring, a stroke, and—" David showed the inevitable result with a mournful sweep of his hands.

"He never rushes, never springs," David said. "Don't you know how much I love you for caring so? And Green-eye isn't really a green eye at all, David, boy. Green-eye is blind."

David sprang to his feet.

"Blind!"

David stared at her, his lips parted in an incredulous smile, yet trembling.

"Milly . . ." he said, "you—do you know—"

"It's true, David, no one knows but father, and you, and—and I know. He is *blind*. And don't tell; please, David, please don't tell anybody."

David sat down on the granite curbing again. He was quite stupefied by this amazing information. The tiger, Green-eye, was—had been blind. That explained the watchfulness—no, the timidity of the beast. That which had seemed waiting had been irresolution. Krantz, then, had known of this for—for years—ever since he had taken the animal from the Bentley woman; and so, he trusted Milly. Now only the three of them knew, and it meant everything, everything to Krantz, that secret.

In the afternoon, David saw her go into the big cage alone. He could not feel confident. But, standing by, he again saw the wavering indecision of the beast, a seeming watchfulness which was really listening. The uncertainty of its movement, save in instinctive obedience, expressed the doubt of the blind perfectly—to one who knew.

And Milly Krantz made good use of her knowledge. She did not stand still for a single moment. The act was all action. She swished, fluttered, rustled away again, and the great tawny tiger that might have been a huge yellow catapult, listened, swayed his massive head moodily, and then cautiously obeyed.

David now understood the stagnation of those green eyes, the vitreous inscrutable glaze of them. There was no demon courage behind the shadows. The beast might plot, but before acting he must listen—before

springing, he must find, place, center those rustling things which had so long ago accompanied his punishment at the hands of the inexorable Bentley woman. And Green-eye doubted not that once again the Bentley woman reigned in his den, golden as himself, glorious, merciless, a tigress upright. Mechanically he obeyed the dreaded hiss of the whip, while the little brown slip of a woman moved in wide circles about him, never still—a confused sound, a voice, an echo.

Once in a long while Green-eye would start erect, as a musician who daily catches a false note; he would snarl and feel into the air with extended paw; but the phantom had swept by him sibilantly, half a reality, out of the past, and once again Green-eye would become the drowsing yellow cat, mewing, waiting, a smoldering heart beneath a bandage.

It was on the long western trip of the Consolidated Outfit that Green-eye got away. A skidding train, a crash into a heavily loaded lumber car, and accident presented freedom to the beast through the broken end of his traveling den. This happened in the southern country, where the cattle range, and in a section not without wooded districts.

Search was made; cattlemen turned out and scoured the range; Krantz remained behind the show a week seeking his lost pet. But Green-eye had completely disappeared.

"He will die now, yes," said Krantz to his daughter, when he had finally rejoined the show. "No food, undt he is withoutd the light to hundt it. What can a man kill to eatd when he is tied by the eyes? There is no more Green-eye."

And Krantz refused to be comforted. He became a sort of pensioner of the show until some new act could be put under his training. David came to him shortly after this.

"I want Milly for my wife," he said.

"You are a goodt boy, Tavid," agreed the old man.

There was no reason why he should refuse his daughter to the younger. Krantz was out of place and out of daring. The idea that David and his daughter would some day be biled together, as the showmen put it, had become tradition. Only Krantz had hoped they would wait a little.

And they were married in a little southwest town, four months after the escape of Green-eye. The show made merry at the wedding. There were presents, a check from the boss,

and a feast. The wagon hauled in a prodigious quantity of beer, and the next regular performance was exceedingly ragged. Some hours after their marriage came a telegram. "This is the besdt of all!" cried old Krantz, waving jubilantly the yellow slip of paper. "See, Milly, see!"

She read:

"KRANTZ, trainer, Consolidated Shows:

"We've got your damned brute for you, advise shipment.

"GEORGE SHAW,
Cappenger's Station."

Evidently Cappenger's Station had been annoyed.

The great joy of Krantz, who went on an exalted drunk for the first time since the death of Milly's mother, was only equaled by the intense irritation of David.

"One thing is certain, Milly," he said sternly; "you're my wife now, and you don't go back to training tigers—no, not even a near-sighted one. Green-eye be cursed for a meddler! We've got enough for two and Krantz can do what he pleases. But you must not—" and David caught her in his arms, crushing out all the little protestations, the teasing arguments, the feminine reasons she advanced. "I can't have it, Milly," he said. "You must not, Milly; you dare not."

But the inevitable Krantz held the other end of the string on which the little brown woman swung; and Krantz, in his German way, had his plans, which were quite beyond argument, there was in them so much of duty and clannishness and the preservation of his old rule. These Milly, being the daughter of Krantz, could not quite elude. Krantz had preached a strong doctrine for many years—David's was not yet firmly established.

"O Milly!" Krantz said a hundred times, "oh, aind't it fine, Milly; you, undt me, undt Tavid, undt now Green-eye home again, yes. All of us one family again, aind't it?"

Then David would speak up:

"You understand, Krantz; I don't care to be worried with any nonsense about Green-eye and my Milly."

"Now, Tavid," the old man would happily answer, smiling, "you know you are a goodt boy, Tavid; undt Green-eye is a goodt tiger; undt Milly is a goodt girl that loves her oldt father."

"She loves me, too," David stubbornly argued, "and I'll not have any plans made for her."

"Yes, yes, my Tavid, but—"

Krantz was old, and German. There had never been any reason to fear Green-eye since the blindness, which had crept on the beast to Krantz's knowledge, slowly, but surely. And Milly had always been a dutiful daughter. There was the coin to be considered, which would make Milly twice as comfortable. It was not in the composition of old Krantz to understand.

"Tavid," he finally said, "Milly is my daughter; undt I will gife Green-eye to her."

"All right, Krantz; but she is not going into the den again; mind you this—she is your daughter, but she is my wife."

"But, Tavid—" and that was as far as they ever got.

David lived firm in this decision. Krantz grunted disdainfully and went about moping. Milly thought she should be allowed to decide the matter, and in the light of her pride, David's position was the first unpleasant exhibition of man's vanity of ownership. Gradually in this happy family there grew a feeling of hostility, and there was one painful subject not discussed at table. Obsstinacy, sternness, and feminine pride sought to introduce trouble.

Then Green-eye arrived. He was in no agreeable mood. Gaunt, fierce from a wound which had partially crippled one of his hind legs, the brute slouched about his box, and occasionally tore at its heavy timbers. He had been free—starved, but free. He had hunted for food, crept to it, killed it in the open. And then he had been forced, goaded, by starvation, to find more. The relief from daily routine, from monotonous torture and dread obedience, the absence of a wearing doubt—all these had brought him peace, animal happiness. Nature had aided his endeavor, and he had lived.

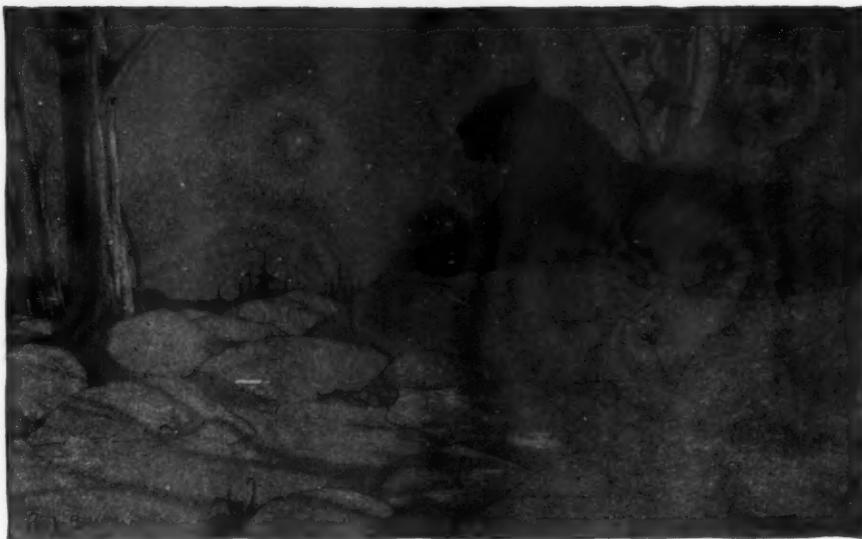
In turn, he had been hunted, run to cover, roped viciously, dragged back to captivity. One cattleman, in the knowledge of a ruined horse, said that for a beast that fought at random, some of the blows had been strangely well placed.

Quickly Green-eye would raise his head at the swish of Milly's skirts before his new den, and doubtfully he would sniff. Once he whined impatiently.

"You see, my Tavid, he calls to her," said Krantz.

"I see," replied David, but he said no more than that.

The manager of the show brought on the



"The relief from daily routine, from monotonous torture and dread obedience."

crisis by suggesting plainly to Krantz that if they were to continue using the old tiger posters, something ought to be done toward working up a new act. A caged tiger was good, but a performing one with a human being in reach of his claws was better.

It was impossible for Krantz to do more than soothe the beast from outside the den. Krantz was suffering from a rheumatic twinge that prevented quick action. The only real effect on the brute's nastiness was soon shown to be the presence of Milly. At her coming to him, he quieted and even obeyed.

Then the pride of Milly Krantz grew beyond restraint. Without consulting the obdurate David, she hinted to old Krantz that she was ready. There was no reason to fear Green-eye and she was not afraid. Once David could be assured of the beast's inability to cause trouble, he would no longer object, she argued, and it was really like tossing good money away not to work the old joke on the show. There was this touch of humor in the situation, and what is more fatal to women than a touch of humor? Then there was her pride—the one barb to the willing captivity of women.

Old Krantz prepared the properties and selected a morning. Green-eye's cage was wheeled to the larger den. The animal was sluggish and did not relish the transfer. Once

in the big exhibition arena, he lay down and snuggled his wrinkled muzzle into his great forepaws. When Milly passed close to the bars his interest was aroused momentarily; but again he stretched in the sinuous langour of the dozing cat. Now Krantz stood by the door, ready to pass her up into the cage. He had cautioned her to take a heavy chair, an aid that might be required, and she carried one of those tough whips to bring back to Green-eye a lapsing memory of another masterful woman whose temperament had been so like his own.

David would not have suspected this little drama—would never have understood why Milly entered the tiger's den against his wishes—had it not been for Firefly, the jumping horse. On the previous day Firefly had given evidences of being off feed, and David arose early to see that a soft mash was given the animal. Not finding a stableman close at hand, he had mixed the feed himself and was going with it to the horse tent when the clank of a bar against the steel of the big cage caught his ear. Wondering who was in that quarter so early, David slipped into the big tent—at that very moment old Krantz swung Milly into the tiger's den.

David stood completely paralyzed with a fearing dread in those first few moments. Silent, unable to cry out, he stood with the

bucket of bran in his hand, staring at the slip of a woman, his wife, in the great cage. Green-eye did not at once move from his position on the floor, and as her entrance had been without noise, it was the first rustle of

He stood perfectly still. At the command he did not move. Suddenly a quiver ran over the brute, playing all his muscles into rigidity, electrifying him into a huge yellow devil that had known the open and its natural rewards.



"Once again Green-eye would become the drowsing yellow cat."

her silken skirt that told the beast of her presence.

David moved nearer, now afraid to speak for fear of disconcerting her. She must act for herself. At the first hiss of the whip, swiftly Green-eye lifted to his feet in a movement of sluggish grace. Then, slowly, he turned his head, and the big green eyes stared in all that intensity which is cruel, bestial.

He was a gorgeous thing, plainly malevolent, yet beautiful. David saw there was menace in the beast's pose, and his face went white; Krantz saw too; worst of all, Milly saw. Her eyes were lined with the tiger's. She seemed unable to move or to speak. Her face was drawn and set and pale. Her eyes stared fixedly into those gleaming orbs.

Green-eye uttered a snarl—this broke the terrible spell. His bound across the den's

center was not quicker than her pitiful cry. She threw forward the chair, lost her grip of it, and staggered aside to the door, screaming:

"He can see—He can SEE!!"

frantically over the floor of the den, wrecking the chair with frenzied strokes, biting, snarling, wiping at his eyes. Then he sprang at the bars, a hideous, glaring thing. There was a wick of hatred burning in each of the green eyes.



"David saw there was menace in the beast's pose."

There had been no waver, no hesitation in the spring. The leap had been straight, direct. The sweep of his paw had been as true as those which had kept him from starvation in the cattle country. The limping leg handicapped him, and he fell entangled by the four prodding legs of the chair. Then instantly he was blind again with Firefly's bucket of mash in his eyes. David's toss was accurate and vicious. The brute rolled

Milly, white and quivering, flung herself into David's arms.

"O David! David!" she cried, clutching him, *"he can see!"*

It was old Krantz who grunted, and poofed, and snorted in German irascibility at the wild idea of her fear.

"Life in the open will do it, Krantz," said David.

"See! ach Gott! what couldt make him see



"He stretched in the sinuous languor of the dozing cat."

when he aindt no eyes? You keept still aboudt this seeing, Milly! You loose the nerve, yes. See! couldt he see these last two, three years? No—Haaa! Well, blind is *blind*, aindt it?"

And Krantz, stolid, unreasoning, puttered

about the stake wagon until he found an ash club. He tested it, earnestly grunting.

They found Krantz at the bottom of Green-eye's cage several mornings later. It had been a good club; but—there was no bandage.

OH, TELL YOUR LOVE!

By ABIGAIL JAMES

OH, tell your love, ye Bashful Swains,
And seek not to conceal it;
Ye do not know the joy it brings
To maids for whom ye feel it!

I hid my love from her I loved,
To speak I was too shy;
From liking me, she came to love,
And wed—a Passer By!

A hidden love must always fade,
So, if ye have not told it,
Beware, for in its death it kills
The heart that once did hold it!



THE ELECTRIC HEADLIGHT REDUCES POSSIBILITIES OF ACCIDENT.

EMANCIPATION BY TROLLEY

BY MERRILL A. TEAGUE



TRANSPORTATION is the most vital and most formidable problem with which the American people are confronted. With it every community must grapple. When solution can be accomplished successfully, the resultant is prosperity; when this is denied, blight descends. And this problem is perennial. Each change in the life and character of a community presents it afresh and, generally, in a more intricate phase.

By natural processes, we have come to place our main reliance for transportation in the steam railroads. Few communities are so situated that they can employ navigable waters as a curb to control railroad greed and prevent discrimination. The canal is obsolete; the electric railroad is something of which few cities, or groups of cities, think in grappling with this vital problem. So there has

sprung up a sentiment which has placed one hobble upon steam-railroad corporations, and which bodes them ill for the future. The people are tired of entreaty and supplication, of railroad-owned monopolies, of the refusal of managements to provide sufficient motive power and rolling stock. Rumblings of public ownership grow louder under prolonged aggravation. That there is another way to the solution of this problem has been perfectly demonstrated.

In Indiana, the people long ago wearied by the same practices that now breed universal revolt against the steam railroads, set themselves to the task of determining this problem of transportation. And they did a strange and peculiar thing—their first endeavors afforded the steam-railroad owners and managers much amusement—they set about building their own railroads.

No longer do the steam-railroad interests smile in amusement. Seven years only have

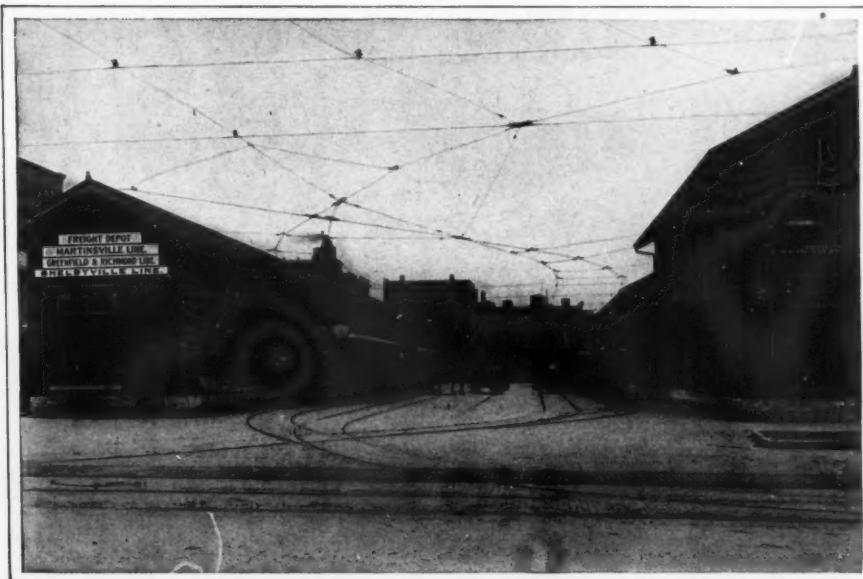
passed since the Indiana public went earnestly at this gigantic task. Yet in that brief period Indiana has so completely emancipated itself from steam-railroad monopoly that to-day there is not put forth by the former monarchs of the State so much as a pretense of competition with the railroads the people have built. Except in the matter of heavy, bulky freight, transportation in the most densely populated part of the State is now carried on by the people's railroads. And after this lapse of only seven years, Indiana leads the world in intercity electric-railroad construction and operation.

One thousand miles of track are now in operation; 350 miles are building and will be placed in operation early this year; another 2,000 miles are projected; every steam railroad out of Indianapolis has been paralleled; more than fifty million dollars have been invested actually in these railroad properties; passengers are carried at their convenience in clean and comfortable cars, and for one half the former fares; parcel and perishable freight goes forward to its destination most expeditiously and at reasonable charges, and the entire complexion of life in the Hoosier State has been changed.

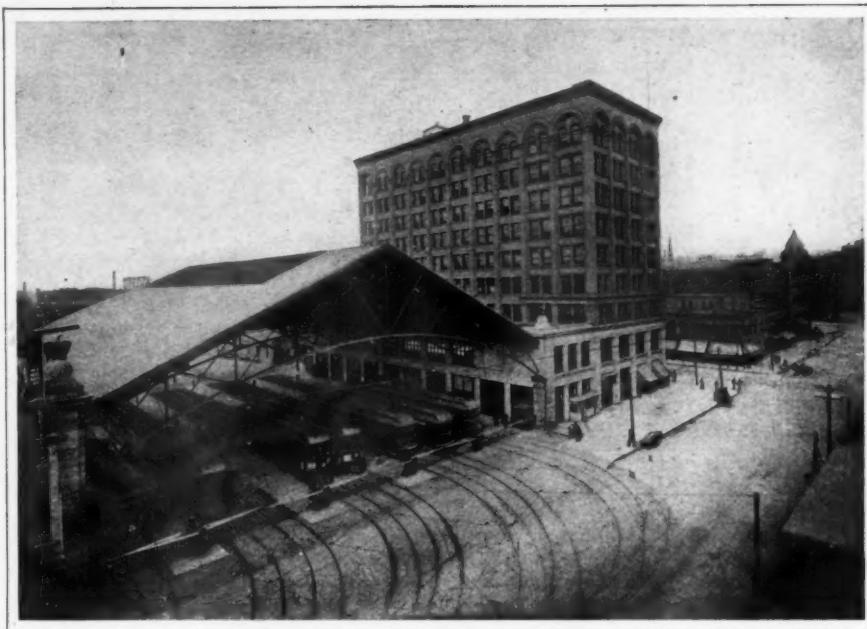
Twenty years ago that portion of Indiana

which is now covered by a mesh of steel trolley tracks was, essentially, an agricultural area. Indianapolis, the capital, was a city of fewer than 100,000 inhabitants. Famed as a railroad center because of a great convergence of lines, its commercial importance was only such as attends the distributing center of a large agricultural district. Travel into Indianapolis was slight. Once each year—at the time of the State Fair—the city was invaded by the ruralists; at other times it had to be real business that called one there from an outlying town or village. Anderson, Muncie, Marion, Portland, Wabash, Tipton, Logansport, La Fayette, Columbus, and other county towns within a radius of 100 miles of Indianapolis were then mere local trading points for agricultural districts.

In the late '80's natural gas was discovered in the counties northeast of Indianapolis. Almost magically, this area, embracing eleven counties, was transformed. Attracted by the assurance of cheap fuel and accompanying proximity to favorable markets, industry invaded the "Natural Gas Belt." Anderson leaped from 2,000 population to 20,000; Muncie to more than 30,000. Some places exceeded these records. Alexandria and Elwood, from nothingness, rose to be cities of



FREIGHT DEPOTS OF INTERURBAN LINES AT INDIANAPOLIS



THE TROLLEY TERMINAL BUILDING, INDIANAPOLIS

7,000 and 16,000, and, respectively, centers of the plate-glass and tin-plate industries of America.

This complete change in the character of these and all similar places, and the marvelous growth in population, reared up for solution problems of transportation with which neither the people nor the railroads had ever been confronted. Demand for freight facilities expanded so rapidly that the railroads were baffled. Endeavoring to comply, they forgot passenger accommodations, and kept accommodations for "way" freight where they were before expansion began.

Consequences of this expansion were conspicuous. A sedate, rural people suddenly grown prosperous, and inspired by the spectacle of nervous, excitement-seeking new blood infused from the older and less sedate industrial points, took on new habits, formed new demands. Glass workers came from Philadelphia and New Jersey; iron workers from about Pittsburgh. They wanted theaters, day's outings, revels in a city—the nearest was Indianapolis—if one would spend the night "in town." The former settled citizens quickly echoed these demands; they

wanted new amusements, new things to eat, new things to wear. Out of this sprang that demand for local passenger and light- and perishable-freight accommodations to which the railroads failed utterly to make proper response.

A glance at train figures for the year 1899—two years before an interurban car entered Indianapolis—will demonstrate this disregard for a condition then a decade old. The Big Four Railroad had a monopoly over transportation between Indianapolis and Anderson, Muncie, and Marion, the chief cities of the "Gas Belt." Muncie, distant 54 miles from Indianapolis, had, in 1899, five trains a day, each way. Of these, two were "express" trains, making the distance in about two hours, and there were "way" trains, scheduled to make the trip in a little more than three hours. Anderson had one more "way" train than Muncie. Marion had three trains each way, each day, the schedule for the 70 miles distance being three hours, connection being made at Anderson with the "express" trains from Muncie. La Fayette, on the Big Four, had five trains a day to Indianapolis, taking two hours for the 64-mile run. Ko-



HOW DANGEROUS CROSSINGS ARE AVOIDED

komo, on the Pennsylvania line, distant 54 miles, and Logansport, 77 miles away, had each two "way" trains; Richmond, 68 miles distant, on the Pennsylvania's New York-St. Louis trunk line, got four "express" and two "way" trains daily, while Columbus, 41 miles away on the same system's Louisville-Chicago line, had three express and three local trains daily.

For local freight accommodations, the conditions were even more execrable. It was the rule of the railroads out of Indianapolis to operate one "way" freight each way each day over each division terminating in the Capital City. Thus, over the Big Four, a "way" freight would run daily, except Sunday, from Indianapolis to Union City, a distance of 85 miles. I speak of this division because I have been familiar with it since boyhood, and because it is representative. Eastward bound, this train was scheduled to leave Indianapolis in the early morning hours, and make its terminus in twenty-four hours; commonly, it began to lose time before it got beyond the Indianapolis city limits, and arrived in Union City from ten to eighteen hours late. I have known it to be twelve hours late at Pendleton, 26 miles from Indianapolis.

For dealers who were expecting merchandise by these "way" trains; for farmers, in the

harvest season, who one day telephoned orders to Indianapolis for heavy machinery repairs and drove into town the next morning to get the parts, and especially for grocers who had to rely upon this facility for the transportation of perishable stuffs, delay was vexing and costly enough. But to add to the circumstances which at last drove Indiana to revolt, was a rule for the reception of freight at Indianapolis. Except where shipment was by carload lots—seldom the case with "way" freight—the railroads would not receive freight to-day at their Indianapolis terminals later than four o'clock in the afternoon, for shipment out to-morrow morning. Their excuse was that waybilling, loading, and making up trains for an early morning start necessitated this rule; the consignee of goods—especially of perishable stuffs—bore the burden. With the delay, perishables arrived at destination totally unfit for use; farmers lost entire days in their rush season, and every merchant was discommoded and subjected to the loss of sums that in the course of a year made serious inroads into his profit.

Such, in general terms, were the conditions which prevailed when Charles E. Henry, of Anderson, conceived the idea from which sprang Indiana's splendid system of interurban electric railroads.



PALACE EXPRESS CAR ON THE FIRST STEEL TROLLEY BRIDGE IN THE WORLD

What this system is, and what it has meant as a transportation emancipator, is revealed upon cursory examination of a trolley map of Indiana, and a statistical record of the various companies now operating high-speed passenger and freight railroads by electricity in that State. The trolley map which accompanies this article shows graphically how the lines in operation, under construction or projected, cover the State as with a net. During the present year the line to Louisville will be opened to traffic and a through-train service operated; the line from La Fayette to Chicago will be placed under construction, and the southeastern lines, which are aimed to provide a through service between Indianapolis and Cincinnati, pushed nearer to completion.

Each one of the roads operating at present parallels a steam railroad. Operating these existing lines are thirteen principal corporations, each of which has one or more subsidiaries. Total capitalization is \$41,150,000 in stock and \$43,080,500 in bonds, or slightly more than \$80,000 per mile of constructed road. This figure closely approximates the capitalization of the steam railroads of the country, and represents a "watered" value of about \$30,000,000, injected in the absorption and amalgamation processes that have been resorted to. Upon this enormous capital—the growth of seven years—the com-

panies are not only paying liberal dividend and interest charges, but are paying heavily for franchise privileges, notably in Indianapolis where the city system takes as a terminal and trackage fee three cents out of every five-cent fare collected in the city limits. In its financial phases, therefore, the solution of this transportation problem has resulted in a manner eminently satisfactory to those who engaged in the task. The public, which provides the revenue enjoyed by the corporations, is not wholly pleased; its demands are not entirely satisfied. But the condition of that public is so vastly improved; over what it was under the steam-railroad monopolies, that it is contented, confident that as long as it provides the revenue the traction corporations will, as rapidly as possible, increase and extend their facilities.

In the operation of these roads there is attained, in respect to passenger accommodations, an extreme of perfection. Contrasting this service with what was formerly, and is now, afforded by the steam railroads, one is able to appreciate the measure of the advance made since the installation of the electric-traction service. The subjoined table makes this contrast, showing the conditions of the service on the steam railroads before the interurban trolleys came to destroy their monopoly, present conditions, the passenger service pro-

vided by the trolleys, and respective rates of fare—all between Indianapolis and the chief cities reached by trolley lines radiating from the State metropolis.

To Indianapolis from

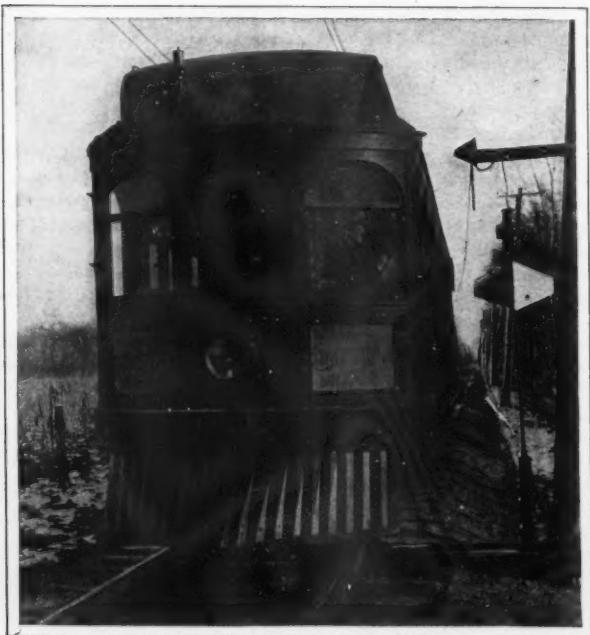
Miles	Trains per day	1899		1906		1906	
		Fare	By trolley	Trains	Fare	Trains	Fare
Anderson.....	39	6	\$1.10	9	20	\$0.60	
Muncie.....	54	5	1.65	7	18	.85	
Marion.....	70	3	2.10	3	16	1.05	
Wabash.....	90	3	2.70	3	14	1.40	
Union City.....	85	4	2.55	6	17	1.55	
Crawfordsville.....	43	4	1.30	4	13	.75	
Lebanon.....	28	5	.85	5	18	.45	
La Fayette.....	64	5	2.00	6	15	1.05	
Frankfort.....	47	4	1.40	3	15	.75	
Kokomo.....	54	2	1.65	3	17	.90	
Logansport.....	77	2	2.30	3	12	1.25	
Columbus.....	41	6	1.25	6	18	.65	
Franklin.....	41	6	1.25	6	18	.65	
Richmond.....	68	6	2.05	7	14	1.05	

Thus it will be seen that the traction lines, in addition to doubling, trebling, and even quadrupling the train service, have reduced the cost of passenger transportation by an

average of fifty per cent. When the first section of consequence in the present system—from Anderson to Indianapolis—was placed in operation, the Big Four Route endeavored to crush the new competition. Almost hourly trains were added to the service between these points, and the rates fixed by the traction line were met, and even cut under. But it was of no avail; passenger traffic on this division of the Big Four fell away until there remained only that of a through character. For local transport, the people used the trolley line almost exclusively. After a few months the Big Four abandoned this effort at competition; and no road that since has been paralleled by a trolley has undertaken to revive it, so complete was the Big Four failure.

The effect of this is illustrated in the record made at one little town—Pendleton—26 miles from Indianapolis. When the Big Four enjoyed monopoly of transportation to and from this place, the Pendleton agent remitted from \$15,000 to \$20,000 from passenger ticket sales every year. Sales at the Pendleton office of the Big Four do not average more than \$300 a month now; and, almost entirely, are for points not reachable by trolley.

The type of cars operated over these lines is attractive. Large as an ordinary steam-railroad passenger coach, they are vestibuled, comfortably furnished, and well ventilated. Commonly, they seat fifty persons in transverse seats. Toilet accommodations are provided, as is iced drinking-water. The forward portion of each car is given over to smokers, and in the express trains, which stop only at towns and cities, this compartment is carpeted and furnished with leather upholstered chairs of rattan. In local trains, which stop to take on or discharge passengers on signal, the smokers' compartment has bench seats, and in it is carried baggage and express freight. Each car has a conductor and a motorman for its crew. The motorman is isolated in the



TAKING TRAIN ORDERS BY TELEPHONE

forward vestibule and has at his finger tips levers and cords for his motor controller, air brakes, a hand brake, and a whistle blown by compressed air.

The trolleys operate express trains on alternate hours, and one or two "flyer" trains make exceptional speed. Four times daily the "Interstate Express" runs between Indianapolis and Dayton, making the trip of 109 miles in four hours and fifteen minutes. "The Marion Flyer" makes four trips each way each day, covering the 72 miles between Indianapolis and Marion in two hours and twenty-five minutes, while "The Fort Wayne Flyer" makes the run of 136 miles in about four hours and a half. On these trains, for which the extra-fare charge is very small, and which are as perfectly appointed as a Pullman palace car, light buffet luncheons are served. Experiments are being made with sleeping cars by these trolley companies, and with the opening of the through lines a sleeping-car service will be instituted.

Overcrowding is an evil which, frequent as is their train service, these trolley companies have not overcome. Overcrowding arises from the fact that the trains are of the single-car type, and the companies do not furnish "trailers" for the short hauls during rush hours, all trains running "through." The recently created State Railroad Commission of Indiana is already considering its ability to require interurban trolley companies to provide fuller accommodations, and relief is expected.

All of these companies make a feature of low-priced Sunday excursions. At convenient points along their lines they are maintaining amusement resorts. For the excursion crowds trailers are provided, and trains are run in sections, but so heavy is the traffic that, aside from the dirt, the discomfort is as great as on the ordinary popular-priced excursion on the steam road.

At Indianapolis the terminal facilities are superior to those provided by the steam railroads. A ten-story building in the center of



CAR DISPATCHER'S OFFICE IN DIRECT TELEPHONE CONNECTION WITH ANY POINT ON THE LINE

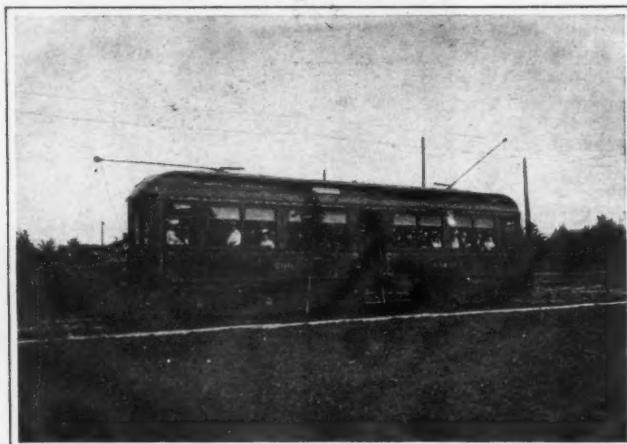
the shopping district contains the general offices of the companies. Back of it is a great train shed sheltering eleven tracks, and beyond are the freight warehouses. The ground floor of the terminal structure is given over to a union ticket office, to waiting rooms and lavatories for men and women, and to a great concourse. All the trolleys entering Indianapolis arrive at and depart from this terminal; trains are called by megaphone, and tickets must be shown at the gate before passing to the tracks.

The traction companies from a very early period began to handle freight and express matter, doing at first a purely local traffic and seeking to build up a business among the farmers. The business has grown greatly, so that now regular runs of freight and express cars are made carrying freight from Indianapolis, sometimes to points in Ohio, as well as to points in Indiana off of the company's lines. The rates are the same as those of the steam roads, but the service is much quicker. The statement is frequently made that the companies furnish express service at freight rates. Up to the present time the freight side of the interurban business in Indiana has been only an inconsiderable part of the business, not exceeding five per cent of the total receipts of the companies, but it is thought that this is capable of further development. On the

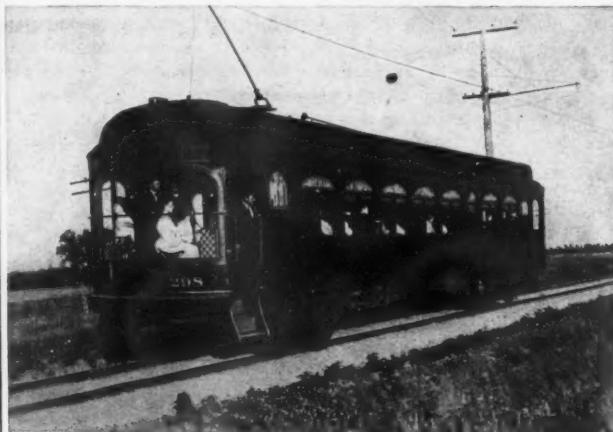
steam roads the situation is reversed, the freight business being from eighty to eighty-five per cent, and the passenger business from fifteen to twenty per cent.

Live stock is not handled. Under the con-

Aside from the quicker transportation given to freight matter, accommodation in the reception of merchandise for shipment has popularized the trolleys for freight. Instead of an arbitrary time limit for the reception of



PRIVATE CAR WITH FACILITIES FOR SLEEPING, BATHING,
AND COOKING BY ELECTRICITY



LATEST TYPE OF BUFFET EXPRESS CAR

tracts with the city of Indianapolis it cannot be handled, and the companies are not equipped to handle it and would not care to do so. Neither do the companies seek to carry what is called "coarse" freight, but only the classes of freight which justify a frequent and rapid service.

shipments, as is still the rule with the steam roads, the trolley companies, at any station, take merchandise up to the moment of dispatching a train. The result is that virtually all the light parcel and perishable merchandise transported within the trolley district now goes by the electric roads. Freight trains are

operated at regular and frequent hours, but under pressure of large shipments the companies will load and send out as many freight cars as are required daily.

Some problems of construction, notable in character, have been as perfectly solved by the promoters of the Indiana traction lines as has been the general puzzle of transportation. Originally the farmers along projected inter-urban routes cheerfully donated right of way

depositing proper bonds the companies may take the land selected and rush their construction work.

All of the Indiana trolley lines are built to endure, and to insure the most economical operation. Grades and curves have been reduced to a minimum; streams are crossed on independent steel bridges; the roadbed is rock- and gravel-ballasted; the rails are of steel, and generally are of eighty- and ninety-



A SLEEPER WITH CHAIRS INVERTED INTO BERTHS

to the traction company, or exchanged their land for stock in the corporations. But, scenting early the magnitude of the traction development, the farmers began to hold out for extreme prices. The answer of the trolley promoters was an appeal to the State Legislature, and in 1901 an act was passed giving to street-railway corporations constructing inter-urban lines the same rights of eminent domain as have always been enjoyed by the steam roads. A steam-railroad lobby was powerless to prevent the enactment of this law. Construction does not, however, wait upon the issue of condemnation proceedings, as by

pound size. Electric current is fed through overhead wires, power being generated in great central stations and sent at tremendous voltage by cable to substations, where it is "stepped down" to the voltage required. Every car is equipped with a "pilot," or "cowcatcher," at the motor end, and is provided with a motor-driven air compressor for the operation of air brakes.

Dispatching by telephone, and the air brake for trolleys, both had their origin on these Indiana lines—they were products of necessity. Long before the first car was constructed for an Indiana traction line, Mr.

Henry, foreseeing the necessity of something more effective than a hand brake, if speed and safety were to be attained, wrote into the specifications the stipulation for an air compressor with a motor drive.

The dispatching by telephone came about by an evolutionary process. Each motorman's cab contains a small transmitter and receiver. These are wired to a pole, on the end of which are two flat zinc slates. At each siding is a loop from the telephone line, strung on the trolley supporting poles. Arriving at a siding, the motorman opens his cab window, projects the pole, and hooks the zinc plate into the telephone wire loop. In the dispatcher's office is an operator with a head receiver. Before him is a train-order sheet. The motorman repeats his number and location, and in turn receives orders for meeting and passing other trains. These he transcribes in duplicate on printed blanks, and both he and his conductor must sign and surrender them at the end of the run. Since dispatching by telephone came into use, there has not been a single disastrous collision, and travel by trolley has been made safer than travel by steam.

In the course of a few years this intercity electric system will so web the State and beyond, that there will be small occasion for anybody to use the steam roads to transport

themselves or their freight to Chicago, Louisville, Cincinnati, Columbus, Pittsburg, Cleveland, Toledo, and Detroit.

The development of freight carriage by electricity is in its infancy. Completion of the line now building from

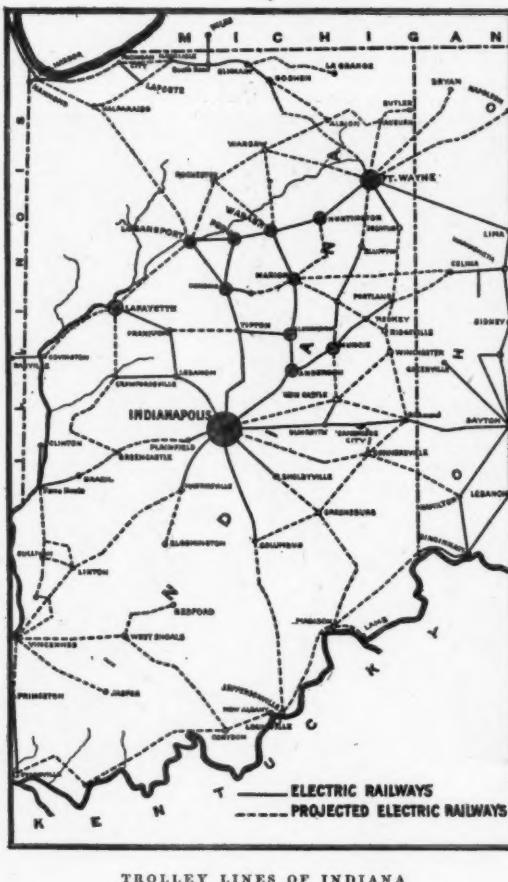
Indianapolis to the soft-coal fields of southern Indiana will mark the beginning of an era in which the steam railroads will have to depend for tonnage originating in Indiana, upon consignments to points far beyond State boundaries.

Investors in these traction lines have ample security, and earnings are so large that dividend payments are generous, while six per cent interest charges upon bonds are met without difficulty.

The taxable basis of every county traversed by the traction lines has been enormously increased, and the increase of county and State revenues — from assess-

ments upon traction property, and the increased valuation of adjacent real estate—have left available for general expenditures large portions of the sums formerly received from taxation.

There is afforded to the traveler clean, quick, and comfortable transportation at any hour of the day, at a price so reasonable that his saving more than compensates him for the small additional time required for electric travel. His baggage is carried with him. And



TROLLEY LINES OF INDIANA

if a party is organized for the theater in Indianapolis, or for any other purpose, the traction company will furnish a special car for its accommodation, run it in the users' own time, allowing for an after-theater supper, and charge for it only the regular fare. By reason of the multiplicity of trains, commercial travelers are able to visit double and treble the number of towns they could formerly "make." The use of the horse between towns in the electric belt, and between farms along the electric lines and towns, has been almost abandoned; and grass now grows in what formerly were splendid gravel pikes, so little are they used. And with these well-nigh perfect facilities for passenger transportation—modified only by the overcrowding which soon may be ended—the patrons of the roads are saving an average of fifty per cent of the former cost of travel.

But the most important effect has been the sweeping change in the life and character of the communities in the electric-railroad zone. Every one travels and travels much; and these small town residents have become city frequenters, theatergoers, and as they rub elbows with a world which lies beyond the village confines, they have broadened and improved their views of life.

The farmer feels all of this effect and more. He now runs into town and back within the hour. He no longer has to lose a day when a machine breaks. A quick trip to the nearest town, a telephone message to the repair depot, and the part is forwarded by the next car. He seldom loses more than two hours because of a breakdown. His light marketing is made simple and easy, and instead of tramping or driving miles to school, his children go now by trolley into the nearest town, and have ample

time to assist with the morning and evening work.

The trolley has made Indianapolis the trading center for the entire electrified region. Only small and unimportant shopping is now done in the villages; for everything else required, shoppers now "run down" to Indianapolis, or into Anderson, Muncie, Marion, Kokomo, or one of the other trolley centers. Compensating communities for the loss of this small retail trade, there is, besides the savings already cited, employment new in its character afforded scores of the residents of these villages. Electric trains—passenger, freight, construction, and repair—are to be manned; and the traction companies require large office and clerical forces. All of this labor has been drawn from the sections through which the trolley lines pass. To be added to this is the revenue from the work that village residents are doing in the cities. Scores of young men and women who formerly idled their time at home are now employed in Indianapolis and the smaller cities, "commuting" morning and evening. The result is more money and wider prosperity for all concerned. And against the city competition, the small retailer makes no complaint. He has his immediate compensations. The telephone and the trolley make it possible for him to carry smaller stocks; quick dispatch and transit by trolley freight bring his perishables to him in salable condition.

Results similar to these, and of even greater scope, will be attained whenever a group of communities can win emancipation from steam-railroad monopoly. They have been attained in Indiana where, although it is now unparalleled, the trolley development is still in its infancy.

COLOR SONG

By ARCHIBALD SULLIVAN

WHITE

I AM the prayers of an unkissed mouth
That prays for a silver rose,
I am the love of the dead that comes
From a land that no one knows.

I am a pearl from the waveless sea,
The soul of a lily gone,
I am the star at Heaven's gate
The Virgin sleeps upon.



Drawn by D. C. Hutchison.

"At intervals they changed places, working carefully past each other."

THE GREATER HATE

BY ROY NORTON

ILLUSTRATED BY D. C. HUTCHISON



HE wilderness brought them together. The wilderness compelled them to cry "Truce," and the wilderness glowered at them ever as they wandered through it seeking with desperate struggles the preservation of their self-valued lives.

One was tall and swart with the hand-painting of the sun reflected from Arctic snows. The other was short and stocky, with the beetling brow and somber look of the man who has trying heart history written in the deeps within him. And they, fellow-travelers for the time but hating each other ever, fared away together.

Hunger walked with them and lent staggers to their steps as the squeakings of their snow shoes blended together at their meeting place. Below them for indefinite miles stretched the cañon up which they had come, its only relief from snowy whiteness being the darker copses of green where pine boughs protruded. On all sides, save that slit in the sky line, huge mountains thrust fiercely jagged fingers into the blue and interposed ice-clad steeps. And their only trail of escape from the leering, malignant companion hunger was up and over the icy range. They were mere microscopic things of animation which must assault and conquer the sides of this immense, formidable pocket, or die.

The tall man, hearing the creaking of those other snow shoes, and for the instant stimulated by hope, suddenly pulled himself together and hurried toward the point where their individual paths might meet. From his lips there started forth a glad shout of greeting, but the noise died away in his throat with a curious, clucking intonation as he recognized the other.

The man ahead turned at the sound, gave an involuntary start, and faced the one who would have hailed him. His somber eyes glowered at the other steadily with a world of readable hatred in their depths, but his lips opened not. He stood, despite his inward weakness, with the stolidity of a bull meditating a fierce attack, a certain over-awing deadliness of intensity in his immobility, while the swart one palpably shook and reached for the weapon which was entangled in the ragged belt of his ragged mackinaw. With his hand on the gun he gave salute, challenge, and interrogation in a monosyllabic "Well, Tom?"

Unwinkingly, but with a certain defined contempt in his look, the other slowly replied, "Not now, Jack; not now, I guess."

The hand of the taller man slid hesitatingly away from the pistol butt. He stood questioningly for what seemed a long time, and then, as if his every nerve had weakened, he stumbled forward beseeching: "Grub, for God's sake, grub! I have eaten nothing for the last two days."

Again there was a pause, but no throb of weakness in the voice that wearily answered, "Nor I for three days."

It was like a blow to the tall man. He squatted on his heels, twisted his fingers and moaned, while tears dripped unheeded down his bearded face. Tom remained immovable and brooding. Here before him was the object of his years of search—the other man and his revenge. Here at his feet, groveling in weakness and selfish self-pity, was the one for whom he had sought over thousands of miles of land and sea, through frontier camps and frontier hills, through great woods and greater mountains, and off up here into the heart of unknown and uninhabited Alaska—and all for this!

Through all those years he had thought that when this man was found the end would come without delay. He had pictured to himself the savage joy and satisfaction of the kill. God! How he wanted to kill!

It was this starved and weakened and sobbing thing that in those far-away years had stepped in between him and his betrothed—the only woman who had commanded all his heart's homage—and with cunning lies, clever insinuations, and heartless malignments had estranged her. Yes, worse than that, had taken her for his own and then instead of cherishing her had made her life such a hell on earth that she had been glad to pass from this into the portals of another world—had been glad to rest—to sleep—to find the great quiet.

And never until she lay dying in his arms had he known all this. And never until then had he realized that life could hold as its sole object and ambition a desire to kill another man. Never until then had he known that hatred could become so intense, so cumulative, so pervading, that even in the nights it filled sleep with fierce combat and savage triumph and brutal exultation. Sometimes in those years he had vaguely wondered whether or not his sanity had been broached upon; sometimes he wondered whether the steadfast resolution within him that had always been a part of his nature had not become distorted. But always, as time went on, the difficulties of finding this man had acted upon his stubbornness and only increased his determination.

And all for this!

Now his eyes sought those of the other.

"She is dead," he said in a monotone, almost as if speaking to himself and uttering a commonplace.

"Good God! And—and—"

"Yes. She remembered and forgave you. But I haven't. You killed her."

The tall man buried his face in his arms upon his knees and his body shook with sobs. The other watched unmoved. The fire of speech that had fanned the murder light into his eyes was followed by more brooding.

The few minutes that had slipped away since they met seemed ages. Suddenly the terrors of their own position smote upon them, and together they turned and faced that terrific and forbidding wall that towered above them, a plane of snow whose crusted surface glistened coldly repellent.

"No other chance," said the stocky one, more to the mountainside than to his hearer.

"No," was admitted. "To go around any other way takes twenty days. That means—" He shrugged in hopelessness.

As if by common thought and single impulse, they loosened their packs of blankets which must be abandoned and dropped them upon the snow, their smaller camp impedimenta jangling as it fell. Eying each other to see whether the truce was to be in full, they discarded their rifles. They tightened their belts around their torn and worn garments. Their snowshoes were unthonged and lashed fantastically across their backs. They were ready.

And thus with but a pick and shovel they assaulted the mountain range, cutting foothold in its glassy face and climbing upward, like doggedly persistent insects, toward the ridges high above them. With the instincts of the mountaineer they had chosen the lowest place in this three-sided battlement, which shut them off from the other side of the divide where were cabins and—grub.

At intervals as they progressed they changed places, working carefully past each other, the one in front cutting—always cutting—footholds into which the moccasins fitted, mere toeholds between them and death. And the one in the rear always repeated the same gesture and pose, the planting of the shovel point alongside, the leaning forward against the face of the frozen snow, and the holding of the arms overhead as a protection against the stray bits of ice chipped out from above.

Hour after hour they advanced at snail's pace until the great trees in the cañon far below them looked like a mere fringe of green against the foot of the interminably long and horrifyingly steep incline.

The breeze came coldly down upon them from off the altitudes, and, although but a soft movement of air, it seemed to them in their precarious footholds as a terrific and demoniacal gale, striving steadily and cruelly to wrest them from their clutch and hurl them to swift destruction. Coldness and weariness piled on and on until the gnawings of starvation were forgotten.

Even the mountain was an enemy, whose glacial face was imbued with life. Now it jeered them; now, with devilish animosity, it put forth hands to shove them off. When they dared look, the peaks across the cañon seemed watching them derisively, but with

great solemnity. They felt how infinitely puny they were, and in their weakness and fatigue and danger it seemed that even the whirling of the earth was palpable and a menace. The gray of the skies, leaden and uniform, became a shroud ready to cover them both. The immensity of height overpowered them and they dared not look downward. And though they might falter and wish to retrace their steps, it would be impossible, for the warmth of their moccasins melted slightly their tiny footings, which as they abandoned them became peculiarly slippery and absolutely treacherous. There was no hope of anything but to gain the top. And then? Perhaps even then there would be no hope. Perhaps all this was useless, and it might be better to surrender to the mountain now. The end would come quickly—yes—it wouldn't take long to fall.

Yet that subconscious desire to live—just to live a little longer—held them and made them fight their way upward; but their mouths broke no silence. There was no sound other than that of the ringing pick nibbling its way for fresh footholds and gnawing an almost invisible ladder toward hope.

And so they reached the crest of the divide, a wind-swept ridge where little swirls of cutting, blinding, biting snow smote them in their faces and drove chill teeth into their starved bodies.

They rested, lying on their arms and gathering strength for the traversal of the ridge which stretched away before them like a narrow path on the backbone of the world. Chilled with their respite they arose to their feet and staggeringly made their way along this pathway to shelter and food. Still the malignancy of the mountains was upon them and the ridge seemed to diminish as they advanced, rendering their positions more precarious and their footing more difficult. The tall one took the lead. Behind him, with steadier step, grim face, and clinched fingers, strode the smaller one. They slipped now and again as they went, and always they looked only at their feet, fearing the unnerving of a glance outward into the depths on either side. Sometimes they leaned to the icy blasts until they looked like attenuated scarecrows wavering in the wind and aslant. Their feet rose and fell with clumsy irregularity and without the firmness of strength. Their weakness told upon them.

With the shock of the unexpected the feet of the man in front slipped. His ice-in-

crusted moccasins gave forth a rasping sound as he vainly fought for firmer footing; his arms, holding the burden of the shovel, wrenched wildly to and fro, and with strange sprawlings of awkwardness he fell off the apex of the ridge and slid from its meager flatness out upon the ice-clad declivity. His body seemed to shoot downward in a straight line, flying always with greater speed on the steep slope, which terminated in nothingness—a nothingness across whose brink was wide space and at the foot of which, thousands of feet below, stood the pine trees dwarfed by distance into solid colors. And as he went, feet foremost, he still clutched, in hands upraised at length above his head, the shovel.

It was this thwarted the sentence of the mountain. Its sharp corner clove into the crust with a gritting "skr-r-r," turning up in its flight a little furrow of snow that whisked weirdly away as a cloud of diamonds adrift. It acted as a brake striving by chance to arrest tragedy. It caught on a stronger projection of ice. The outshooting body of the man came to a sudden stop and almost jerked loose the hands which, with the blind instinct of self-preservation, clung tensely to the only hold between him and the abyss.

The stocky man, paralyzed by the suddenness of the catastrophe, stood high above him, the pick still over his shoulder and one hand in his pocket. In outline against the sky, he looked a firmly immovable statue, a part of the mountain watching a mere spectacle of interest.

His eyes stolidly felt out those of the man below and caught the detail of the swart face grown pallid in extremity.

"Good-by, Tom"—a grim and simple salute from the dying—was wafted up to him.

He carefully sat down on the edge of the white gateway to death and gazed as one fascinated. His reasoning was that of one dulled by physical stress and grounded on personal hatred. It told him that this accident was no fault of his, nor could he be expected to attempt a rescue. Such an attempt were, after all, merely throwing the gauntlet in challenge to the inevitable. That bank of snow, under double weight, would probably become an avalanche to carry them both out to the edge of the precipice, and over it into space, and down, and down, to form part of the covering for the waiting pines a thousand feet below—cruel in their expectancy.

Accident had saved him the trouble of killing. Death was the only sequel. It had been so sworn. His mind traveled backward in review, reiterating as in all the past years of quest the part this man had played in his own tragedy. It was troublesome to sit there and think while those eyes vaguely questioned his. Jack need expect no rescue from him. He was not worthy, and even the attempt would mean useless self-sacrifice.

The shovel slipped a little, although the man hanging to it had even eased his breathing to avoid jarring its tenure of the ice.

The figure of stern Justice on the brink above leaned forward as though fascinated with the imminent climax, and then, animated by a new thought, sprang into activity. Hurriedly he seized the pick and drove its point into the ice below his feet. The necessity for haste was upon him, and he furiously chipped step after step, angling his way toward the imperiled one's feet, and in his frenzied energy he was heedless of the danger of starting a snowslide, the hungry yawning of the gulf below, or the slipperiness of his own working surface. Once more with him it was a combat with nature, and he fought the fight strongly.

With rare forethought he cut a deeper and broader gash in the unfeeling wall, almost on the verge of the chasm, and eased the slackened frame of the tall man down beside him. With all his strength he steadied him into the little grooves which serrated the terrible slide, boosted him upward when opportunity offered, and all in silence.

Collapsed and nerveless, struggling for breath, and clutching the narrowness of the mountain, they lay face downward on the top, each striving for mastery of emotion. In each was the same weakening of the knees, the violent pumping of the heart, and the terror of the immensity that stretched with such magnificent unfeelingness away from them, a white and frigid panorama below their eerie perch. Yet neither spoke.

Jack looked curiously at his companion and gulped in his effort to control himself. Why Tom had rescued him was beyond reason or comprehension. When the latter said, "We must move along," he obeyed without hesitation or comment.

With great caution they resumed their journey out to a place offering easy descent in the way they would go. In the rescued man's mind there surged a tumult of thought not untinged with remorse. A dormant

sentiment awakened, that of regret and gratitude. It was hard to express, and as he stumbled onward he tried to frame a speech. The silence of the Arctic was upon him. They had reached timber level and found in this quietude an unreal world where every twig bore a highly piled burden of frost, where everything was deathly still and life itself seemed expectant.

He stopped abruptly in an open spot between tall trees with the feeling that he was in a cathedral, and must break through this awful speechlessness and into the mind of that other.

Words came fumblingly. "I want to thank you, Tom. Want to thank you for that back up there. It was—was mighty good of you."

"Good? Good?" came the response in such pent fury that he shrank back amazed. "Good! God, man, I didn't do it because I was good or didn't want you to die." And as he spoke his voice crept from one of repression to unbridled passion; arose to a strained pitch as if floodgates were bursting with the sweep of an irresistible torrent.

The sun lent the glow of a dying day, and through rifted clouds shot reddish rays upon his fiercely working face as he furiously twisted his cap from his head and madly flung it on the snow. He strode forward in this light a picture of ferocity, his shaggy head drawn down within his shoulders, his hair bristling with rage, and his sparsely bearded chin thrust outward. His eyes glared with murderous madness from beneath eyebrows drawn into a straight thatch, his lips were snarled back exposing teeth so tightly locked that the muscles of his jowls stood forth in ridges, and his hands clinched and unclinched. All barriers of restraint broke. He was the primeval savage with only savagery as his guide.

"Good!" he reiterated. "Damn you! Is that what you think? No! No! No! I brought you up because that way was too cursed quick and easy for you! Brought you up because when the time comes I want to drag your worthless life from your more worthless body with my hands. Damn you—with my hands! Want to set my teeth in your throat and know that you suffer as your life goes out. God! I wish I could make you suffer a million deaths! Suffer as you've made me suffer—as she suffered. Why, curse you, your wife died in my arms, and so did your deserted baby."

Trembling with rage he strode upon the other and seemed, as he towered above him, bent on the consummation of his desire to slay. But Jack cowered down upon one knee, surprise and remorse written in his startled eyes and opened lips.

"A babe? She left a babe—my baby!" he muttered, thinking aloud. "And I never knew!" This day and perhaps other days had wrought upon him. Now came facts marshaled from the years and passing in dread review before the judgment of his introspection. A woman's love unfairly won, then crushed under foot; the unmerited gift of paternity, then the shirking of a father's responsibilities. The joys of pure thinking and pure living with that wife and child ruthlessly sacrificed on the slimy altar of greed and selfishness, adventure and debauchery. His littleness and selfishness and cruelty came upon him in his bitter realization of barren, naked truth. In this awakening and merciless self-arrainment he hated himself, admitted that he merited death at this man's hands and was willing to accept it.

He raised himself to his feet with his whole thought speaking in the twitching of his face, and in one tragic, sweeping gesture of surrender threw back his opened hands and said: "You're right! My life can't pay, Tom. Take it! I don't want to live."

Tom paused with straining fingers outstretched in the very act of clutching at his enemy's throat. His muscles relaxed and his arms dropped heavily to his sides. Amazed at that turn and by the other's relinquishment he paused irresolute.

The light was going. He looked from right to left as if awakening from a bad dream, dazed and uncomprehending. He was back in the world of isolation again, back in the little clearing in the Arctic wilderness, cold and weak and hungry and weary. He picked up his mittens from the snow.

"Not now," he said. "Not now. I guess we'd better mush ahead."

As the long miles stretched out Jack began to weaken more and more. At times he staggered and fell, and with difficulty regained balance on his snowshoes. His arms would thrust themselves through the crust shoulder deep and his body would laboriously writhe and strain to withdraw them. His tenure of the thongs was uncertain and his steps were dragging and halting. Through all this Tom came behind apparently unmoved and callous. Only once or twice toward the

last, when the effort to arise became too much for Jack, did he offer assistance.

The night shadows, with stealthy creeping, transformed the sky and rendered the way harder. Insistently they walled in the world with darkness. By and by the clouds dissipated into the chill heavens, and on the white of the snows came the dim reflection of the stars. But the journey was near an end.

Far across an opening in the black masses of the forest and over the dead fields of white, a light from a cabin window sent a glittering pathway toward them—a beacon of life in the loneliness.

Hope fed their starved frames with new fire and diminished the leaden weight of their snowshoes. They went stronger, and Jack fell less frequently. They struggled harder now that a goal was at hand, knowing that across this last stretch of weariness were refuge and food.

As they approached the black, squatly cabin, whose snow-laden roof was outlined against a group of pines, the night painted the picture. Behind it and away off in the dim and mysterious north, the northern lights were spreading a dull glow of red and purple, preliminary to a grander display. The trees on the mountaintops were silhouetted against this sullenly flaming curtain and a hilltop in the near background was sharply defined. Dimly outlined, a trail led away from the front of the cabin toward this hill, and to other habitations in those other miles across its summit.

The man behind broke the silence. "Here's where you stop," he said. "I'm going on."

The other turned slowly on his shoes and faced him, vaguely realizing and understanding a hatred so great that it rendered, even in this terrible distress, one cabin roof too small for both. He was overwhelmed.

"Tom," he said, "I told you back there to-day that I didn't want to live. Well—I don't. You said 'not then.' Better make it now!" He stood waiting.

"Killing's too good for you." Tom's voice, fraught with malevolence, came through the gloom. "Damn you! I hope now that you live forever and never forget!"

He thrust his bearded face forward until his eyes glared into those of the swart one, and concluded between unopened teeth: "By God! You can keep your life. I'm going to leave you with your memory. It'll be hell enough."

Then, with a laugh in which was all of concentrated bitterness and insolent scorn, he trudged away into the darkness.

Hearing, but unheeding, he gave no recognition of the tragic call, "Tom, Tom!" that was borne to him on the wings of the night from the man behind.

The latter cowered and shivered, a quivering figure of despair, and watched the other as he went. His punishment was already upon him. Prescience told him of the awful years to come with no other companions than memory and remorse and the knowledge that the man going out had so hated him that he had given him his life.

Mantled in his hopelessness he staggered toward the cabin door, but before entering turned once more to the north.

There the lights had crept out and upward, throwing coldly gorgeous fingers of

weird, uncanny fires across the sky. Purples and dull reds and unknown colors swept to and fro, blended with marvelous rapidity, and brought out still stronger the outline of the hill.

Into this outline there came a slowly plodding form. First the head, then the shoulders, then the entire body, like one arising from a sea of blackness into a world of color. It was Tom crossing the hill.

In this glory of the night he saw him vanish over the horizon, a triumphant figure of vengeance, limned for the moment in sharp grotesqueness, limping onward to the next cabin, grimly conscious of a great revenge and with his quest at an end.

And with the watcher at the door were those two others left behind to give him throughout his weary life their stern companionship —Memory and Remorse.

A FACE

By ELLEN BURNS SHERMAN

THRESCORE years and ten immortal soul had wrought
 Upon a mortal face,
 With implements too delicate for human eye
 And deathless patience only master spirits know.
 When rainbows arched the sky or deep the shadows fell,
 The tireless soul etched on—
 In faint or bolder strokes that grace and humor blent
 With stronger lines deep-cut by firm courageous will.
 With adoration deep and faith the spirit wrought,
 With hope and love whose touch
 Such high transfiguration brings that half it seemed
 An angel's hand its fair illumination lent.
 And oft the soul did use the sharpened points of pain
 To tone the curves of joy,
 Or tender lines of pity drew whose softness gave
 The warmth of shadows blue o'er mountains cold and gray.
 And reverent wonder left its tracery of awe
 Upon the mobile face,
 Where shone the rapture light of holy vigils kept
 Against the evil powers that pitch their camps within.
 So wrought the yearning soul with powers invisible,
 With aspiration high,
 With purity and truth, until its masterpiece
 Was done and mete for judgment halls of life and death.
 Oh, soul of mine! when I behold how victory crowns
 A face with glory's ray,
 Shall not my very pulses cry, oh, soul repeat;
 Repeat in me this radiant miracle in clay!

HICKS OF HACKENSACK

BY PORTER EMERSON BROWNE

ILLUSTRATED BY GORDON GRANT



OU doubtless never knew Hicks of Hackensack; which is your loss rather than his, for, while there are probably very many people who are much like you, there is but one Hicks.

When he was still of a tender age, his parents had been called to greener fields and, realizing that he would be about as capable of earning a livelihood as a canary would of playing Mendelssohn's "Spring Song" on a comb, they had left him amply provided with this world's goods and in such a way that he couldn't unprovide himself, as he assuredly would have done if he had a chance.

From the time when ideas first began to coagulate in the cavity that Nature had intended for his brain (but which she had grown to abhor), he was always mounted on some ridiculous hobby or other and he could change 'em like a pony express rider. When the historical (or more properly hysterical) novel came in, Hicks climbed up on it, shoved his feet 'way through the stirrups, clutched his fingers in the mane, and began to lament that he hadn't lived in those glorious days of old when, if a man said "Good morrow, faire ladye" to another man's fiancée, there was immediately something doing at the morgue; and it made no difference whether or not the man knew of the engagement at the time, and more often than not he wouldn't even learn the reason of his premature demise until he sent back from the Other Side to inquire into it. Had Hicks lived in those days, it is my opinion that his light would have been snuffed so suddenly that he wouldn't have had time to offer another gallant snuff.

But you couldn't tell him so. He had conceived an ambition to be known as a devil of a

fellow, and he used to come down to the club and descend upon the glorious lives led by those superheated old beggars who would bet on whose mother-in-law would die first, and wager their money and that of their wives, and as much of their friends' as they could get their hands on, as a side bet on the weather while shaking for drinks.

And he'd rave over elopements and affairs of honor and all such rot until one night Monty Fiske waxed weary, i' sooth, and told him that if he wanted a duel, he knew where he could get it; and he could have his choice of any weapon from disappearing guns to canned oysters; and after that, Hicks confined his maundering to other things.

When these latter-day writers, having swallowed all over the map, began to fake up new lands to conquer and to put all sorts of impossible heroes into all sorts of more impossible situations in all sorts of most impossible places, that was where Hicks lived. He positively itched to mire himself to the eyes in some intrigue or other, and whenever he thought of persecuted damsels he used to froth at the mouth in an impotent desire to find them and marry them out of their troubles even if he had to move to Utah to do it. And when he'd get to imagining that, in some unknown principality, there might be a beauteous princess whose kingly father was about to sacrifice her to Black Bill, the Troublesome Brother, in order that he might keep for himself a throne to sit down on when he was tired, Hicks would positively moan with longing and hopeless desire.

But he couldn't find a princess, or even a duchess, or a maid of honor, you know; so he took it out in seeking, and in calling himself Hicks of Hackensack.

Hicks of Hackensack wasn't very good,

but it was the best he could do; for Hackensack was the only place with which he had ever had any permanent connection, and Hicks was a long way better than Bildad, which was the name that his parents, in a moment of meanness, had given him. I presume that they felt that they must get even in some way for having to leave their money to him.

He used to repine a good deal that his name wasn't Rhinekopf, or Karl; Karl of Carlsbad, he once mourned to me would sound so much better than Hicks of Hackensack. But he couldn't go back and change history; so Hicks of Hackensack it had to be.

This pose of Hicks was rendered all the more ridiculous because he was built along the general lines of a clothes-horse. He was round-shouldered, nearsighted, anaemic, and wore spectacles, and he looked exactly like the pastor of a small, bucolic flock—one of that kind, you know, that spends all its time making red-flannel lung protectors for a heathen that would swap three shiploads of 'em for two fingers of one-X corn whisky and a couple of stogies. And when he began to rip out those archaic cuss words, it surprised you as much as it would if a yearling lamb should growl at you and show its fangs.

Although Hicks was so full of desire for the reputation of a rakehell and a gay doggie that it bugged his eyes out even farther than Nature had set them, he couldn't seem to make good. He had the ambition and the means, but he couldn't apply them. He tried several times, but things didn't turn out the way that they should according to the books.

I remember one night when we were leav-

ing the club, we saw a woman struggling in the embraces of a large man who had been trying in a small way to corner the liquor market.

Hicks ran to her succor, crying, "Unhand the fair lady, thou scurvy knave!" and caught the scurvy knave a feeble swing on a jaw that looked like a Belgian block.

The scurvy knave forthwith unhandled the fair lady and undertook to hand Hicks instead. And then the fair lady hit Hicks behind the ear with a bottle and asked him

huskily what the — eh — what he meant by interfering with man and wife who were engaging in a pleasant bit of repartee and strictly minding their own business, and told him that if he didn't chase himself out o' there, she'd knock his roof off. Hicks really didn't want to stay, but just then he was busy and couldn't get away; and thus the fair lady was almost as good as her word. Hicks was in bed only ten days.

The next time, Hicks was more careful. On his way home from the club one night, filled with

the spirit of conflict, and other things, he stopped his cab in front of a delicatessen store, bought a bologna sausage, and with it sandbagged a poor, blind, crippled pencil vender sitting under an arc light with a handful of leadless pencils and a tin cup.

The poor, blind, crippled pencil-vender chased Hicks seven blocks through dark alleys, caught him, carefully removed Hicks's spectacles (there's a law against hitting a man with glasses on, you know), painstakingly blackened both his eyes, and then went back and did the job over again so as to be



"Painstakingly blackened both his eyes."

sure that it was done in a workmanlike way. Then he broke Hicks's spectacles on the curb, scuttled a couple of floating ribs, and told him that if he ever came fooling around him again he might get hurt. Then he put on his blue goggles again and went back to get ready for the morning rush.

These exploits somewhat cooled Hicks's desire for renown under the school of Rot of Rotterdam, and he subsided until motoring came in. Then he decided that at last his chance had come and he bought him a long, low, rakish-looking car with a French name that he couldn't pronounce to save his life. It was painted drab and had more power than a Kentucky stock farm. There came with the car a small, bullet-headed *mécanicien* named Anatole. (French chauffeurs never have but one name, you know. The other is taken away from them by the custom house.)

Anatole taught Hicks for about six months and then Hicks thought that he could run the car himself. He tried.

When he and Anatole got out of the hospital he tried again, slower. And after a while he became really expert. He could run over more dogs and chickens than anyone I ever saw and he averaged three arrests a week during all of last summer. He tried running on the other side, but gave it up in disgust and came back to America again. You can't get arrested half as often over there, you know, for the judges actually turn the fines into the treasury and it makes them a lot more trouble.

In spite of his many shortcomings, Hicks was not unpopular. He was a big-hearted boy, you know, and generous to a fault. Of course he was well bred and well educated and in the main very much of a gentleman, coming as he did from an old New Jersey family; and then, too, he had a sort of old-school air about him that, despite his obvious and intrusive egotism, made him very popular with many of the ladies, God bless 'em; for the greater part of the sex can overlook much in a man if he will but give them that kiss-the-very-ground-you-walk-on, not-worthy-to-breathe-the-same-air sort of devotion that went out shortly before men became able to sit down without endangering their trousers.

So, when a crowd of us went down to the Lispenards' North Shore place for the first fortnight in September, we were not surprised to find Hicks there with his car and Anatole.

We had been there but a few days when there arrived a niece of Mrs. Lispenard. Her name was Hortense Stuyvesant-West and

she was certainly good to look upon. Her father had for some years held a consular position in Bordeaux, where the wine comes from, and his daughter combined in appearance all that is best of two countries. She had the superb figure and lithe, graceful carriage of America, and its freedom from affectation and exaggeration. She had, too, the *chic* of France, both in manners and dress, though she didn't tie her hair up into all those ridiculous little quirks and curls and frizzles that Frenchwomen affect, but instead drew it back loosely from her white forehead and fastened it simply at the nape of a neck that made a man wish that he were twins so that he might stand in front of her and behind her at the same time.

She was prettier than anyone I have ever seen, or dreamed of, or imagined—so pretty that it made one wonder how so much beauty could have foregathered in one place—just as you marvel at how a prestidigitateur can get all sorts of ribbons and flowers from a cornucopia hardly big enough to hold a bachelor's button. I shan't try to describe her. Just think of the most beautiful thing you can, multiply it by a million, square it, cube it, and add six and then you've got about as near the answer as you can ever get without seeing Hortense.

As for Hicks, the moment he got his spectacles focused on her, it was all up with him. He forgot whether he was Hicks of Hackensack or Garry of Gowanus, and, furthermore, he didn't seem to care. You never in all your life saw such a change in a man. In an instant he had fallen off his pedestal with a bump and had become just a mere human being and even less. It was positively pitiful to see him, the very essence of concentrated adoration, squinting at her humbly, meekly, dazedly, through his thick windows, like a man gazing at the sun.

He was so pitiful that we all felt sorry for him and began to try to cheer him up, and get him interested, even if we had to ring in the anachronistic actions and adventures of Fritz of Fahrenheit to do it.

Still, we didn't devote any too much of our time to Hicks, for the rest of us weren't much better off. Of course there was only one thing that could happen, and we men got down on our praying carpets and began to worship her and hate each other so conscientiously that one night, when she dropped her fan and we all jumped to get it for her at the same time, a riot was narrowly averted.



"A riot was narrowly averted."

No man was willing to be away from her any more than he could possibly help, and the consequence was that she was always surrounded three deep by a circle of adoring swains devoted to the point of manslaughter. The situation was what might be termed tense.

And then, suddenly, Hicks brightened up most amazingly and became his old, jaunty, debonair, devilish self again.

At first we were as surprised as our tenseness would permit; but after consideration we decided that the change in Hicks was due to the fact that his convulsions were so shallow that nothing, not even the glorious Hortense, could for long find resting place therein.

Several times, individually and collectively, we undertook to tell him what we thought of him; but he would reply merely by cocking his head airily, winking knowingly and superciliously, and then leaving us, humming in tones like those of a wistful crow.

Stuyvesant-West (Hortense's father, you know) came one evening about eight o'clock,

a few days later. He was a little man with an overabundance of whiskers, an underabundance of patience, and an air of self-esteem that fitted him as oppressively as a fur-lined coat on a hot day.

Most of us happened to be on deck when he arrived and we watched him descend from the trap and cast a watery gaze over the assembled multitude.

"Where's Hortense?" he demanded.

"Why, isn't she here?" cried Mrs. Lispenard, in surprise.

"If she is, she isn't visible to the naked eye," returned Stuyvesant-West amiably.

It was quite clear that Hortense had inherited little from her father.

Mrs. Lispenard looked about her anxiously and we all helped. Hortense was not of the group; and

it was noticed, too, that Hicks was absent.

An inquiry was instituted and at length one of the grooms was found who said that only a few moments before he had seen Hortense and Hicks buzzing along the back road to the Crossing in Hicks's unpronounceable racer; and almost at the same time, old Miss Baxter came in and announced that Hicks had told her that there would be an elopement at no distant date and opined that this was it.

We all gasped. Then we all looked at each other in speechless amazement. Then, as soon as we could get enough wind with which to do it, we all gasped again.

So this was the answer! So this was what accounted for the change in Hicks! So this was why he had ascended from the cellar of despondency to the roof garden of joy! So this— But Hortense! How could she have done it! How could she have chosen Hicks when she had Monty Fiske and myself and all the others to select from! How could she have nailed the booby prize when

she might have taken any of the others! How, oh, how . . . !!!

But Stuyvesant-West at last had awakened from the condition of comatose bewilderment that enveloped us all. He hopped up right into the air, and when he lit he ordered everyone to do something; and then not to do it; and then to do it or not, just as he wanted them to do, or didn't want them to do. He demanded that we all start in pursuit and ordered out all kinds of vehicles from balloons to submarines. Then he undertook to express himself as the matter seemed to demand and his remarks were such that old Miss Baxter went upstairs, screaming, with her hands over her ears and the pins falling out of her waterfall like autumn leaves in a gale.

Somebody said that there was a minister at the Crossing and that they had probably gone there. So Anatole was dragged away from the door of the wine cellar and told to bring out the Daim-Vite car and get us over to the Crossing immediately, and as much sooner as possible. Stuyvesant-West was by this time in a state of incipient apoplexy, and the rest were busy trying to keep him from getting in all over; so Monty Fiske and I, being deemed the least valuable to the world at large, hence the best qualified to ride with Anatole, were the only ones to go, which we were glad to do for the double purpose of being in at the finish and of gaining an opportunity to tell each other what we thought of things.

We broke speed ordinances that night so that you couldn't have found a segment with a fine tooth comb; and it couldn't have been more than eight minutes before we sighted the minister's abode, which we at once recognized because we saw the headlight of Hicks's car in the street in front of the gate.

Before the Daim-Vite came to a stop, we had hopped out and charged toward the front gate. But just as we reached it, the door of the house opened and out came Hortense, leaning on the arm of a tall, broad-shouldered fellow whom I immediately recognized as Hastings, '02. I knew him on the instant, for hadn't I played football on the same eleven, rowed on the same crew, and cut the same lectures with him for three years? A fine-looking chap he is and one of the best fellows I ever knew.

But what was he doing there? And where was Hicks?

It was one of those situations that make a man feel as though his intellect had been put in an atomizer and sprinkled all over him. While I was trying to scrape mine together and get it into a heap where it would work, Monty Fiske grabbed me by the arm.

"Look!" he whispered, pointing ahead. And there, in the light of our lamps, I saw Hicks sitting on the curb. His expression—but he had none—not a bit in the world, and he was trying to scratch a cigarette on his trousers with the evident idea of lighting the match which he held in his mouth.

Fiske and I stood like two bumps on a log. Hastings and Hortense hadn't seen us at all; and he led her toward a ratty old depot carriage that was standing a bit farther down the street.

Suddenly they almost fell over Hicks, who was still absently and dejectedly trying to light the cigarette on his trousers.

When Hortense (now Mrs. John Stanwood Hastings, of Brookline) saw Hicks, she stopped short and, leaning over him, cried impulsively,

"I haven't half thanked you for all you did for me, nor can I ever. Your car was really the only way in which we could have been sure that pursuit would have been unavailing, you know. Jack and I are ever and ever so grateful to you, and always will be. Won't



"Then he undertook to express himself."

we, Jack?" and she smiled up at Hastings in a way that made Monty and I groan and green with envy.

But poor Hicks seemed beyond human aid. He looked up at her with blinking, sheeplike eyes and blurted out:

"But I thought you were going to marry me!"

Mrs. John Stanwood Hastings looked completely kerflummoxed (if anyone as beautiful as she can look like that).

"You said that we were going to elope and asked me if I would have the car ready at half past seven," continued Hicks in the tone and manner of a man who has been awakened from a beautiful and roseate dream by having the bed give away.

Hortense looked down on him, comprehending, and there was a soft light in her dark eyes. (We could see quite distinctly because they were standing right under an arc light, you know.)

"I'm so sorry," she cried softly, "so sorry! When I said 'we' I meant of course Jack and myself. I didn't explain very fully, perhaps, for I was hurried and nervous and then, too, I didn't for a moment imagine that you would think that I meant you—I didn't think that you had ever thought of such a thing, or desired it."

Hicks groaned.

Hortense, with the soft light in her eyes glowing yet more softly, looked up into her husband's face; and it was quite plain that

he understood just how Hicks felt. I know I did; and Fiske did, too.

"Do you mind, dear?" she asked softly.

He shook his head gently.

And then his wife leaned down and kissed Hicks right over the spectacles, and when she again stood erect there were tears in her eyes.

"Lucky dog," muttered Monty feelingly. "Lucky dogs," I agreed just as feelingly.

And we both stood silently watching the ratty old depot wagon-carriage disappear into the darkness of the quiet, spasmodically lighted street. Then Monty sighed. Then I sighed. Then we both sighed together. And we meant 'em, too.

We tried to adduce some comfort from the fact that there was but one Hortense, and two of us; so some one was bound to get left anyway. But we derived from this about as much consolation as the man whose legs were cut off got from the fact that his arms still remained; so, sighing again, we went to where Hicks was still sitting and, taking the match

from his mouth and the cigarette from his hand, shook him a couple of times.

"Eh—what?" He gazed up at us with lack-luster eyes in which at length began to appear a faint gleam of almost human intelligence. And, as we bundled his lank frame into his lank car, he murmured helplessly, wonderingly:

"And to think that she took him when she might have had me!"

And—oh, but what's the use?



"His expression—"

THE DECLINE OF OUR SEA FISHERIES

BY JOHN Z. ROGERS



NE of our foremost national industries bids fair to be wiped out of existence, and this with hardly a glance of attention given to it from the country at large. I refer to the fisheries of the Eastern coast, and in particular to the mackerel, cod, and lobster fisheries. They are in such danger of extermination, that unless prompt and radical protective measures are taken, it will not be long before these fish, like the buffalo, will be only a memory.

Along the Eastern coast, all the way from Provincetown to Eastport, depopulated towns and rotting and unused fish wharves mutely bear witness to this deplorable fact. Old-time skippers, men who have sadly noted the steady decrease of the catches, year after year, know the condition of these fisheries, but they have said nothing; probably because they have had no means suggested to them whereby to proclaim the fact. The fish barons in Boston and Gloucester know the real facts, but they have said nothing: because it was against their interests to have the facts become generally known. More than this, they have stoutly denied, right in the face of the facts, that the fish were steadily decreasing in numbers. These vessel owners and wholesalers and packers know the true condition of things, but they realize that protective measures would decrease their revenue.

We Americans consume without replenishing. We reap where we have not sown. The trees of our country have been so recklessly felled to provide pulp for the making of paper, that publishers are anxiously speculating as to the source of supply for the near future.

Less than a half century ago, the buffaloes dotted the Western plains by millions. John Bach McMaster, in his "History of the United States," says that in 1871-72, more than

7,000,000 buffaloes were slaughtered. There are to-day but a few hundred in existence.

Think of this, Gloucester men! And yet, Captain Reed had the courage to look me squarely in the face from under his sou'wester, and attempt to argue that it was foolish to think the mackerel and the lobsters would be killed off because there were once so many of them.

"Oh, no!" continued this philosopher; "there be jest ez many mackerel as ever wuz, but they hev taken another course."

This argument I have heard many times along the Eastern coast; and although it was strongly maintained, no one could tell about where this "other course" might be.

A few years ago, working on this Quixotic theory, the German Government sent out a fleet of fishing vessels, convoyed by a man-of-war, to try to locate this "other course"; or rather to find mackerel, or other food fish, in waters where they were previously unknown. Much effort was consumed, but no satisfactory results were obtained.

Before this, Captain "Sol" Jacobs, a famous Gloucester mackerel "killer," sailed away up in Pacific waters around Washington, and beyond, on a trip of discovery; but his efforts were unsatisfactory. And even before this long trip, an enterprising Eastern skipper fitted out his schooner, and in her visited the west coast of Africa, hoping to find mackerel there. He, also, was disappointed.

The lobster, although it is not so important commercially as the mackerel, is in more imminent danger of extermination.

In one of the tanks in the New York Aquarium there are a half dozen lobsters, and although a lobster has been caught weighing thirty-two pounds, and another weighing twenty-seven pounds, these specimens which are on exhibition do not average two pounds each. Above the tank is the Latin name of the crustacean, the localities

where it is—or was—found, and this interesting statement: "NOW GROWING EXTINCT ON ACCOUNT OF OVERFISHING."

Recently the Massachusetts State Board of Fish and Game Commissioners, in the course of its report, said:

"The outcome, the commercial extinction of the lobster, is as sure to result as day is to follow night. In thirteen years there has been a decrease of more than sixty-six per cent in the catch of lobsters."

It is almost impossible to state exactly just how many men and vessels belonging to the New England coast are engaged in lobstering, mackerel fishing, cod fishing, or "ground fishing"—ground fish meaning cod, hake, cusk, pollock, and similar fish. This is because a vessel will engage in one kind of fishing at one period, and another at another period. The men also shift about; many of them are fishermen farmers, living in the coast hamlets and owning small vessels, and they fish or farm for certain periods.

The most reliable estimates give the number of fishermen along the New England coast as 12,500, and the number of vessels as 830, not including the very small sloops and whale boats that catch lobsters in cold weather and go "shore fishing" in warm weather; which means, running out only a few miles on trips of one or two days each.

Aside from the New England catch of mackerel and codfish landed in Boston, exact figures regarding the entire catches are unavailable, as so many fish and lobsters are caught and quickly shipped, or else cured on the spot, without a record being obtained.

The following figures regarding the New England catch of mackerel, as compiled by the Boston Fish Bureau, are interesting in proving the steady decrease of this important industry:

In 1884, the catch was 478,076 barrels; in 1885, it was 329,943 barrels; in 1886, the number of barrels was 79,998; and in 1887, there were 88,382 barrels caught. The next year the catch dropped to 48,205 barrels, and the following year, 1889, it dropped off more than one half, to 21,918 barrels. Since then, from year to year, the catch, of course, fluctuated, ranging from 77,464 barrels in 1896 down to only 13,154 barrels in 1897; but averaging only about one tenth of the catch of 1884. Last year the catch was 29,301 barrels.

The New England catch of codfish and other ground fish, as also compiled by the

Boston Fish Bureau, shows a decline from year to year similar to that of the mackerel catch, although probably not to quite so marked an extent. In 1883, it was 1,061,698 quintals, and the annual catch decreased each year till 1891, when it amounted to 567,713 quintals. Then it recovered for a time till 1896, when it dropped to 342,760 quintals. Since then it has hung not far from this figure, going up and down, naturally. Last year the number of quintals was 439,475, or only forty per cent of the catch of 1883.

Anything at all comprehensive regarding figures on the lobster catch are almost impossible to obtain; but these brief figures are significant as an object lesson. Last year, of 61,713 boxes of canned lobster landed in Boston, 61,499 were imported and 214 were domestic.

Wheat, beef, and fish are the three national food staples. The raising of beef is conducted along careful business and scientific lines, as is also the growing of wheat. Every year thousands of acres of new ground are prepared for the cultivation of wheat in order to supply the demands of a rapidly increasing population; but no practical effort either to increase our fish supply, or protect what we already have, is being made.

We have the longest coast line of any country in the world. We export wheat and import fish.

"As plenty as the fish in the sea" is a common expression; but even the fish in the sea can, in time, be exterminated, as the buffalo were exterminated.

The domestic sardine interests, most of which are at or near Eastport, Me., are suffering from a scarcity of herring; for, although this fish enters a cannery a herring, it emerges, packed in cottonseed oil, as a sardine. In connection with the scarcity of herring, the almost continual trouble between this country and Canada regarding the herring bait question is familiar to every newspaper reader. The catches of Alaskan salmon for the past few years have not been sufficient to enable the canneries to run on full time.

American sturgeon are becoming so scarce that not enough are now caught to begin to supply the demand for "Russian" caviar; and Congress has taken steps looking to increase the catch by distributing young sturgeon in streams not previously frequented by this fish.

Years ago salmon were numerous, among

other streams in the Connecticut River, and recently one was caught in that river at Lyme which weighed nearly twenty pounds. This event attracted much attention, not on account of the size of the fish, but because it was the first salmon that had been caught in the river for three years.

Even whales are now very scarce, and have been scarce for many years, which is evidenced by the scarcity and high price of whalebone. The past few seasons have been most disastrous for the New Bedford whaling fleet, some of the vessels having returned to port after long voyages without even having seen a whale.

But it is the mackerel, the lobster, and the cod which demand more immediate attention; for they are closer, not to the hearts of the people necessarily, but to their stomachs and pocketbooks.

If the reader has reached middle age, and is at all familiar with market prices, he can probably remember when fresh mackerel were plentiful and reasonable in price. A score of years ago I bought them for from ten to twelve cents a pound, and often much less. Last spring I paid forty-five cents for one of medium size, and was glad of the opportunity to do so.

For a great many years, previous to less than a generation ago, mackerel were caught only with a hook and line, or a dragnet—a net which, as its name implies, was dragged behind a sloop or small schooner. These two methods were amply sufficient in securing all the mackerel for which there was a demand; the fishermen made good livings, and fresh and salt mackerel were within the reach of all, even the poorest laborer.

But the thought occurred to some of the vessel owners that they were not making money fast enough; there must be a lot of mackerel that were not caught, and the result was the advent of the purse seine. It is principally used upon the Atlantic coast for taking mackerel and menhaden. It is very little used in any other branch of fishery.

Seines are, however, used in some localities upon the Pacific coast for taking salmon, smelt, shrimp, and small herring, and in different localities along the Atlantic coast and the Gulf of Mexico.

The mackerel seines are generally from 500 to 1,200 feet long, and they vary in depth from 40 to 120 feet. These seines are set from a seine boat from 30 to 40 feet in length, which is towed behind the schooner, the seine

being paid out over the stern of the boat, encircling the school of fish. When the two ends of the seine have been brought together, the purse line, which is reeved through rings attached to bridles upon the bottom of the seine, is hauled in; this purses up the bottom of the seine, inclosing that part, so that the fish are completely surrounded. The seine is then hauled on board the seine boat, until the fish are gathered together at the bunt of the seine, where they are bailed out on deck of the schooner, which has been brought alongside of the seine, while it is being pursed.

These seines are made of very light twine, and are handled by about thirteen men, that number being required to row the seine boat, handle the seine, and purse it. To purse a large mackerel seine requires three to five minutes, depending upon circumstances.

The purse seine certainly accomplished all that was expected of it, and even more. Tens of thousands of schools of mackerel have been surrounded by it; the purse line has been drawn, inclosing the fish in the murderous trap, and millions of barrels of mackerel have been bailed out onto the decks of the "seiners," as the schooners are called.

For a long time these fish were certainly cheap enough to satisfy the most niggardly; and then the purse seine defeated its own ends. It could revolutionize the method of catching mackerel, but it could not change the law of supply and demand. The markets were frequently glutted to such an extent that fresh mackerel could not be sold at any price. Seiners would sail into New York, Boston, or Portland harbor with their holds full, and their decks covered with fine fresh mackerel, only to find that so many others had recently arrived before them, that there was absolutely no demand whatever for their fish. The late Eugene G. Blackford, who was United States Fish Commissioner, and also the largest fish dealer in New York, once stated to me that many times he had seen fish peddlers buy wagon loads of fresh mackerel for twenty-five cents a load, and that hundreds of schooner loads, in times of glutted markets, had been dumped overboard in the lower bay because they could not be sold at any price.

Aside from the mackerel which were actually taken on board the seiners, there were a very great many more that were sacrificed. The depth of a school of mackerel varies greatly, and no correct idea of its size, or the

approximate number of fish, can be formed by observing the surface of the water. Very often a seiner would cast the net and, after it had been hauled, it would be found that many more mackerel had been taken than could possibly be taken aboard. In these instances the largest and fattest were retained and the rest were left, usually in a dead or dying condition. Even if the remainder of the school were not injured, practical demolition resulted; for mackerel are a shy and timid fish, always swimming together in schools, and when a school is once broken up the fish rarely, if ever, come together again.

The avaricious menhaden steamers that continually steam up and down along the New England coast, catching menhaden for the making of oil and fish scraps, are a curse to the mackerel and herring fisheries.

These steamers use purse seines in catching menhaden, and frequently they find, on hauling the seine, that they have caught mackerel instead. Often mackerel and menhaden swim together, as do also mackerel and herring; but there can be no telling just what kind of fish are caught in the purse seine until it is hauled.

When a menhaden steamer hauls a school of mackerel, they are usually left, maimed and dying, as they are; for the steamer has no ice, nor other facilities for marketing them properly and promptly. These steamers have caught and sacrificed millions of barrels of mackerel.

It is interesting to note, in this connection, that menhaden are being about as thoroughly fished out as mackerel. Last year the catch was 1,48,860 barrels; less than fifteen per cent of the previous year, which was 1,004,525 barrels.

While years ago, when mackerel were plenty, the fishermen were waging war against them on the sea, the coast farmers on the land were rendering all the aid possible in the warfare of extermination; especially along the Maine coast, where the coast line is much indented by creeks and coves, and where there is a marked difference between high and low tide.

Schools would enter a creek or a cove at high tide, and when they attempted to leave it, on the ebb tide, would be unable to do so, on account of a net that had been stretched across the entrance. The fish would be left high and dry, and would be taken up with pitchforks and shovels. Inland farmers would drive to the shore, from miles distant,

and return with loaded wagons; mackerel would be fed to pigs, and even spread over the land as fertilizer.

Mackerel are not thoroughly understood, either by fishermen or scientists. Only their movements during warm weather are approximately known. In the spring they come north or east to spawn. Usually they are first sighted in the vicinity of Cape Hatteras about April, and late in the fall they disappear off the Nova Scotia coast. It is a shameful fact that they are slaughtered (not caught) at a time when they are trying to spawn; and for this purpose they come inshore to shoal water. But from the time they first appear off Hatteras till they disappear late in the fall, off the Canadian coast, they are chased by the fleet of seiners.

If a sportsman kills a partridge during the close season, or catches a two-ounce trout before the season opens, the fish and game wardens make it very uncomfortable for him. But it is different with mackerel, a fish which occupies an important position as food, but for which wealthy sportsmen do not fish.

In the summer of 1904 nearly all the mackerel I bought for the home table were large and fat, and nearly all were roe fish. During the past two summers I found very few fair-sized mackerel in the uptown fish stores of New York; but there were many little ones on sale, scarcely seven or eight inches in length, and weighing eight and ten to the pound. They were veritable babies.

Avarice is also the prime cause of the passing of the lobster. Years ago they were numerous along the New Jersey and Long Island shores; but they have been gradually fished out, until now the supply that reaches the New York and Boston markets is very largely caught in Canadian waters. Canada is much wiser than the United States in protecting its fisheries. Up to within ten or fifteen years ago Maine furnished a large proportion of the lobsters that the New York market demanded; but to-day practically none leave the Pine Tree State for New York; and nearly all the canning factories that dotted the coast a few years ago have been closed on account of inability to secure lobsters. Wholesale and fancy grocers do not quote canned lobsters in their price lists, because of the uncertainty of the supply.

Most of the lobsters pay not the slightest heed to the law. They catch and market undersized lobsters; some only seven or eight inches long, veritable babies; and when

they find a "seed" lobster (a female in spawn, with the eggs incrusted on the under side of the shell) in one of their pots, instead of returning it to the water, as both the law and common sense demands, they throw it in with the rest of the catch.

The Maine law prohibits the catching or

New York. They are usually privately announced in advance, and all the lobstermen along the coast are "tipped off" by telephone, or by men on horseback or in sailboats. Consequently lobsters of illegal length are rarely found. But back in the year 1892 the annual report of the Boston Fish Bureau

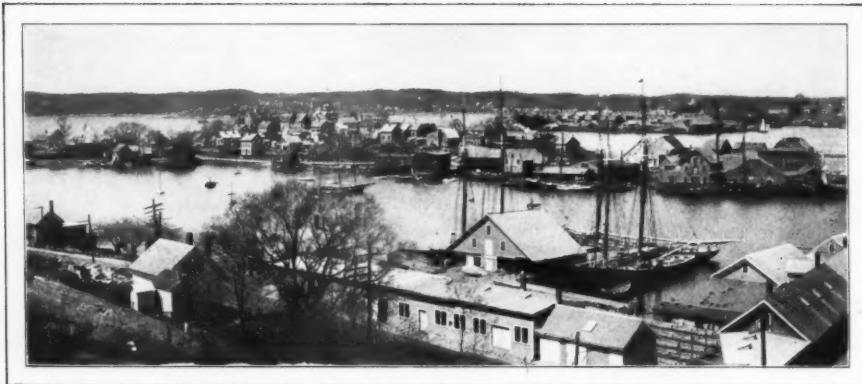


GLoucester fishing boats in port

having in one's possession a lobster under ten and one half inches in length; but such laws do not exist in other states; consequently, if a fisherman or a dealer succeeds in getting his lobsters safely over the state line, he is practically safe.

At irregular intervals a tour of "inspection" is made by the Maine fish wardens. These tours are of the comic-opera variety, and suggest a brass band poolroom raid in

states 55,000 "short" lobsters were seized, and this represented only one tenth of the number marketed. At that time the express companies often handled twenty-two tons of Maine lobsters a day. This was when lobsters were plenty. The local fish wardens have humble political aspirations, and ties of kinship and of friendship also have a restraining effect in the conscientious performance of their duties.



EASTERN POINT, GLOUCESTER HARBOR

The old reliable codfish appears to be in need of legislative attention also, though his condition does not appear to be so serious at the present time as does that of the mackerel and lobster. On the Grand Banks, where a very great proportion of the salt cod

(fish that are salted on board and not taken to market fresh) are caught, the fishermen long ago found that after the fish were cleaned and the gurry was thrown overboard, at the close of each day's fishing, few more fish were caught at that anchorage. For a while it was customary to make a new anchorage each day, and finally "gurry kids" were introduced, into which the entrails were thrown till another was sought, when the contents were dumped over the side of the schooner. As this "gurry" is evidently distasteful to the fish, it is patent that it is only a matter of time, although perhaps a long time, when the Grand Banks will be so covered with it that the codfish will seek other localities, or be dispersed, as have been the mackerel. This refuse has a value for glue, fertilizer, and for other purposes; and a practical method should be adopted whereby it could be taken to port and converted into money, thus accomplishing a twofold mission.

Away back in 1888, in the famous old fishing village of Cape Porpoise, Me., I heard Captain Sinnett declare his opinion regarding the fishing outlook. It was in "the store," and a little group was awaiting the arrival of the daily mail. Conversation around the stove had, as usual, turned toward fishing, and the captain remarked during a lull in the talk:

"I tell ye, there ain't any fish left; an' I'll tell ye more, 'less somethin's done ther' won't be no fish left in er little while."

This prophetic remark was greeted with derision. The idea! Not plenty of fish? Nonsense!

True, they were "skeerce" just then, mack-



OVERHAULING THE NETS



GLoucester Harbor

erel were; but they had only taken another course. They would come back; of course they would.

A few years later, in the fall, came to my shore cottage, three fishermen. They were of more than ordinary intelligence, and were thinkers, as seafarers often are. Also were they disgusted. They had put into the harbor in their thirteen-ton sloop, and had been out of Gloucester eleven weeks for mackerel, without having made enough to pay their "grub bill." As we four sat and smoked and talked, I drew out their views regarding the mackerel question. Their views were like Captain Sinnett's, only more explicit.

Since then, on land and sea, I have studied this important matter, and have found the opinion of scores of fishermen—crews and skippers—to coincide. In Gloucester, recently, they would draw me into a quiet corner for the discussion, and speak in low tones. This matter of the fisheries being ruined was not that which should be discussed publicly. Also an owner might overhear us.

From dealers and owners in Gloucester I received indignant denials and scowling faces. A writer who visits Gloucester in search of facts regarding the fisheries is about as cordially welcomed as is the man who serves us with a notice that we have to do jury duty.

On a decayed and unused fish wharf in Newburyport I sat with old Captain Silas Dean, who talked sadly and reminiscently, as betimes he carved huge slabs of plug tobacco with a "jackknife," conveyed them to his befringed mouth, and then rhythmically and dexterously expectorated, using the harbor for a cuspidor.

"Yes! it was so, and it was the damned purse seine that did it."

Captain Silas enumerated the towns that he could remember as having once had goodly fleets of fishing vessels: Swampscott, Marblehead, Rockport, Cape Porpoise, and



The Last of the Old School

many others; but now there were very few survivors.

Newburyport, for instance, once had seventy-five vessels engaged in the fisheries; but now it had absolutely none. If it wasn't for the summer boarders the people along the coast would have gone hungry. Down at Cape Porpoise, Seth Pinkham used to have a big wharf and fish houses, where he handled fresh and salt fish. There were thirty vessels

essary food article, to say nothing of taking away from the well to do many appetizing delicacies. It means sending money to foreign countries for fish that should be more plentiful here than anywhere else in the world; and it means to the fishermen the loss of that calling without which they will be in an almost helpless condition, especially in the present condition of our merchant marine.

It would seem that fish, no matter what



DRYING THE SAILS AT A GLOUCESTER FISH WHARF

sailing from that port, and peddlers used to drive from forty miles back to stock up with fresh fish for the inland farmers and villagers. Now only three schooners of any size sail from Cape Porpoise; the old fish wharf was falling to pieces, and the trolley road company was running a casino on what was the Pinkham property. Taking summer boarders is now the mainstay of the village.

The extinction of these fish, or even the unnecessary scarcity which now prevails, means far more than appears on the surface. It means depriving the poorer classes of a nec-

kind, that are under the jurisdiction of one state one day and of other states on following days, either when being caught, transported, displayed for sale, or transported after sale, should be under the protection of laws made by the federal government, and not laws which are made by the different commonwealths, and which are at utter variance.

The Fish Commission has accomplished much good, from a scientific standpoint; and from the Laboratory at Wood's Holl many baby lobsters and "fry" have been placed in



A RUGGED COAST

the water; but much of this work has been, and must be, of very little practical good, when the babies are caught almost before they have begun to mature.

If the purse seine were abolished, and laws were made and enforced prohibiting the catching of mackerel within, say, one mile from shore, the results would be beneficial to everyone interested in mackerel. There are those who argue that mackerel will again be plentiful in our waters; but it is significant that these people are those whose capital and interests are in the fish business, in one form or another. Were mackerel as thick as flies in the air, even they could not have withstood the ceaseless and cruel war that has been waged against them.

There is still another reason why our fisheries should be protected by federal legisla-

tion, and this is the claim that the fishermen themselves have upon us as a nation. There is no class having a greater claim than the American fisherman. His occupation is exceedingly hazardous, and he is preëminently a producer. Every time he leaves port it is a question whether he will return at all. Yet he goes, trip after trip, braving the dangers of the deep; risking chances of collision with other fishing vessels, or of being run down by the ocean greyhounds crossing the fog-bound Grand Banks; and all that we may have fish.

But it is not from motives of sentiment alone that the United States should safeguard the interests of the Eastern fishermen with care. Our fishermen are practically a naval reserve available in time of need; and for this reason, if no other, their interests demand our protection.



A MARINE GRAVEYARD



THE REAPERS

THE HIGHER PHOTOGRAPHY

BY RUPERT HUGHES

ILLUSTRATED BY ALICE BOUGHTON



IME was when I wrote lengthy briefs to prove that photography might be, and in certain cases was, an art, a high art. These screeds succeeded, as usual, in convincing those who were already convinced, and in confirming those who were of contrary mind.

The usual method of proving photography's estate as an art is to analyze a work of art into its elements and then claim that all of those elements may be combined in a photograph. A painting, for instance, is only the

expression of a personality in terms of a canvas, and some colors to butter it with. If the personality does not control the medium, delight in it, and find a language in it, then the result is not art though it be called "a symphony in purple" or "an impression in green."

Some skeptics seem to believe that all the photographer can do is to set up his tripod, focus his camera, squeeze the bulb, give the plate a bath and the print a sun-scorching. If this were the limit of his powers, and if the results of two photographs of the same scene under the same conditions were prac-

tically the same, then the photographer would be always what the painter sometimes is—only an artisan, the slave instead of the partner of his medium. The photographer would be making chromos without the chrome.

But if the photographer can select a well-composed landscape, photograph it, under light effects and exposures of his own choosing, then eliminate from the finished result anything that wars with the unity of his idea; if he can obliterate any confusion of foliage, or perplexity of drapery, illuminate any high light, exaggerate or diminish any shadow, readjust values, control his *chiaroscuro*—if in short a photographer can record his own impressions in his own dialect, then he is a creative artist—or at least some of us fervently believe so. And if his personality can be so evident in his work that the distant spectator will be able to say of a photograph at a glance, "That's a Stieglitz, a Day, or a Dyer, or a Steichen," just as he says of a drawing, a painting, or a statue, "That's a Gibson, a Parrish, a Vierge, a Sargent, or a Mac Monnies," then the photographer would seem to be getting somewhere near the peerage of art. Or, at least, it would seem so to some of us, for the others still interpose the old objection that the mechanical element is too large in photography.

Yet etching has quite as much. Sculpture has sometimes even more; since the man who makes the clay model rarely makes the marble, never the bronze. Indeed, in a happy phrase that has been credited to everybody from Pheidias to Borglum, all that the sculptor does is "to take a block of marble and knock off what he doesn't want."

Conservatism is often nothing more than a mulish determination not to budge. Imagine that the Greeks and Romans, and the Renascent Italians, and the men of Flanders had used photography since time was; and that a group of men came along who wanted to paint portraits. How the learned academics and the grand old conservatives would praise the dignity of the camera and say of the painters:

"Why, these men are mere manual laborers! The house painters' union ought to get after them; for they take a piece of homely canvas that were better employed as a circus tent or as an awning for a fruit stand; on this they daub oily smears with the very tools that honest men used for whitewashing fences or dusting hats. And they ask us to accept these things as an art! They take these tavern signs and hang them on walls and call it an exhibition!"

That's just what you'd say—wouldn't you,



SPRING



THE THREE BIRCHES

you grand old conservatives?—if photography were classic and painting a novelty. And that is just what your grandsons will say when photography actually is classic and some new method is found for recording emotions and impressions by an electric implement or some new chemical.

If it is the intervening mechanism that bothers you, think how much mechanism intervenes between a poet's idea and his public's eyes. An idea comes to him and sets his brain pot in a simmer. He used to chase a goose, extract a quill, and whittle it; now he is even farther from nature for he seizes a long implement of metal-shod wood clutching a steel nib, which he dips into a dyestuff. This solution he spreads according to certain arbitrary rules in ridiculous symbols upon a sheet of rag pulp elaborately treated. The finished result is put into an envelope, carrying a government stamp; the envelope is

dropped into a box, collected by a man in uniform, delivered eventually to an editor; if he accepts it, it suffers his revision, is sent to compositor, proof reader, founder, and pressman; finally clamped to a monstrous machine it is stamped on shuttling paper and once more put through the mailing system. It is only after passing through numberless hands and machines that it reaches the reader and stirs him with its thought and its beauty.

What more happens to a photograph? The photographer is smitten with an idea of some attitude, or expression, or some landscape; he studies, selects, readjusts, focuses, photographs, and retouches the plate, prints and retouches the print; trims it to compose with the lines, mounts it to suit the theme, signs it and frames it, and hangs it on a wall as a little personal address to the world.

But suppose an election were held to-morrow, and a majority decreed that photography was not an art, and never should be an art?

What difference would that make? Words as words are nonsense, and definitions are only treaties to keep the peace and promote commerce. A print by any other name would be as pretty.

People used to debate virulently whether a sponge was an animal or a vegetable. I don't know how the vote stands now, but the main thing after all is that a sponge should be a sponge. And a good sponge is a thing of beauty and a joy. So of a photograph—is it not wonderful enough? is it not honorable enough that it should be a photograph? and is it not glorious that it should be a glorious photograph? Surely you have looked on prints so beautiful, so gracefully reproducing some scene, some face, form, or mood, beyond the grasp of painting, sculpture, etching, music, poetry, or bronze, that

you felt glad not to have died before you saw it.

There are photographs of which I at least can only say: Whether you call this art or athletics—or virtuosity, or vice, or what you will, the world would be the poorer without it; many beautiful phases of human life and nature would pass unrecorded into oblivion; many gifted personalities with real messages to deliver would be dumb of expression; idea upon idea would be lost to humanity.

As there can never be too many new forms of musical instrument invented, so there can never be too many expressions and preservatives of the infinite shiftings of that kaleidoscope we call the world.

And the least that can be said of photography is that it has added one more weapon of defense against the hideous nullification that makes a vanity of beauty and makes of grace a mist upon a window.

A work of art is the portrait of a moment. Why make caste a difference between beautiful and beautiful? What if one is chronicled by a lens and a few chemicals, and the others are chronicled by a few chemicals and a brush, or a chisel, a pen, a pencil, an etcher's needle, or an architect's army of workers?

The critic in Kipling's poem sneered, "It is pretty, but is it art?" The man of common sense says bluntly, "Whether it's art or not, it's pretty."

So I for one plague myself no more with fretting over the particular degree of sanctity we shall grant photography. Some photographs are better than others; and some are very good indeed. That is enough.

A special gratitude for the fact that life has been robbed by the camera of a few regrets at least, moves me when I realize that, had it not been for the gracious moods, the poetic energy, and the photographic skill of Miss Alice Boughton, we should never have



THE POOL

seen a number of the visions we may now enjoy. Whether her work is artistry or artisanship, had it not been for her camera, these people of hers would never have been posed in these environs, or being so posed the records would have gone where the long forenoon shadows go when the sun reaches the top of the sky.

Among the personalities most definitely established and most highly honored in the limbo of photography, Miss Boughton is prominent. Her work has been given special honors, not only by "the Secessionist Photographers" of America, but in the exhibitions of England, Ireland, and France.

Many of her happiest successes have been in the photography of children in a state of nature. It is a charming part of our infinite inconsistency in the matter of costume, that the nakedness of children is not considered offensive, even to those whose prudery would

be up in arms at the sight of a *décolleté* gown on a grown-up. Infants and savages are portrayed, even in the religious and missionary journals, with an unconventionality that might well be extended a few years farther into the cycle of beauty. But meanwhile let us be grateful for what licenses are granted.

Miss Boughton's studies in childhood are not the ordinary nude babies of commerce, such as those pictures of our earlier selves seated in a washbowl or held by armless adult hands, which rise from old photograph albums to reproach us.

Nor are her pictures of the school that lovingly advertises baby foods, revealing infantile corpulence in all its shamelessness and picturing two-year-old Falstaffs and precocious Portias. The children she photographs are childhood for childhood's own sweet sake.

Miss Boughton, realizing that children are not yet grown far away from the woods and the paganism of early civilization, takes her models into forests primeval or coeval, and poses them in sympathy with the scene. The models themselves, young as they are, plainly feel the poetry of the idea, and conform themselves to it with a perfection that proves its truth and sincerity.

There is "The Pine," in which a child of sapling proportions clings to a brace of saplings, making three Graces. She is ankle deep in a brook and the dappling of light and shadow has been rendered to perfection by the artist's personal touch.

There is a slim girl clinging to a birch tree as if she were its own disembodied whiteness,

its dryad, or, as the Greeks fancied it, its hamadryad, living with it, and dying with it. But this dryad and this tree shall not die. The original plate may be broken, but prints from it shall survive, and prints from the prints. And the vision may live on, as Praxiteles' young lizard slayer, leaning against the tree and too lazy to frighten the lizard away or to strike it. The original work of Praxiteles is lost, but there are copies enough to keep his idea immortal.

The same young model seems to have posed for other of Miss Boughton's pictures, especially that in which she gleams among the heavy shad-

ows like another shaft of sunlight on the dark leaves. And she is also the eerie child that looks vaguely out in forest melancholy from under her hanging hair and its crown of leaves and flowers.

This child or another has been hauntingly photographed reclining in lanky young-girl grace upon a heavy boulder.

There are several studies of two older girls, one of them draped and one not. Here they walk along the beach; here they stand facing a sand dune, one leaning on the other's shoulder. They look away from us in some dreamy humor, their hair shadowing their faces. They reveal an extraordinary charm of pose, with a beautiful unity of mood, and a delightful contrast of flesh with soft and filmy drapery. In another they are crouched on the beach, their features lost again in the shadow of their hair, and the tone of the flesh merging into the monotone of the sand.



WINTER

It has required imagination to pose these figures in the first place; to instill the poetry into the models is another gift; and it has needed a third talent to make the perfect record.

It is a great thing to teach a camera discretion. If it tells all it knows, no human model can come forth unscathed. The painter can correct the bad drawing or the false modeling of nature. The artistic photographer cannot often do as much, and the model must to a large degree collaborate by being as beautiful as possible.

beach. The foam is many-spangled and the body almost as translucent as the crystal globe she poised.

There is far more poetry, however, in some of the pictures in which the human shape is more lost in gloom. Poetry might almost be defined as shadow. Certainly shadows are poetry, and the mystery of the inner twilights of a forest is an eternal wonder.

Once having seen Miss Boughton's picture "The Mountain Side," I should hate to think of denying photography a place as a high and noble art. "The Pool" is even



THE SUNBEAM

Yet one of Miss Boughton's most daring successes is with a model in the full glare of the sun. She stands in a froth of retreating wave; she is holding a crystal globe in her two hands as she looks along the long

finer. It is perhaps her greatest achievement. In a sheet of water of almost ebon-deep shadows, and half smothered in the gloaming of trees, two figures are seen: one waist deep vaguely reflected in the water, one

ankle deep and turning to the shore. They are two nymphs absorbed in the blur of tree and rock and water, an integral part of the pagan mood. The work has a technic of its own, but its nobility is of a grade that few painters ever reach.

Miss Boughton by no means limits herself to these pantheistic themes. She finds a Jules Breton harmony and rhythm in the

children and realizes a quivering indoor atmosphere that reminds one of the interiors of Terborch or Van Mieris. She represents a young girl holding up a younger girl to pluck an apple, and by masterly elimination gets the effect of a wash drawing. There is also a wide-eyed child's portrait manipulated like water color. But it is the capture of the child's soul and the spirit of bewildered re-



SCENE FROM "THE DEATH OF TANTAGILES"

group of two men mowing, and she minimizes the landscape to an accessory, lest it detract from the theme. She poses a grandmother at a piano playing for two dancing

bellion that I admire more than the fact that the work suggests painting or drawing. No art profits from resembling or trying to resemble another.

There are various portraits, too, in which Miss Boughton has shown a true insight that lifts these pictures far above the high-

most admire the one in velvet and gold from "The Death of Tantagiles." Trace the long and sinuous major line from where



MOTHER AND CHILD

priced colored atrocities that many painters turn out and call portraits.

In these photographs the character of the one who poses is often searchingly realized. Of Maxim Gorky she has taken some remarkable likenesses; there is a very happy picture of Forbes Robertson and Gertrude Elliot as *Caesar* and *Cleopatra*.

And there are various others. But perhaps the best of all are certain groups of mother and child in which the compositions have that loving dignity and breadth that have made immediate classics of George de Forest Brush's paintings of similar groups.

Of Miss Boughton's work in this field I

the mother's back emerges out of shadow, up over her head, across the child's head, along her wonderful hand, the child's sleeve and hand and the robe, to where the shadow again takes possession. This line is melody of the loftiest type. It is enriched by a few glorious chords of tone, the two thoughtful faces, the mother's exquisite throat, the clasped hands, and the opulent lines of embroidery against the more gorgeous depths of shadow.

This is a masterpiece of—something or other. If it is not art, and high art, let us call it poetry. The poets, I am sure, would be glad of such a recruit to their ranks.



Drama by Arthur Rackham.

"Then all was a swirl of confusion."

THE RED DESOLATION*

BEING THE LAST ADVENTURE OF VISCOUNT ROCKHURST, LORD CONSTABLE OF THE
TOWER, SOMETIME FRIEND OF CHARLES II, AND NICKNAMED BY
HIS MAJESTY "MERRY ROCKHURST"

BY AGNES AND EGERTON CASTLE

Authors of "Incomparable Bellairs," "Rose of the World," "If Youth but Knew," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR BECHER



HAVE seen many terrible sights in my life, Master Chitterley, none so terrible as this."

Thus old Martin Bracy, Sergeant Yeoman of the Tower of London. His companion flung up trembling hands for all response. As old as the sergeant, whose head had grown white in the king's service at home and abroad, but of less solid mettle, years had stricken him harder, and he had little breath to spare after his grievous ascent to the platform of the Beauchamp Tower. And, as the two now stood, side by side, looking down from the great height over the stricken city—the Lord Rockhurst's sergeant and his lifelong body servant—they might have served as types, one of green old age, the other of wintry senility.

The scene outspread below them was indeed such as to strike awe to the stoutest heart. It was the 5th of September, third day of the great fire; and nothing, it seemed, was like to arrest the spread of the red desolation until it had embraced the whole town. Under a canopy of black smoke, like some monster of nightmare, the fire crouched, spread, uncoiled itself; now it clapped ragged wings of flame high into the sky, now grasped unexpected quarters as with a stealthily out-reached claw. The wind ran lightly from the east, so that, in cruel contrast, the sky was fair blue over their heads.

"If hell itself had broken open," said Mar-

tin Bracy, "and were vomiting yonder, methinks it would scarce show us a more affrighting picture. Often these days, Master Chitterley, I have taken to minding me of the Cropheads' sayings: *'First the scourge of plague and thereafter (that is now) the scourge of fire!'*"

Chitterley nodded his palsied head; his faded eyes looked out on the vision, that so impressed the soldier, with scarce a flicker of comprehension.

The sergeant's gaze was still roaming out to where the great heart of the city throbbed in agony. A dull explosion had rent the air; a belching column of white smoke, fringed with black, sprang up at the extremity of the fiery picture. The sergeant moved to the corner of the parapet to peer forth. "See yonder—our lads at work! Blowing up houses ahead of the fire. Aye, truly, Master Chitterley, I would his lordship had let me take the mining party to-day. But one would think—in all respect—there was a very devil in him since this outbreak began. 'Tis ever to the hottest, and the men must after him, though the flames be as greedy as hell's. And 'tis hard on a soldier," added the old sergeant with a philosophic sigh, "to be driven to burn before his time."

The other's clouded perception caught but the hint of danger to a beloved master.

"His lordship?" he cried, "and whither went he to-day, sergeant?"

"To Bishopsgate. See, where I point; where 'tis like looking upon a pit of fire."

Chitterley curved his withered hands over his eyes and strove to fix them in the direction indicated.

"God save him," he muttered.

"Amen!" echoed Bracy earnestly. "For he carries those white hairs of his whither he would scarce have ventured his raven locks. 'Tis beyond all reason. Aye, and Master Harry with him."

"My lord—Master Harry—" repeated Chitterley dreamily. "Do not mock me, sergeant, but there be days now when I scarce know them apart—remembering—or rather—"

"Aye, aye," interrupted the soldier, good-humored, yet impatient of the other's maunding, "I catch your meaning. Young Master Harry has grown marvelous quick a man these troublous times. 'Tis now his gallant father all over again as you and I knew him. And my Lord Constable is changed—darnably changed. An old man in one year! 'Tis the mind, Master Chitterley."

He tapped his forehead with the pipe which he had drawn from his pocket, nodded his head, and thereafter puffed a while in deep and sagacious meditation.

"Ah, it is trouble changes a man," pursued he presently. "And in sooth, poor soul," muttered he under his breath, "who should prove it better than yourself, who have been a doddering poor wight ever since yon fearful morning when Master Harry was like to die of his reopened wound and my lord to go mad—and plague in the very house? Aye, aye"—his voice waxed loud again—"twas then the Lord Constable's hair began to turn white." He gave a little laugh, his teeth clinched on the pipe. "I was on guard, man, the day his Majesty returned to the city, and I was present at the first meeting between him and the Lord Constable. His Majesty did not know him!"

Chitterley turned troubled eyes upon him.

"His Majesty hath ever had great love for my lord," he protested.

"He did not know him," repeated Sergeant Bracy, scanning his words. "I was as near his Majesty as I am to you. 'What,' says the king, staring, 'this is never my Merry Rockhurst?' 'Always your Majesty's devoted servant,' said my lord, bowing that white head, 'but your Merry Rockhurst, never again.' 'Oh, damn!' says his Majesty. 'Ho, ho, ho! I heard him with these ears!'"

There was no smile on old Chitterley's lips.

It was a question whether he followed his

more sturdy comrade's gossip or whether, in the dimness of his mind, he was only aware of the pity of many things. Bracy tapped him on the arm:

"A word in your ear, Master Chitterley. They say a lady was lost in the plague days, none knowing where or how she died. Is it true?"

Chitterley drew back and flung a cunning glance at the genial, inquisitive countenance. Old? None so old yet, or so foolish, that he would betray his master's secret.

"Aye, the plague! the plague!" he mumbled. "As you say, good sergeant, those were terrible times."

"Sho!" said the sergeant, knocked the ashes out of his pipe with an irritable tap, and turned his keen blue eyes out once more to the red westward glare. Even at that instant there rose from the gateway tower the blare of a trumpet, the roll of drums. The sounds caught up and repeated from different quarters. "God be praised!" said he, "'tis the party home again from the work!"

The Lord Constable halted on the first platform and flung from his head the hat with the singed plumes. His son looked at him in anxiety; he felt his father's hand press ever more heavily on his shoulder.

"A cup of wine for his lordship, and speedily," cried he.

Rockhurst staggered slightly and sank down upon a stone bench, then looked up at his son and smiled.

"But a passing giddiness—all thanks, good lad!" As he spoke the smile was succeeded by a heavy sigh. "'Tis as if the patience of God were worn out," he went on, as though speaking to himself, after a while, during which he had gazed wistfully at the distant conflagration. "Well for those who can say in their heart that no sin of theirs has cried aloud for vengeance!"

Harry Rockhurst took the cup from Chitterley's hands. "Drink, my lord," said he. "You need it. Human strength will not bear more of the work you have done to-day."

But ere he lifted the wine to his lips, his eye having fallen on Chitterley, Rockhurst beckoned him to his side. Full of secret importance the old servant hurried forward; and, sighing in his turn, Harry drew back.

"Didst go where I bade thee?" whispered the Lord Constable.

"Aye, my lord."

"No news?"

"No news, no news!"

Rockhurst fell into brooding, his gaze lost in the red of the wine. Rousing himself at last, he drank wearily, handed the empty cup to Chitterley, and, with a wave of the hand, dismissed him. Then he sat a while longer yet, watching his son. There were those who said my Lord Rockhurst's eyes could look at naught else, when his heir was by him. After a spell he rose and placed his hand on the young man's shoulder. The two looked affectionately into each other's eyes; sad men both, and deadly worn this evening hour after the fierce work of the day.

"Harry, it comes to me that not many days will be given us of company together."

"How, my lord, would you wish me from you again?"

"Nay—this time, Harry, 'twill be thy father that leaves thee."

The other started. Look and tone left no doubt of the meaning of the words.

"Ah, father," he cried with the irritability born of keen anxiety, "if you would but listen to me! Indeed you expose yourself unduly—"

"When death threatens from without, a man may smile at it; but when death knocks from within, Harry, thrice fool who does not hearken."

"Sir, you alarm me." Harry's voice shook. "Oh, I have been blind! These white hairs, this altered demeanor—they are signs of suffering—some hidden sickness?"

"Even so, lad. Sickness incurable! A secret pain that gives no rest, night nor day. Nay, nay, Harry, no physician can avail."

"Ah!" exclaimed the son in bitter accents, "now I understand much. 'Tis for physician or remedy that Chitterley journeys forth daily in such mystery. Methinks, my lord, that I might have proved as true to help, as wise to counsel as yonder old man. But it has always been your pleasure to treat me as a child."

Rockhurst fixed deep eyes of melancholy on the young man.

"My illness is not of the body, Harry, but of the mind. Yet the canker worketh, never ceasing, eateth from soul to flesh."

"You speak in riddles, sir."

"Alas! you shall read me my riddle soon enough. Hast ever heard (thou canst never have known it) of that sickness called—re-morse? 'Tis uglier than the pestilence!"

At the look of sudden fear his son cast upon him the Lord Constable laughed—a laugh more sad than tears.

"Sit you down with me, Harry, and listen; for I have much to tell you, and it is borne in upon me that it must be told now."

The young man obeyed in silence; and for a moment or two neither spoke. The western sky before them had become an image of flaming immensity, almost beyond the power of realization. The glow of the sunset mingled with the glow of the fire and painted the volutes of smoke massed on the horizon with every shade of fierce magnificence and lurid threat.

"'Twould seem as if the whole town were doomed," muttered Rockhurst at last.

"The powers of hell let loose upon us," said his son gloomily.

"Say, rather, my son, the wrath of God! Look at me, lad! The last time, perchance, that you will look upon your father's face with love and reverence."

Words froze on the young man's lips. The Lord Constable folded his arms; his voice grew stern, ironic:

"You believe me—do you not?—a sober, godly gentleman, as true to his duty as Christian as he has been to his king as subject—"

"Indeed, my lord, I know you as such," quickly interrupted Harry, in deep offense.

"Aye, Harry, aye," laughed Rockhurst, "I had but one part to act toward thee, and it seems I did it well. I never let thee know but the father in me; the stern yet loving father." His voice suddenly broke on a note of tenderness. "Nay, never doubt that, whatever else you may come to doubt: I loved you well. You were my delight. My son, you've had a sore heart against me many a time for that I treated you, in sooth, as a child, kept you far from me, in the country; that I so sternly forbade you the town and the life of the court. Even now you have the plaint that you are excluded from my counsel. Well, such as I planned, I have made thee. Where I have failed in life, thou art strong. Thou hast kept thy manhood pure and clean, where thy father rioted, wasted—"

"Gracious heavens! my lord! What words are these?"

"Ah, 'tis not the sound man that praises the glory of health, but the sick. Not the sober Christian sees the full radiance of the jewel of purity, but the libertine. Ah—I never let thee guess that here, in this town, now dissolving in fire, I had won me the name of Rakehell Rockhurst."

With paling cheek and a starting eye, the son had listened. Now he winced as if his father had struck him.

"Rakehell Rockhurst—Rakehell! And I smote Lionel Ratcliffe on the mouth for daring to couple the name to yours—!" Then, on a fierce revulsion of feeling, he caught the pale hand close to him and kissed it passionately. "Wherefore tell me this? Father, as I have ever known you, so must I ever love and honor you."

"The Rakehell—" repeated the Lord Constable; and once more, out of the very pain of his avowal, came harshness into his tone—"that was my name, in men's mouths. His Majesty had another, a kinder one for me; he called me in jest his Merry Rockhurst. You have been reared in ripe veneration of the king's grace; yet, had you known life by my side (as once you yearned), you would have learned that the one name and the other meant, at Whitehall, the same thing. Rakehell—aye, I may have had black perdition in my heart many a time; yet believe this, Harry, that when, like Lucifer, I fell, I sinned, like Lucifer, with pride, arrogance, recklessness, what you will—never with baseness. Merry, my good liege called me. To find me so mad, yet see me wear so grave a face, it gave him a spur to laughter. Merry? Nay; he loved me, in chief, because in his sad heart he knew mine. Both sad hearts, sickened of life. Forever striving to find a blossom in the dust, a jest in the weary round, to taste of a fruit that was not ashes on the tongue. And there you have the secret of my life and his. Then came Diana."

"Ah, hush, my lord!" Harry rose from his seat, in violent agitation, and stood a second, pressing his hands against his breast. "With me, you know, wounds heal slowly," he went on, striving to speak calmly. "Do not touch upon that hurt, lest the bleeding begin afresh."

The father rose too, followed his son to the parapet, and again laying a hand upon his shoulder, compelled his attention. The splendor of the sunset pageant had faded, and with it all beauty from the sky. Only the glow, the gloom, the belching smoke remained.

"I knew her ere ever you did," said the Lord Constable, his eye fixed as upon an inner vision, fair and fresh and pure. "Aye, you never knew it. She spoke not of it again, nor did I: for you had come between us. She entered into my life one winter's night;

and across the snow I set her again on her sheltered way, knowing what I was—and seeing what she was. But from the instant of our parting ('twas all in the snow, lad, and above us a sky of stars: scarce I touched her hand, not a word exchanged but a God be wi' ye)—from that instant she was never from my thoughts—she, the might-have-been, the one woman for me! Aye, you stare, your grave father! Your *old* father! I was a strong man, then, and life ran potent in my veins. Dost remember how I met her again, in the peacock walk at home, and you prating of your love for her, with beardless lip?"

"O father, father, father!" cried the poor lad. "For God's sake! You are all I have left!"

"Hush, look on these white hairs, sign among so many that life has done with me—nay, I know full well I am not old in years, scarce double thine own: but the vital spring is dying. Listen, Harry, you are a man; I have a trust to lay upon you. Since that terrible dawn, when, crying out 'Diana's dead!' you fell, bleeding of your old wound, into swoon upon swoon, and thereafter into mortal sickness, you know her name has never passed your lips nor mine. It was better in sooth you should believe her dead."

The young man caught at the parapet behind him for support; and the sweat broke on the father's brow, as he looked at him. There was a tense silence; then, fiercely, Harry Rockhurst said:

"Now, my lord, you must speak!"

The moment of agony had passed for Rockhurst. Already it seemed to him the things of life were receding so quickly that he looked on them from afar. Passion had gone from his voice as he spoke; only a mighty sadness was left.

"It was even to speak, Harry, that I kept thee by me here. Know then that until the night of Lady Chillingburgh's death—the night which found Diana without a shelter—in my daily intercourse with your promised bride, the father was ever stronger in me than the man. Aye, and when her brother fled from the plague-stricken house and there was none but me to protect her (for her kinsman Lionel was, as thou hast good cause to know, my poor wounded boy, no guardian for thy bride) 'twas as a father I cared for her all through the livelong night as we wandered, vainly seeking a refuge. I brought her at length to my house, and went forth to seek the means of conveying her home. That

was even the very morning of your arrival. Alack, nor horse nor man could fugitive then find in the waste of the doomed city! I came back to her. Oh, my son, before you judge me, remember: men knew not what they did those terrible days. Question any who passed through them. Staid citizens became drunken reprobates, graybeards rioted horribly with the madness of youth, priests denied their God—”

“But Diana, Diana——”

“Aye, Diana! I deemed Fate itself had given her to me. The madness of the horror about me had turned my brain. Madness of my love for her, of my long self-denial! I would have wedded her, even that hour. But she—she had yielded her troth to thee. To thy father she gave her scorn! At that most cursed moment thy voice rose from the street—my son whom I deemed far away, in the heart of the country! I would have killed her rather than yield her. Remember I was mad. I thrust her from thy sight into an inner room. Ah, God, in that room!”

“In that room?”

“The plague lay in wait for her.”

“The plague—”

“Unknown to me one lay there, a woman who had crept in, sick—to die!”

Harry gave a deep groan, covered his face with his hands, and fell upon the bench:

“Whilst I lay, raving, did she die of the plague, there, there, in your room? O my Diana!”

“My son, I know not. When I sought for her she was gone, vanished. The window was opened into the garden. The woman lay dead upon the bed.”

Harry sprang to his feet, clapped his hands together in a sudden agony of joy, more dreadful at that moment than all his sorrow to the father’s eyes.

“She escaped? She may be living yet! There is mercy in heaven!”

“No mercy for such as I—nor for thee, being my son. For my moment’s madness, what retribution! Harry, this whole long year I have looked for her, night and day. There is not a corner of the town we have not scoured, old Chitterley and myself. Aye, that was the mystery you fretted not to share!”

Harry looked at his father speechlessly, with fierce dry eyes.

“Alas!” Rockhurst went on stonily, “she must even be dead, stricken by the contagion—fallen at the street corner perchance, swept into the common pit as so many others!

And yet, if she were not dead— There is not a burning house I pass but I fear she may be in the flames. Food is as ashes, drink as gall upon my tongue. And now, with the presage of death upon me, I lay the hideous burden upon thee, my son, my innocent son.”

He stretched his hand to his son. But, drawing back, the latter turned the red glance of hatred upon him:

“And you let me believe her dead that morning—that morning! I could have saved her!” He flung his arms in the air and shook them; a terrible menace on his face. “God!” he called, “God—!”

Rockhurst gave a loud cry:

“My son, do not curse your father!”

The young man’s arms dropped by his side. He looked at the bent white head, at the countenance worn, wan, patient; then he cast himself on his father’s breast, sobbing:

“God help us all!”

Father and son sat together over the supper table. The meal, such as it was, was over; each had made a pretense at eating, lest he add to the other’s burden. In silence Harry Rockhurst’s eyes ever sought his father, striving to reconcile the man he had known and revered above all manhood with the man who had harmed him to the shattering of his life. Yet he could now find nothing in his heart but a deeper tenderness. Nay, as he gazed at the noble silvered head, the countenance, beautiful, melancholy, diaphanous, it was with no jot of reverence abated, rather a kind of awe added to a climbing apprehension. His own words of that terrible moment of revelation rang in his ears, as a tolling bell: “Father, you are all I have left!” At last he rose and went restlessly to the open window. When he looked up there was the pure sky overhead with a star or two, very peaceful, and when he looked forth between the towers, there raged the flames, there hung the murk the blacker for the fire lurid below; it seemed an image of his own life. “At least here can be peace,” he told himself.

The door opened behind him, and he heard Chitterley’s shuffling feet, and next the quavering voice; but, lost in his contemplation, he never turned his head.

“Harry!” came Lord Rockhurst’s voice of a sudden. The young man leaped at its tone. Rockhurst thrust a crumpled sheet into his hand. “Read it, Harry! A messenger has brought it hotfoot and is gone as

he came." As he spoke the Lord Constable strode to the door.

"Ho there!" he called to the sentinel in the passage. "Call out the guard! Have the assembly sounded!"

His voice rang out, clarion clear. Harry, holding the paper, stared, astounded; the old fire had come back to his father's eye, the old life to his step; under the very whiteness of his locks his face looked young again.

"Read, lad, read!" ordered Rockhurst, "and be in readiness."

His step was already clanking down the stone stairs ere his son cast eye on the sheet. Then a great cry broke from the young man: "Diana! Diana!"

My lord [so ran the hasty writing on the note], the convent of St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, within where my kinswoman, Madam Anastasia Bedingfield, has given me shelter so long, though none of her faith, is even now attacked by the mob; and we are in parlous danger. Send succor, as you still remember poor Diana!

From below was heard the roll of drum; then the tramp of feet and the clank of firelock. And over all the Lord Constable's voice:

"Steady, lads, and haste. We've urgent work to-night!"

Hurriedly Harry set out to join them. His knees trembled as he went. He thought, in the confusion of his mind: My father goeth like a young man again to the rescue, and I like an old one. What will happen between us when we see Diana again?

II

TEN frightened maiden ladies, of various ages and comeliness, were gathered round the mother abbess in the great stone refectory of St. Helen's House. The convent was outside the track of the fire thus far; yet they jostled one another like so many frightened children, each in the endeavor to get the closer to the large firm comfort of her presence. Adown the long table, between the platters of untouched food, burned the four candles in high brazen candlesticks, scantily illuminating the room.

The atmosphere was oppressively close, for all the windows were shuttered and barred. And, save for the whimpering of some of the blue nuns, the mouthing prayerful whispers of others, there was a heavy stillness within, in contrast to the sounds

that beat round the walls without: the voice of a mob in a fury. A husky roar it was, that grew and fell like the waves of the sea. Anon a deep shout or a shrill cry, a shot or a clang, pierced high; anon the thunder of blows at the main doors, echoing through the old house. As a knock angrier than the rest shook the very foundations, the women raised a wail. The abbess looked round upon them, a certain twist of humor belying the sternness of her face:

"Daughters! is this our faith? And are we not under her Majesty's special protection, and help sent for? To the chapel with ye and sing complines. Tut! Have I given permission to break the rules? 'Tis past the hour. Off with ye!"

She rose, hustling them with gestures of her great hanging sleeves, in good-humored yet irresistible authority. Not one attempted protest, though the smallest novice halted on the threshold to fling a supplicating look which begged piteously for the shelter of the motherly skirts. But the kind steel-gray eye was relentless; and, shivering, the neophyte pattered after her sisters.

Madam Anastasia watched them depart with a shrug of her ample shoulders. Then as she stood, in deep reflection, by the open door, hearkening to the increasing menace, there came the faint tinkle of the chapel bell, and thereafter the uplifted voices of her nuns, chanting, dismally enough, but yet sufficiently in unison. She nodded to herself, with a shrewd smile, and was about to gather her long blue skirts together, preparatory to a survey of the defenses, when there came the sound of steps along the flags and the figure of the convent guest moved into her view. The abbess's face brightened.

"Hither, child!" she beckoned, as Mistress Diana Harcourt, bowing her veiled head, was about to pass on to the chapel.

The young woman approached, flinging back the folds from her face. Against the black filmy frame her hair, even in the dimness of the corridor, took marvelous brightness as of copper and gold. Her countenance shone with a pearl-like fairness; it was wan as by long vigils; sad were her eyes, as though from secret tears; but serenity enveloped her as fragrance does the rose.

Her kinswoman surveyed her an instant with favor. Then she plunged into her huge hanging pocket:

"This letter, flung in through a window, tied to a stone; I had nigh forgotten it! 'Tis

addressed to you. Had you been of my flock, 'twas my duty to have read it."

Diana glanced at the superscription, announced coldly that it was from their kinsman, Lionel Ratcliffe, and proceeded to burst the seal. The color welled to her pale cheeks. She gave a cry of indignation as she read:

A man's patience is not eternal. You have forbidden me sight of you, this month past. My offense—the constancy of my love! You will not, so you tell me, out of your papist cage. Yestereve our kinswoman threatened me that you would change your religion and take the vows. You have reckoned without me, without the anger of the people. 'Tis the cry that the papists have fired London: I care not, false or true. But no papist shall help to rob me of you! Here is my chance and I shall seize it. I saved you once, in spite of yourself; now, Diana, I shall save you again from yourself. Have no fear, though every stone in the walls that keep you from me be laid low, no harm shall come to you. I shall be there, and with friends. So you are warned; be wise, bid our obstinate old coz Anastasia yield you peacefully, unbar the doors, facilitate the search for the papers we come to seek, and I will even do still what may be done for her safety and that of all her silly pack.

If this findeth you open to reason, see that she hang a white cloth from the window over the porch—soon after unbarring the gate. And leave the rest to your faithful and ever-loving cousin,

LIONEL RATCLIFFE.

"And he of our blood! Shame!" cried the abbess with hot cheeks.

"Mother," said Diana, and her lip trembled in spite of her brave tone, "had you not best yield, even as he says? Alack! 'tis by bringing peril on you I repay your shelter!"

"Yield you up? A pretty thought! I would rather we all perished together 'neath the stones of the old house. Yield and facilitate forsooth! Nay, we will even hold the place bolt and bar. An our message have reached the Tower, 'twill go hard with us if the gates do not stand till succor comes. How, hand thee over, to yon infamous wretch who useth the extremity of the city, the blind folly of the mob, the helplessness of a poor house of gentlewomen to the furthering of his own base purposes! As for my threat that you would take the vows"—she gave a dry chuckle—"I've overshot the mark, it seems. I deemed to show thee as out of reach of his pursuit. Well, 'tis ill talking when so much is a-doing. Hark ye at that, 'tis the fiercest onslaught yet. Get thee to the chapel. I must to the outer hall."

"Nay," quoth Diana, "I go with you."

The two kinswomen looked at each other for a second with a mutual pride; then with-

out further word they went together to the great outer hall, reverberating now to its vaulted roof as hammer strokes fell upon the iron-studded door. The stolid elderly red-headed porter came forth from a deep embrasure—where he had been philosophically, it seemed, listening to the progress of the attack—and with a hand on each arm drew them in their turn into the shelter out of reach of stone and shots.

"Will the door hold, think you, Bindon?" asked his reverend mistress briskly.

"Aye," quoth Bindon, "good iron, stout oak! So they lay not gunpowder."

"And so they do, what then?"

Bindon lifted his hand in slight, but expressive gesture. Then his small eye rolled from the old face to the young.

"Eh, but ye be two brave women—not a blanch, not a squeak!"

"Sho!" said the abbess with a tolerant smile. "And why should I fear death? Have I not been dead these forty years?"

"And why should I fear death" said Diana's young voice, "since life has naught left?"

"I hope you'll not be taken at your word, ladies," said Bindon, with the familiarity of long service. "Nay, look you, I'm none so ready myself! But," he went on, "I like not this pause without: there may be gunpowder in it. And by your leave, I'll creep round to the lookout. Eh, 'tis time for the guards!"

As his burly figure had moved out of sight, Madam Anastasia turned with some asperity.

"Indeed, Mistress Harcourt, I marvel at you! Life nothing left for you, forsooth? Tut, tut! Is not the best part of it before you? What have you done with your good youth, answer me that—not even borne a soul to God's service?"

"Why, mother," Diana exclaimed, and the tears sprang to her eyes. "Do you know my history and chide me? Oh, I am dead, and this is my tomb. And truly, 'tis best so; since, when I lived in the world, I brought—God knows unwittingly—dire sorrow on two noble hearts that loved me."

The prioress thrust her hands impatiently up her big sleeves.

"Tush, child! Shouldst have made thy choice boldly. And he whom you had left would be no worse off than now. This shilly-shally likes me not. In a convent and no nun! A lovely, free woman and no wife! Either wed or pray, say I. Nay, my dear, though I threatened your cousin with it, I have known it long; your vocation is not with

us. With the blessing of God, I'll yet give the house a feast on the day of Mistress Harcourt's wedding with my Lord Rockhurst's son!"

The renewal of clamor without, the report of a musket, the shattering of a few more panes of glass in the high windows all but drowned the valiant woman's words. Yet Diana had caught the drift of them and clasped the stout shoulders in sudden embrace.

"Wedding! 'Tis more like we feast with death this day!"

"Why, then, 'tis the best feast of all," cried the abbess petulantly.

There came three measured, emphatic blows upon the door. Then, above the loud continuous howl of the mob, a ringing call:

"Stand back, there within, stand back for your lives! We now blow your door in. Stand back!"

"'Tis Cousin Lionel's voice," whispered Diana with white lips.

"Sho!" returned the old lady with great contempt. She caught Diana by the shoulder and dragged her to the entrance of the passage, where she paused panting, being somewhat weighty for such swift movements. Bindon, trailing a musket, clattered in their rear.

"Aye, truly," she said to him, "I begin to think this may be the end. Tut! Where lag those sluggard guards! Sho! Here now come my silly children! Well, well, Sister Magdalén, my pastoral staff! So we have visitors we shall receive in state."

She took the crook from the hands of the nun; then, waving back the community, terrified now even to speechlessness:

"Back to your stalls, daughters! Shame on you! Shall not the shepherd come when he pleases, and shall he find the sheep dispersed?" She rang her staff threateningly on the flags, and the fluttering bevy fled back to the chapel. "Sheep, indeed—poor things!" chuckled the abbess.

She was chuckling still when the thud of the explosion came. It seemed to lift the stone house about them, to make the solid flags heave under their feet. For one instant Diana deemed that they all had been blown in pieces as well as the convent, and, opening her eyes after a reeling moment, was considerably astonished to find herself whole and sound. Before her, in stout equilibrium, was the abbess, jubilantly chanting a psalm; beside her, Bindon on one knee, poising his

firelock. The words he was breathing were not those of prayer.

There was a burst of wailing from the chapel within, and through the porch a wall of white smoke rolled up in swirls.

"They've made the breach; the door is down," said Bindon superfluously. Then the vapor parted, and three men were seen cautiously advancing; confusedly, beyond, in the ragged breach, Diana caught a glimpse of the street and a crowd of begrimed faces, in brutal exultation, brutal lust of destruction. Ravering as wild beasts behind bars, something yet held them back, she instinctively felt. The next instant, as she recognized Lionel, she knew whose power at once excited and restrained the mob: waving his sword he came, scarce a fold out of place in his handsome suit, plumed hat on his head, the red curls of his great wig hanging ordered on either side of the long, pale face. Their eyes met; she saw the gleam in his, and her heart turned sick. The two that strode behind him were dark-visaged, sinister enough, yet had something of the same air, as of men decorously carrying through a necessary act of violence.

Lionel Ratcliffe halted a pace in front of his old kinswoman and swept an ironical bow. There was no flinching of shame in him as he met the stern challenge of her eye.

"Out of my way, old fool," he cried. "I'm not here to deal with you. You've not chosen to take my warning: take your lot. My business is with my cousin here, whom you unlawfully detain. Diana, I have seen to your safety."

He made an almost imperceptible gesture of his hand as he concluded. The two men darted forward. Hideous confusion instantly sprang up. Diana remembered (and afterwards it was with tender laughter) seeing the mother abbess strike out right lustily with her pastoral staff; to such good purposes indeed, that Lionel's sword was snapped at mid-blade as he tried to parry her blow. At the same instant there was a deafening report in her ear; Bindon had loosed his musket. The foremost of Ratcliffe's attendants threw up his arms and fell forward. Then she felt herself grasped, and knew the hated touch.

"Diana, fool," Lionel was whispering fiercely, "'tis life or death! If you are seen to struggle now, you are lost, even as the others!"

Through Lionel's words she was aware of the wild-beast roar, execrating: "Kill the

papists! Burn them!" was aware of the invisible bars broken down, of the rush. And next, even to her bewildered senses there came the feeling of a change, a halt. It was like a flood at full tide miraculously arrested. Shots followed each other in rapid succession outside; and other sounds now, a roll of drum, words of command, some cheers, began to mingle with those hideous recurrent yells. The throng that struggled to pour in through the broken door recoiled. "The guards! the guards are on us!" was now the cry.

And with the curious unanimity of crowds general panic succeeded general fury. Above the torrential sound of feet on the pavement outside, a voice, clear yet panting, like the blast of a running trumpeter, rose ever nearer: "Make way, in the king's name!"

Then Diana heard the abbess's "*Deo gratias*," heard Lionel curse as his grasp relaxed; heard him curse again as he leaped forward, brandishing the stump of his sword, and, in vain frenzy, striving to stop the fugitives.

Harry Rockhurst was the first of the rescuers to dash through the gaping door. The Lord Constable had in truth reached the gateway before him, but had stood aside to let his son pass. Bareheaded, his black curls flying, his face set with the sternness of fierce intent, Diana for one delirious instant took the son for the father—the father as she had first met him in pride of noble strength, when she had loved him, unbidden. And as he sprang toward her, crying out in accents of unmeasurable joy: "Diana—safe!" she cast herself into his arms.

Now, even as he held her, she knew who it was, knew that there was youth in his pressure, an unhampered ecstasy of leaping blood. But yet she clung to him the closer, past and present so inextricably mingled in her thought that all she felt, all she cared to know, was that now, here, her heart had come home at last!

The inner circle of their joy lasted but the moment of a radiant bubble. About them the turmoil still raged. There was one, within a few yards, white-haired, grappling with a furious blood-stained ruffian. Diana clutched her lover's arm.

"Harry, Harry, save the old man!"

Harry turned, saw, and fired his pistol point-blank in the man's face. In the same instant, with a horror that stifled the cry of warning in her throat, Diana saw Lionel,

with livid countenance of fury, advancing upon the young man, his broken sword drawn back like a dagger for the thrust. But even as she found voice, all was over: one whose love had been swifter than hers had flung himself between the steel and its aim. Then all was a swirl of confusion. She saw Harry draw his sword from Lionel's fallen body, fling it from him and rush with a deep cry of anguish to the tall, white-headed man who yet stood erect, smiling, but with a face of terrible pallor.

She looked again, and as if the blast of a mighty wind had torn the mists from her eyes, she knew him. *The old man* she had called him: it was Lord Rockhurst himself.

And now it became clear to her that he was wounded, and grievously. Though he still stood, he was supported on one side by his son; on the other by a gray-bearded yeoman who, seeing his leader struck, had worked his way to him with great strides, through the mob of soldiers and rioters struggling at the door.

"Sir," he was saying, "this is the weight of a dead man."

"Ah, no!" cried the son. "For God's sake look to the wound! O God!—the sword, to the very hilt!"

Rockhurst came back from his far smiling contemplation to forbid the hand that would have plucked the broken sword from his side.

"Touch it not yet, Sergeant Bracy. When you draw it, you draw my life with it."

"He's sped, Master Harry," whispered Bracy, and his face began to work.

Then Rockhurst failed in their arms, and they gently laid him down on the flags, but a few paces away from Lionel Ratcliffe's dead body. As in a dream Diana came and knelt by his side. Madam Anastasia was praying under her voice.

"O father," sobbed Harry, "the best, the dearest! Oh, my honored lord!"

The dying man, as with an effort, brought his far gaze to the two young faces bending in sorrow over him.

"It is well," he said, "very well. Diana, lay your hand in his. I would fain place it there myself, but I cannot, I cannot." His eye roamed as if seeking. Once again he smiled at Bracy's distraught countenance.

"Old comrade," he breathed, "pluck out the blade."

The Lord Constable had given his last command.

JAPAN'S AMBITION TO CIVILIZE CHRISTENDOM

BY HAROLD BOLCE



NADDITION to their phenomenal rise as an industrial and military people, the Japanese regard themselves as intellectually superior to Occidental races. Other people have had to struggle against slow conservatism. The Japanese alone, they insist, have been totally emancipated from the slavery to narrow ideas. They believe now that their mission is to civilize Christendom!

They scout the thought that they are to become an industrial danger to our solvency and civilization, or that Asia, unified and quickened into ambition through the teaching and example of Japan, is to be a military menace to Europe or America. Far more important is the Japanese programme, they point out, to redeem the Occident from its religious bondage.

They say that ideas cannot travel as rapidly in Europe and America as they can and do in Japan. They say that the habit in Western nations of starving or torturing or crucifying genius survives in our prejudice against a really new ideal, and that in our political dogmas, and pre-eminently in our creeds, we are controlled by the past far more than we ourselves dream. Japan's rôle, therefore, is to point out a better way for mankind.

They remind us that when they emerged from their feudalism they faced every phase of science, philosophy, and religion, not clinging to tradition when observation and study revealed a clearer way to Japanese advancement. Their attitude toward the religions of other lands is not more critical than toward their own. Shintoism was disestablished as a State religion, thoroughly secularized, and its affairs placed under a Bureau of Shrines. There is scarcely more religious significance

to this Shinto Department in the Federal Building at Tokio than there is in the Board of Health in an American city.

The Japanese insist that they are the first race to throw off the thralldom of inherited beliefs. A man born in Arabia, they point out, is usually a Mohammedan; if he is born in Europe or America, he is some sort of a Christian; whereas the man of Japan has taken from all religions what he considers the best. The teachings of Christ, Confucius, Buddha, and Mohammed have been blended with the utilitarianism of Herbert Spencer and the rationalism of the Japanese philosopher Fukuzawa. In religion and ethics, as in their railways and military tactics, the Japanese determine to prove all things and hold fast that which is good.

The Japanese hold that their amalgamation of the best thought and aspiration of all lands comprises in itself a new gospel. Newspapers and magazines and public speeches in the Sunrise Kingdom are filled with the pregnant thought that the mission of Japan, totally aside from any dream of industrial supremacy or military conquest, is to rationalize the world.

All great religions, they point out, originated in the Orient, and these codes of thought have served a great purpose while mankind has been passing through what the Japanese regard as the kindergarten age of intellectual development. The Japanese people, they say, are now responding to the opportunity and the call to teach the races that all these religions are good in part, but that none of them has a monopoly on truth.

The peculiar attitude of the Japanese toward Christianity may be illustrated by referring to a regular Sunday occurrence on the Ginza, the leading street of Tokio. A big sign over a bookstore there discloses that the

firm deals exclusively in Bibles, hymn books, and other Christian productions. These books are sold to eager students, and the main business of the store is done over the counter on Sunday morning. The object of these students is not so much to get into communion with the Christian's God as to understand our grammar. There is no more religion in Japan's sabbath than in that country's adoption of the Morse alphabet.

They are willing to accept Jehovah, but they say they cannot understand the lack of catholicity that would insist upon the banishment from the Japanese Pantheon of their eight hundred myriad gods to give the whole place exclusively to our one. The Japanese quote the admonition of Confucius to his disciples, to respect the gods, but to have as little as possible to do with them. There has long been a pronounced tendency toward agnosticism in Japan. The present widespread rationalism and atheism adopted from the West merge naturally with much of the Confucian doctrine as it has been interpreted in the Sunrise Kingdom.

The Japanese criticism of Christianity will be better understood if we consider their indifference to their own faith. The Japanese baptize their children at Shinto shrines, and bury their dead from Buddhist temples. Japan's greatest statesman, Marquis Ito, is the author of the following statement:

"I regard religion itself as quite unnecessary to a nation's life; science is far above superstition; and what is religion—Buddhism or Christianity—but superstition, and therefore a possible source of weakness to a nation? I do not regret the tendency to free thought and atheism which is almost universal in Japan."

And Fukuzawa said: "Religion is like tea; it serves a social end, nothing more."

At the Nippon Club in Tokio I had the opportunity of talking at length with a native author of many books, and I asked him to tell me frankly wherein the Japanese considered themselves more advanced intellectually than America. He regarded the subject very seriously.

"One fact is sufficient to prove that the Japanese have taken higher ground than any other people," said he. "Agnosticism, which is the only logical attitude for a modern man to assume toward the mystery of birth and life and death, is a point of view reached in the United States only by the most advanced professors in your universities; where-

as in Japan it is the thought of the masses. Moreover, your Christian propagandists in America are so unalert to the philosophical progress of Japan as a nation that missionaries are sent here to preach a gospel of miracles and mythology—a mass of doctrine, in the form of Hebrew fables and traditions, which would never make the slightest appeal to the scientific Japanese mind, and which, in fact, the best thinkers in your own universities repudiate."

It should be stated that the Japanese analysis and rejection of many teachings held sacred by Western nations is not irreverent. These Oriental rationalists as calmly set aside the record that the sun stopped in mid-heaven at the request of a Hebrew general, or that the shadow of the sun at the bidding of Isaiah went back ten degrees on the dial of Ahaz, as the Christian world labels as impossible myths the prodigies of the Greek gods.

The facts that Sunday is officially a day of rest in Japan, and that Church and State have been practically separated, have given the missionaries undue cause for elation. It is true, too, that the Young Men's Christian Association has found favor in Japan, conspicuously because of its social service to the soldiers during the recent war with Russia. It is interesting and characteristic, however, that side by side with this Western organization is developing the Young Men's Buddhist Association of Japan. This latter organization includes everything that is taught in the Young Men's Christian Association, and, in addition thereto, familiarizes its members with the hygienic ideals of Buddhism, and conducts summer schools.

What the Japanese protest against is that the Western world advances Christianity as the one and only way. Since our denominational representatives in the Sunrise Kingdom continue to insist upon complete orthodox conversion, the Japanese have not been reticent in pointing out what they regard as the fallacies of the Christian religion.

In the first place, they say that Western theology concedes that the creation of the human race on the part of Jehovah has thus far turned out to be a colossal failure. The Japanese even go further, and say that the belief that the vast majority of mankind are doomed to eternal torment, and that only a fortunate remnant are saved, renders the creation of man not only a vast failure, but an unthinkable horror as well. A Japanese professor said to me that if he could be converted

to Christianity he would make his petitions not to God but to the Evil Spirit, inasmuch as the Devil, according to our theology, controlled the majority and was altogether the dominant power in the universe.

He said that he realized that we regard man as a free moral agent, and that while the road is wide that leads to destruction, and is always crowded, the individual had the privilege of choosing the narrow way, up which the few, the select, the preordained, climbed to felicity. The trouble was, the Japanese critic pointed out, that man had been so created that he would not choose this way to eternal life. Christian theology, therefore, accused the Creator of bringing into existence a race of beings of such moral bias that the countless majority would not accept His method of salvation. In other words, Christianity, it is held in Japan, charges the Creator with having fashioned billions of human souls although He knew beforehand that most of them would plunge headlong into everlasting torment.

The doctrine that the God of Christianity, in order to avert from mankind the doom toward which they were otherwise hopelessly flocking, sent His only begotten Son to be crucified in a remote corner of Asia is totally rejected by the Japanese. They say that if that sacrifice had been effective in any large way, the argument in regard to the mission of the Nazarene might be more effective, but that, out of the billions that have lived since the ministration of Jesus Christ two thousand years ago, only a comparative handful have believed and been saved according to the plan thus elaborately designed by the Creator.

The Japanese look at this important subject from another standpoint also. They say that if Christ was a god He was more than man can ever possibly be. They do not believe that the race should be grateful to the Creator for sending us a god who set up an ideal in His life impossible of human attainment. According to our theology, Jesus was man in outward form only, the Japanese insist; inwardly He had the advantage of being a god, and came to tantalize unfortunate mankind by showing them how good a god can be. Such teaching, the Japanese say, is of little value to the world.

If Christ, on the other hand, the Japanese say, was truly a man, and His life an illustration of the possibilities latent in humanity, then His life is more inspiring than if He were

a god. Viewing the sayings and sermons of the Nazarene as the lofty expression of a superior man, they have already adopted much of His gospel in the new thought in Japan. But they place His teaching upon the same level as that of Confucius, and along many practical lines subordinate both to the philosophy of Herbert Spencer!

One of the fundamental secrets in the success of the gospel proclaimed by Jesus, the Japanese claim, was that He wove into His message much of the thought of the Hindus and the ideas of ancient Israel. It was a composite doctrine, comprised of the best ethical and religious systems then known. The Japanese claim that they are now reproducing the programme of the Nazarene, only on a far greater scale, as they are incorporating into their up-to-date philosophy not only all that has proved to be beneficial to mankind in the teachings of Jesus, but likewise subjecting to the same test all that is valuable in all the religions, ethical systems, economics, and metaphysics throughout the world.

We are still sending missionaries to Japan, but the Japanese insist that these representatives of our religion are being brought under the influence of the more advanced thought of the very people they would convert to narrow and exclusive doctrines. Moreover, the Japanese are beginning to send their rationalists to the leading nations, including the United States, England, Germany, and China.

The Japanese say that they realize that they have a big task, inasmuch as Europe and America, while purely and commendably scientific in regard to electricity, wireless telegraphy, and all modern phenomena, are like children in fidelity to a belief that impossible miracles were wrought ages ago. From the point of view of the Japanese these myths could be passed over as unimportant if they were not included as a vital part of the unscientific religion of the Western world.

The Japanese smile when the missionaries tell them that Elijah and Elisha by smiting the water of the Jordan with a mantle dammed up the river and were able to walk across on dry land. Had the people of that day been sufficiently advanced to build pontoon bridges, they would not have invented such a fable, the Japanese contend. Nor are these cynically scientific yellow men more credulous in regard to the account of Christ calming the tempest on Lake Galilee. Nothing like that has ever happened, they say, since the race learned to navigate scientifically. They

point out, too, the curious fact that in the record of the reign of Yamato-take, who flourished at the beginning of the Christian era, the story is told of how his wife stilled a great storm on the Sea of Japan by sitting on a wave!

Japan is a land of gods and tradition, but they regard their gods indulgently, much as the Western world looks upon Santa Claus; and even the popular notion that the Mikado can trace his lineage to the Sun Goddess is treasured by the Japanese people largely as we cherish the cherry-tree myth in the life of George Washington.

The Japanese point out that all the stories of Hebrew miracles, such as the action of angels in destroying the Assyrian army, the conversion of rods into serpents, the amplification of five loaves of bread and two fishes into a commissary supply sufficient to feed 5,000 people, can be equaled if not paralleled by the myths of Egypt and Greece and Rome and even Japan. The marvelous thing to the Japanese is that civilized Europeans and Americans still regard as literal the dreams and allegories that have come out of ancient centuries.

Fukuzawa, whom Japan regards as its most profound modern philosopher, made the following statement in regard to religion:

"I lack a religious nature, and have never believed in any religion. I am thus open to the charge that I am advising others to be religious when I am not so. Yet my conscience does not permit me to clothe myself with religion when I have it not at heart. Of religions there are several kinds—Buddhism, Christianity, and what not. Yet from my standpoint there is no more difference between these than between green tea and black tea. It makes little difference whether you drink one or the other. The point is to let those who have never drunk tea partake of it and know its taste. It is so with religion. Religionists are like tea merchants. They are busy selling their own kind of religion. As for the method of procedure in this matter, it is not good policy for one to disparage the stock of others in order to praise his own. What he ought to do is to see that his stock is well selected and his prices cheap."

The story is related that a Japanese ambassador, leaving England, called upon the Foreign Office stating that he had a half an hour to spare, and suggested that they suggest a new religion which it might be advisable for his home government to adopt. Dispatches

have frequently appeared in the newspapers that Tokio was considering legislation that would make Christianity the State religion in Japan. This has been seriously entertained at times in the belief that the adoption of the Occidental creed might facilitate Japan's treaty negotiations with the Powers. Another project incorporated the plan of establishing a religion which, adopting Shinto nomenclature, would incorporate the seven cardinal virtues of Confucianism, the Buddhistic doctrine of cause and effect, and the Christian conception of the Trinity.

Any introduction of Christianity under Japanese control and interpretation would have no more significance, and probably not so much, as the adoption of European and American styles of clothing. Anything that is peculiarly alien is not popular in Japan. Railroads and telegraphs and all the mechanical achievements of modern times have been vigorously welcomed, for these scientific triumphs are in no sense national. They belong to the world.

The career of Buddhism in Japan, imported from China and Korea, illustrates the indisposition of the Japanese to adopt in any wholesale way an alien religion. The elaborate metaphysics of the Buddhistic faith did not appeal to the Japanese, and that religion succeeded only by adapting itself to Shintoism, and adopting many of the Japanese gods. The Japanese people without discrimination give their financial support to both Buddhism and Shintoism.

The main obvious difference between Buddhism and Shintoism is that a Buddhist temple is roofed with tiles, while a Shinto temple is thatched!

In 1874 Buddhism was disestablished in Japan. To-day Japan has even greater religious freedom than America enjoys, for, as stated, a dealer can sell Bibles on Sunday in Tokio. Buddhist temples are multiplying in Japan, and the reason for this phenomenon is about the same as that which explains the great increase in the foreign trade and the domestic commerce of that empire. The Japanese keep up their temples, out of the same love of the beautiful that impels American municipalities and individuals to maintain their parks!

It is significant of the anomalous attitude of the Japanese toward religion that the canon of Buddhism has never been translated into the Japanese tongue. The version used by the Buddhist priests in the temples of

Japan is written in Chinese. It is the testimony of every traveler and student and progressive citizen of the Japanese empire that the educated people of Japan are totally indifferent to religion.

It has not always been so. There was a time when emperors used to abdicate in Japan to engage in prayer. But they found that when they did so, the Shogun who did not pray got control of the government. The Japanese say that the religion of to-day should be as modern as machinery.

They protest against the assumption of the Christian nations that it was exclusively to the Israelites that the All-Wise Creator revealed Himself. The Bible is read in Japan, but it is not considered there the only Inspired Writ. In accepting many faiths and litanies they proceed upon the idea that an omnipotent being would be too prolific an author to confine himself to one book, especially upon finding that that volume was not universally read!

They say that if the Bible had been intended as the only authoritative message from God to man, its origin would not have been left in such obscurity. They point out that no scholar knows anything about the original manuscripts of the Christian Bible, the oldest fragments dating from the fourth century after Christ and at best being nothing but translated copies. What happened to the originals, and the precise matter they contained, no man knows. This hiatus of centuries, occurring between the time the Christian manuscripts were written and the date of their most ancient translation, gives uncertainty, from the Japanese standpoint, to the entire religious canon of the Occident.

They make the further point that whatever is truth, whatever can be proved by experience and science, does not need to be inspired, and that, on the other hand, no amount of religious ecstasy in the writing can give validity to an untruth. It makes no difference to them, therefore, who wrote our Scriptures, when they were written, or under what spiritual compulsion. Whatever in these Hebrew poems, homilies, and histories can be utilized to advance ethics and economics to-day, the Japanese consider worthy of adoption and promulgation, but at all our Bible stories of the miraculous the Japanese simply smile. To the unconverted Oriental, our sacred tales are on a par with the Mother Goose fables and the Arabian Nights Entertainments. What gives piquancy to the situation is not the mere

negation of the Japanese, but their belief, as stated, that they have progressed greatly beyond the American and the European, and are called upon to teach us the new religion of reason and science.

In some of my arguments with the Japanese I said that the Christian civilization in its exaltation of woman, even had it never accomplished anything else, had won a claim to superiority over all other social systems in the world. I was particularly impressed with the contrast between the status enjoyed by American women and those of Japan, when in visiting homes and tea houses in the Sunrise Kingdom I encountered the maids and housewives bumping their foreheads on the matting and purring at my feet while they unlaced my shoes. Calling upon an American who had married a Japanese woman, I found him seated in his study, his bare feet in a basin of water, and his wife on her knees washing them.

But when, in my controversies with the students and thinkers of Japan, I made the point that under our Christian system Occidental women had greater freedom and higher standing than their Oriental sisters, I was met instantly by the protest that our methods had made our women Amazonian, brazen, and unlovable. Japan, they said, had taught woman her place. She was educated to please, to be gentle, thoughtful, and obedient. American women, the Japanese claim, have been spoiled by idolatry. They have become calculating and dominant, whereas the Japanese women remain throughout their lives charming, docile, subordinate to their husbands. American women, the Japanese say, interfere and disturb the social conditions, and frequently create confusion in diplomacy and other affairs of State. Christianity, they say, which is almost wholly supported by women in America, is responsible for the fantastic ideals that have resulted in giving undue freedom to the sex.

The new religion formulated by the Japanese will adopt the pagan rather than the Christian idea of woman's sphere. This is essentially a man's world, the Japanese contend, because the nations are preserved by war, and women are not fitted anatomically to engage in arduous campaigns. So long, therefore, as men must fight to maintain their country, it is colossal folly, the Japanese say, to give woman the right to shape the political policy of the land. Furthermore, the Japanese claim that the Japanese women, taught

to find their greatest joy in the affairs of the home, are far happier than the women who have been made ambitious and unsatisfied under the Christian system.

In leading economic ideas affecting both men and women, the Japanese claim great superiority over the Occident. Europe and America are only now, after years of struggle and wars and class hatred, reaching the idea that State ownership of public utilities is a benefit to the masses. Japan, taking advanced ground in economics as it has in religion and science, inaugurated State socialism without conflict and even without controversy. The Japanese claim that their nation is without an equal in its capacity for taking definite and quick action in matters affecting the public good. Old men and old communities, as is well known, are conservative. Japan, while one of the oldest of nations, is brand-new in its regeneration. Having turned its back upon the past, it has no prejudices to fight. Just as it took its naval ideas from England, its infantry organization from Germany, the school system from America, and the Code Napoléon from France, so it has absorbed its religion and philosophy from all the creeds and teachers both of ancient and modern times. They say they do not believe in a republic, because some centralization of power is indispensable, and in a democracy, where sufficient restraint is not imposed, domination is usurped by the commercial magnates. They say that neither the religion nor the governmental system of America is suited to the world at large. They say that the fact that worshipers in our democracy still cling to the spiritual idea of a God reigning on a throne surrounded by inferior angels singing adulatory hosannas, reveals that the conception of equality is not fundamental in our mind. They point out that there is no President, nor Cabinet, nor Parliament in the Christian heaven.

The Japanese, believing in their destined rôle to merge the best ideas of all nations, reject the idea of a single ruler in the universe, to whom the inhabitants of the earth are as grasshoppers. Nor do they believe in that standard for an earthly government. They preach a form of socialism, a paternalism, but they address their appeal not to that class which can do nothing save engage in sullen rage or fiery revolution, but to the entrenched administrators who can inaugurate reforms without resort to arms. The difference between the peaceful emergence of Japan and

the carnival of bloodshed which attended the passing of France from the old régime to the modern typifies the difference between the new religion which the people of the Mikado's empire offer to the world and the disputatious creeds which led the Western nations to torture and decimate their enemies through many foolish centuries.

The new religion does not concern itself deeply with doctrines. It does not believe in original sin and the necessity for redemption. It believes that human nature is naturally good, and that it is only the lack of proper cultivation that makes character fruitless. It will not aim to introduce a new Gospel through any form of religious excitement. What we in America call religious revivals Japan classes as monomania and hysteria. Even love is considered a weakness in Japan. Love, delirium tremens, and religion are regarded as a trinity of evils unworthy a well-poised gentleman in the Sunrise Kingdom.

While for want of a better term the new movement in Japan is called an up-to-date religion, it is not religious in any Western sense. Uchimura, in his "Japan and the Japanese," pictures his country occupying a middle place between the two great streams of the world's civilization, and merging them to rejuvenate the earth. He says:

Two streams of civilization flowed in opposite directions when mankind descended from their primitive homes on the tableland of Iran or Armenia. That toward the west passed through Babylon, Phenicia, Greece, Rome, Germany, England, and culminated in America, while that through the east traveled through India, Thibet, and China, culminating in the Manchu court at Peking. The moral world is also a magnet, with its two opposite poles on the opposite banks of the Pacific, the democratic, aggressive, inductive America, and the imperial, conservative, and deductive China. There have been constant attempts for the union of these magnetic currents. Grander tasks await the young Japan, who has the best of Europe and the best of Asia at her command. At her touch the circuit is completed and the healthy fluid shall overflow the earth!

I do not in this article go into the chauvinism of Japan, further than to state that the overwhelming pride and confidence of that people lead them to picture for themselves a political destiny throughout all the Asiatic shores of the Pacific. They feel quite confident, too, that no other modern nation, not even military Germany or England, could have met and vanquished Russia as Japan did. Not long ago an eminent German reminded a Japanese diplomat in Berlin that

the Sunrise Kingdom had borrowed all its military ideas and many of its mechanical appliances from Germany.

"That is true," replied the little Oriental, "but there is one thing we did not import from Germany."

"What was that?" asked the German.

"Your fear of Russia," was the reply.

The Japanese make the additional point in regard to their military fitness, that no armies have ever equaled theirs in ministering to the wounded and the sick.

In large ideas of foreign trade, the Japanese point to what they believe to be their marked superiority. The great future of commerce, they, like many other people, believe, is in continental Asia. Blind to the multiplying opportunities of that Mongolian field, America has so alienated the Chinese that boycotts and the threats of boycotts are seriously disturbing our trade with the Celestial Empire. Last year witnessed a marked decrease in our exports to China. But the Japanese, being, as they believe, a superior race, and seeing farther into the future than Americans can, have established friendly and reciprocal relations with their great awakening neighbor. Already Japan is selling more cotton goods to China than the United States does.

In diplomacy, Japan claims preëminence over all the modern nations. In its imperial ambitions, Japan saw but one possible obstacle of sufficient magnitude to restrain the fearless advance of the Mikado's people. The expansion of America was the one problem that Japan had to solve, and so, with worldly acuteness, it concluded a treaty of alliance with England. Through its own strength, reinforced by the fleets and prestige and wealth of its great ally, Japan has reached a triumphal position from which it will probably not be forced to go to war for many years. As for its commercial ascendancy, that may prove of positive benefit to America, since the rise of Japan and the rejuvenation of all Asia will increase the purchasing power of the Far East. These phases of Japan's advance and pride are not a part of the present consideration.

What is unique in the new civilization of Japan is the claim that the real spirit of the country, which has given that people an intellectual preëminence over all other nations, is not an importation, but a native gift brought to perfection through centuries of development. Western machinery made Japan move faster, but it added nothing, they insist, to

their essential ideals as expressed in Bushido and cultivated for 2,000 years. Professor Nitobe in his book on Bushido says:

"To a philosophic and pious mind, the races themselves are marks of divine chirography, clearly traced in black and white as on their skin; and if this simile holds good, the yellow race forms a precious page inscribed in hieroglyphics of gold."

In another place he says that "Christianity in its American or English form—with more of Anglo-Saxon freaks and fancies than grace and purity of its founder—is a poor scion to graft on Bushido stock."

It should not be imagined that the Japanese in any phase of their philosophy and religion are seriously grave. The followers of Bushido once worshiped Confucius, but the golden statues of that philosopher are now to be found only in the shops of curio dealers, and some of the precious images of the deified sage have been sold to the Japanese mints as bullion!

The Japanese go on religious pilgrimages, but these events assume the form of holiday merrymaking. A Scotchman on a Caledonian picnic suggests the sort of piety a Japanese exhibits in his excursion to a sacred mountain. It has been said that the gods of Japan are easy-going.

What the Japanese object to is the solemn emphasis the Western world gives to litanies and legends. It is believed in Japan that America and Europe are idolatrous, bowing down slavishly to a Book. William T. Stead interviewed Marquis Ito, and reports that that statesman "spoke very bitterly of the missionaries who came to the country, and expressed himself very decidedly in favor of the country being without any outside religion. All the educated people, he said, have Bushido to guide them in their life, the purest teaching of doing right combined with the highest code of honor. Why, then, should they wish to adopt a superstition such as Christianity, especially as it comes to the country in so many various and conflicting sects and forms?"

Count Okuma, writing in the *Sun Trade Journal*, published at Tokio, says:

Christianity was organized as such when it came into contact with the Roman Empire. It was through the brains of the Romans that Christianity was codified and organized. The civilization that is enjoyed by the so-called Christian countries is the gift of Rome and Greece and not of Christianity. The Renaissance purified the old Romanism, giving rise to Protestantism. Civilization does not depend upon religion. The old characteristic civilization of

Japan has assimilated Christianity, giving birth to something better.

Count Okuma stands high among the Japanese. He is a statesman, a philosopher, an educator. He is the founder of the University of Waseda in Tokio. His statement that *Japan has assimilated Christianity and given birth to something better* is the firm conviction of intelligent students and statesmen throughout the Mikado's empire.

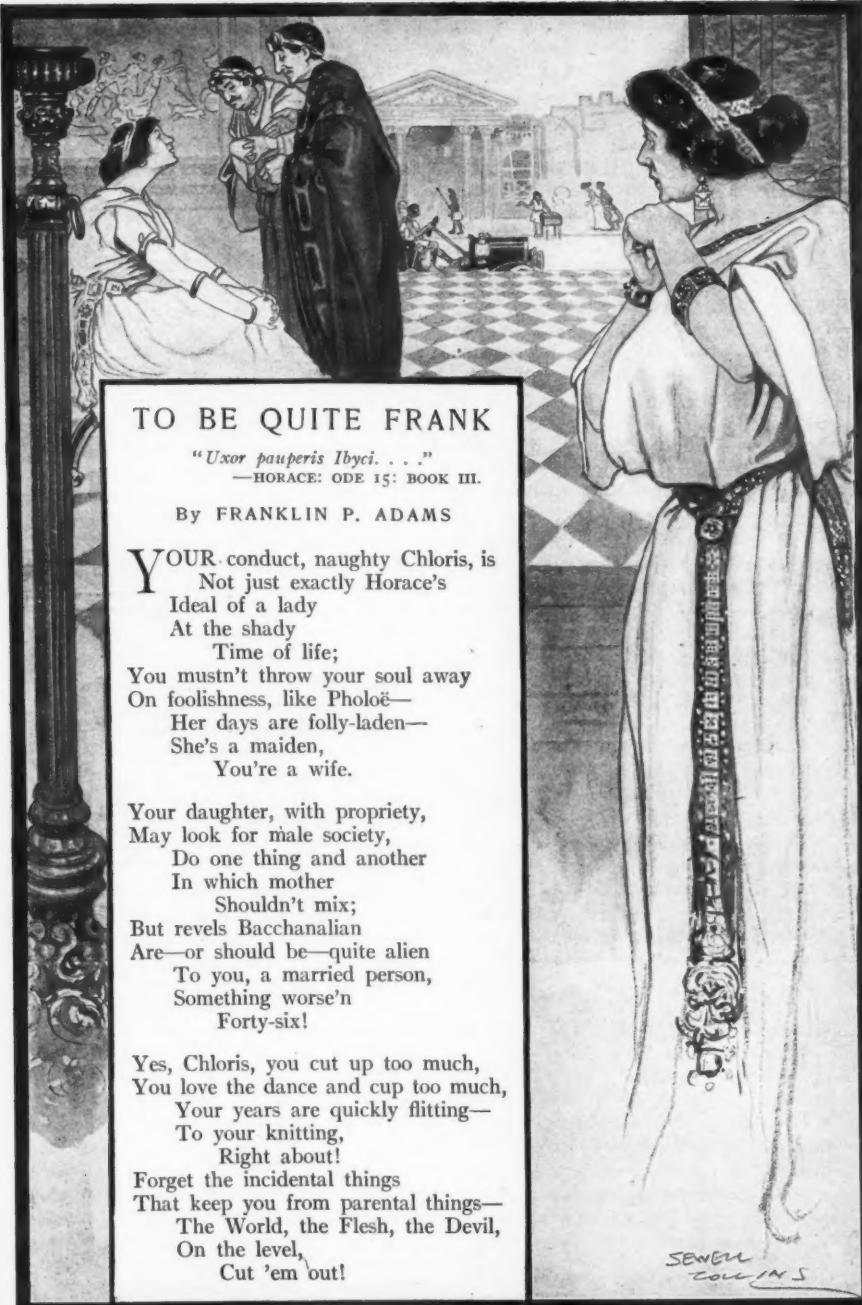
The Japanese say that in the progress of Christianity from country to country westward, no land was strong enough in its own philosophy and art to set up standards independent of the new thought. National individuality, therefore, in an intellectual way, was impossible. But in Japan Christianity, they say, encounters a nation that has had a superior civilization of its own, beautified by centuries of asceticism and humane deeds. It is true that when the doors of Japan were opened to the Western nations, this Oriental empire had no engines and telegraphs, and similar instruments of progress. But, for that matter, the West had had these things only a very few years. In art and poetry and universal love of the beautiful and symmetrical, the Japanese, they insist, were far ahead of the Occident. All Japan will stop to look at a sunset or at a cherry grove aflame with blossoms. A whole cityful of people will march to the suburbs at night to watch the moon rise over a certain hill. A Japanese peasant toiling in the slush of his rice paddy will look up from time to time at a cluster of trees silhouetted against the sky and will take a poet's delight that with his own hands he planted them on the neighboring hill, to give harmony to the landscape.

The deeply rooted love of form and color is a Japanese heritage handed down through many ages. To this they have added all that they believe to be valuable in our Western standards. They liken themselves to the Greeks, who gave hospitality to every new idea, and made room for all the gods of their day. One of the highly successful novels of modern Japan is a story which takes as its hero Epaminondas. The avidity with which the deeds of this Greek statesman and general were followed by the youth of the Japanese Empire, and the readiness of all classes to believe that the achievements of Japan to-day are similar to those of Thebes and Sparta, give a glimpse of the strength and spirit of the new Japan.

Now that the Japanese have secured from the West the best that we had to give, they have dispensed with our instruction. Foreigners in the Japanese universities have been dismissed. There was a movement to Romanize Japanese literature. An uprising against that proposed innovation has become national in Japan. The movement had gone far enough to have Roman characters stamped on silver and copper coins, but to-day the money of Japan has reappeared bearing Mongolian ideographs. Business men in Japan here and there, for policy's sake, may wear European clothing in their offices, but they discard the foreign garments at the threshold of their homes. The kimono, like agnosticism, suits the Japanese love of freedom. Japanese games have been revived, as having more meaning and piquancy than ours. The Japanese have come to the conclusion, too, that their ancient carvings and cloisonné and satsuma are more artistic than any creation of the clumsier crafts of the Occident.

Japan took such firm hold upon the civilization of the West that for a brief period it was swept off its Oriental foundations. Now it has found its footing again. It went to war with Christian weapons, but introduced, as stated, a scientific medical care superior to anything hitherto attending battle, so that the percentages of death from sickness and wounds was smaller in the Japanese legions than in any large army in the whole Christian history of carnage by artillery. Just as they have improved upon Christendom's system of slaughter, so they will, they say, liberalize and make scientific our religion.

In times past a nation with an ideal which it believed should be adopted by other countries has not hesitated to employ strength to introduce it. It is the big stick, not the olive branch, that has made our civilization formidable. Here we have in the Far East a pagan nation equipped with all our Christian facilities for decimating armies and annihilating navies, and possessed with the idea that it is destined to redeem mankind from the yoke of Western superstition. It backs up its new beatitudes with battle ships. Japan may never resort to arms to convert the world to rationalism, yet it is mobilizing the intellectual forces of the subtle Orient and inaugurating what the Japanese people believe to be a world movement 2,000 years ahead of the thought of Christian Europe and America—the boastful continents that, they say, have corrupted the message of the Judean.



TO BE QUITE FRANK

"Uxor pauperis Ibyci. . . ."
—HORACE: ODE 15: BOOK III.

By FRANKLIN P. ADAMS

YOUR conduct, naughty Chloris, is
Not just exactly Horace's
Ideal of a lady
At the shady
Time of life;
You mustn't throw your soul away
On foolishness, like Pholoë—
Her days are folly-laden—
She's a maiden,
You're a wife.

Your daughter, with propriety,
May look for male society,
Do one thing and another
In which mother
Shouldn't mix;
But revels Bacchanalian
Are—or should be—quite alien
To you, a married person,
Something worse'n
Forty-six!

Yes, Chloris, you cut up too much,
You love the dance and cup too much,
Your years are quickly flitting—
To your knitting,
Right about!
Forget the incidental things
That keep you from parental things—
The World, the Flesh, the Devil,
On the level,
Cut 'em out!

SEVERN
COLLINS



MYRA KELLY
Author of "Little Citizens."



Drawn by G. C. Wimberly.

*“Standing there in the delicious upper-air currents, she looked blissfully across
the rolling moors.”*

—“The Younger Set,” page 208